Collier's

AUGUST 13, 1949
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THE SECRET BOSS OF CALIF

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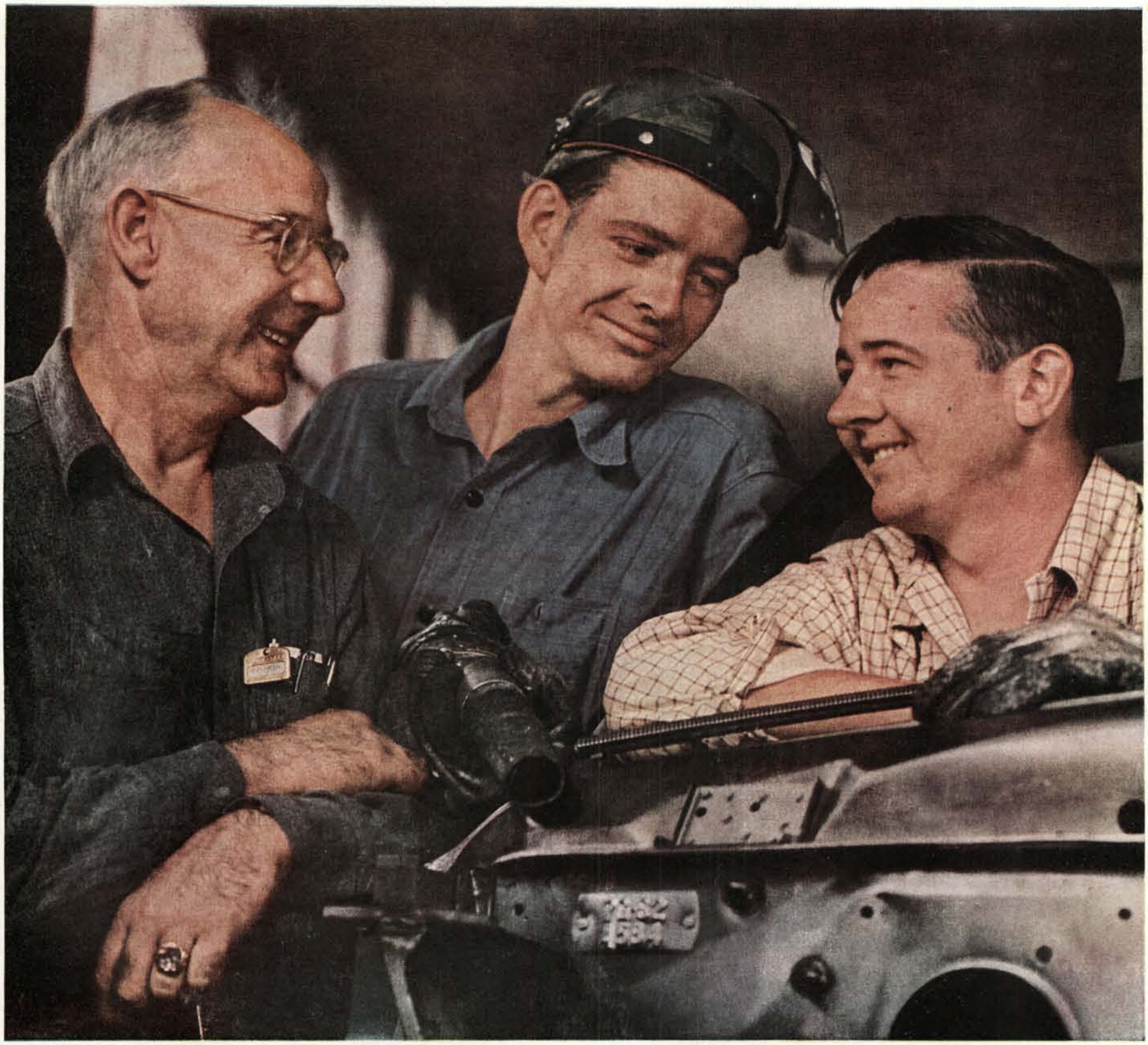

Master assembler Leroy Clayton, at left, is a 25-year veteran on his Studebaker job. Sons, Lawrence G. and George C., came back from war service to resume the Studebaker work they began in 1941

"You wait and see, Dad . . . you'll have grandsons on this Studebaker team some day!"

YOUNG George Clayton works the same way he talks—with tremendous pride in being a Studebaker craftsman.

Just to watch him or his brother Lawrence do a job of metal finishing would make you want to buy a Studebaker car.

That Clayton kind of painstaking care is standard practice throughout the Studebaker plants—and it's one of the reasons a Studebaker buying wave is sweeping the country. Many an American who bought a new Studebaker this year did so to get the wear-resisting soundness with which Studebaker craftsmen build.

For generations, the men in family after family of Studebaker's home community have been following their fathers, and even grandfathers, into jobs at Studebaker.

This continuity of interest has built up a Studebaker reputation for top quality workmanship that has spread around the world.

The Claytons, and the thousands of other solid citizens who man the Studebaker production lines, uphold that reputation today—add new luster to it with every Studebaker car and truck they manufacture.

They're more than master craftsmen, these men of the Studebaker working force. They're just about the most effective salesmen Studebaker cars and trucks could have.

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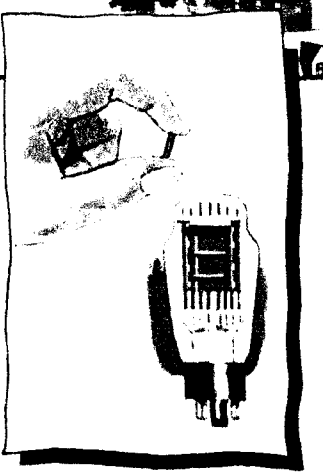
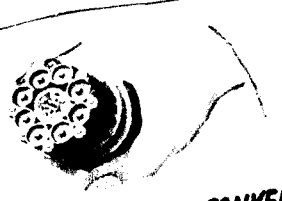
Big Things to Come in Telephone Service

FASTER, BETTER SERVICE MANY LONG DISTANCE OPERATORS NOW DIAL CALLS STRAIGHT THROUGH TO DISTANT TELEPHONES. NEW AUTOMATIC EQUIPMENT MADE BY WESTERN ELECTRIC SPEEDS THESE CALLS TO SOME 300 CITIES.
IN ADDITION, TELEPHONE CUSTOMERS IN CERTAIN METROPOLITAN AREAS ALREADY DIAL CALLS TO NEARBY PLACES IN THE SAME WAY THEY DIAL LOCAL CALLS.

TRAVELING TELEPHONES THOUSANDS OF CALLS ARE NOW MADE DAILY FROM AUTOMOBILES, TRUCKS, SHIPS AND TRAINS. IT'S A BIG FIELD FOR THE FUTURE.



AMAZING NEW ELECTRONIC AMPLIFIER – THE TRANSISTOR DEVELOPED BY BELL LABORATORIES. NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN TIP OF SHOELACE. IT'S SIMPLE AND MUCH SMALLER THAN VACUUM TUBES THAT ARE USED BY THE THOUSANDS TO AMPLIFY YOUR TELEPHONE VOICE.



1800 LONG DISTANCE CONVERSATIONS OR SIX TELEVISION PROGRAMS MAY NOW GO THROUGH ONE CABLE AT ONE TIME. IT'S THE NEW COAXIAL CABLE. TELEVISION CHANNELS WILL DOUBLE THIS YEAR.

TELEVISION AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE NETWORKS NEW RADIO RELAYS ARE DESIGNED TO BEAM TELEPHONE CALLS OR TELEVISION PROGRAMS FROM TOWER TO TOWER ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE. DISTANCE BETWEEN RELAY TOWERS AVERAGES 25 MILES.

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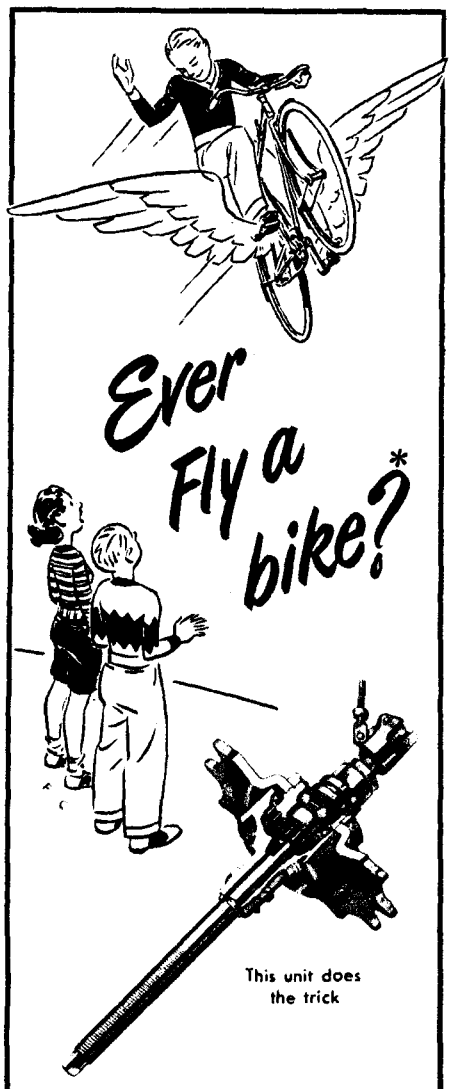
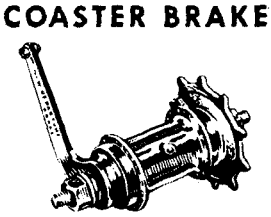


*Translation: Ever know the thrill of New Departure 2-speed biking? It turns cycling into soaring. Works like the gear shift on a car—LOW SPEED for quicker getaway, easier pedaling on hills, better control in traffic; HIGH SPEED for making time on the level runs. The "Speed Changer" fits right into your New Departure Coaster Brake. Ask your bicycle dealer about it today!

On your new bike insist on America's favorite

New Departure

COASTER BRAKES



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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Week's Mail

Our Home-Grown DPs

EDITOR: Being New Orleans born and bred, I can say that your DP article, *Who Said Promised Land?* (July 2d), surprised and shocked even the Louisiana people.

I'm aware that it doesn't take too much money for a Louisiana country resident who has pigs and cows and a grass lot, some seeds and a place to plant them. But how can the DPs get anything like this when they don't make enough for bare living expenses?

I'm not only thinking about the DPs—this $3-a-day wage must be knocked out and it will take prize fighters like you, Collier's, to do it! Your *Promised Land* article is the best proof I've run across to bring home the need for passing the 75-cent-an-hour minimum wage.

From the looks of things you could print an article on the DPs who are American citizens, by birth as well as adoption. Only in this case the DP wouldn't stand for Displaced Persons. The D would go for Damn and the P for Poor.

JIM DYGERT, New Orleans, La.

. . . I believe your reporter who wrote the article about Louisiana cane fields has missed the basic reason for the conditions there. I am a former newspaper writer in New Orleans, and later a worker in the sugar mills of Louisiana and tropical places. The DPs have only uncovered the edge of conditions that have existed since the eighties, when the U.S. Congress began to pay the sugar bounties that enabled the plantation owners to send their children to Paris to school and travel all over the world in luxury, at government expense.

All these conditions came about because Louisiana is no place to raise that kind of "cane"—the sugar. In Florida, Cuba, Puerto Rico and Mexico the sugar content of cane is almost four times that of Louisiana's. For that reason the U.S. paid a bounty for many years to balance the cost of production.

For years I have argued that Louisiana was working against nature in trying to make sugar successfully in such a short season. It is like trying to raise bananas in Florida.

Now I am in a position to say, "I told you so," to the government. For, as your article states, the planters are making money refining Cuban sugar. Those poor creatures in the cane fields are suffering from misapplied regulations and neglect.

GEORGE PARKE, Coldwater, Mich.

"Ist das nicht ein Rastelbinder?"

EDITOR: In Mr. Television (June 25th) Craig Thompson writes: "Television . . . is naming things with words not yet in any dictionary. Consider the raster."

Kindly tell Mr. Thompson that *Raster* is German for sieve or screen. A *Rastelbinder* is a sievemaker.

ELMER BREWER, New York City, N. Y.

Checked & Double-Checked

EDITOR: I read Morton Sontheimer's article, A One-Shot Cure for Syphilis (July 2d), trying to keep in mind those afflicted with the disease, and thought what a relief it would be to those who are.

May I suggest that you put such nationwide informative articles as this *on the front page.* ROBERT K. STEVENS, Lancaster, Pa.

. . . I wonder how Mr. Morton Sontheimer knows that one shot of penicillin will cure syphilis. Since the disabling stages of the disease are most commonly found 15 to 30 years after the initial infection, and since we have not had penicillin that long, how can anyone make such a claim at the present time? I would also like Mr. Sontheimer to repeat his statement that "it causes no

(Continued on page 8)

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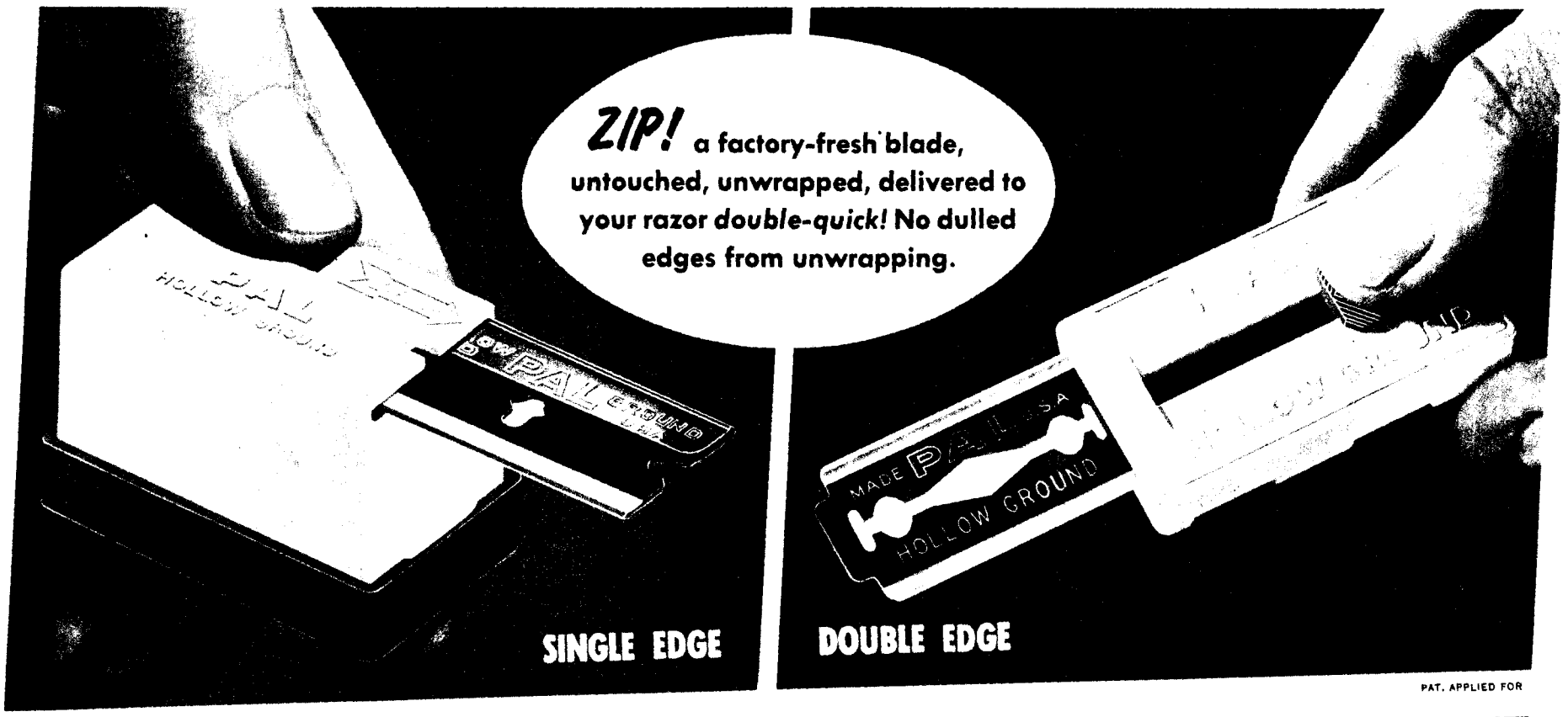
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So we repeat, if you're not 100% satisfied with your shaves — try the new Pal Hollow Ground blades . . . factory-keen, factory-perfect . . . just as they come from our inspection department. We're confident they'll give you the shave you've been looking for, and we know they're America's best blade buy. *If you don't agree, after you've tried as many blades as you wish, mail us the Zipak and we'll refund your money in full!*

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ground like a jackknife.
Edge is rigid in razor — has no "give".

PAL HOLLOW GROUND
ground like a master barber's razor.
Edge has "give"—gives a cooler, closer shave, with a light, light stroke.

America's Best Blade Buy!

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"... **EVERYTHING** would be peaches and cream if Jack would *do* something about his hair. It's just one big cowlick—and so full of loose dandruff it's a shame! He's got Dry Scalp . . . but bad. I've just got to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

KEEPING HAIR good-looking is a picnic with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops daily check loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp . . . help make your scalp feel grand . . . and work wonders in the looks of your hair! Try it yourself! Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients! It's economical, too!

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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

ED NOFZIGER

The famous dogs that belong to the Saint Bernard Hospice in the Swiss Alps are still described and depicted, as in past decades, as having miniature casks of brandy tied to their collars while out looking for travelers lost in the snow. And yet no alcoholic liquor has been carried by these Saint Bernard dogs for more than a hundred years.

* * * * * * * * *

One of America's most shocking disasters resulted from a fire that broke out in the Ohio State Penitentiary in Columbus at about 5:40 P.M. on April 21, 1930, shortly after all the prisoners had been locked up for the night. Among the facts learned at the inquiry were: The prison, designed to accommodate 1,500 inmates, had 4,300 at the time; a fire drill had never been held there; the first alarm had been sent by an outside passer-by; 231 prisoners had been injured and 318 had perished, the majority in their cells as they screamed and pleaded to be released; and every death had been due to one guard who, having the keys to the burning cell block, refused to use them or to hand them over to other guards. Finally he was slugged and the keys taken from him, but by that time the block was a raging inferno and most of the trapped men had been roasted alive.

* * * * * * * * *

When a person has been drinking steadily for hours, the muscles that draw his eyeballs outward are progressively weakened by the alcohol. Consequently, the drinker's eyes gradually converge and he actually does become "cockeyed" (cross-eyed).

* * * * * * * * *

To revive interest in Philadelphia's Arch Street Museum in 1906, the museum publicity agent perpetrated a hoax for which he invented a monster called "The Jersey Devil." For weeks he planted stories in the nation's newspapers telling of fictitious persons who had seen or had been pursued by the fiend. After the agent had created so much terror that people in near-by states feared to go out after dark, he announced that the "devil" had been captured and was on exhibition in the museum. In the meantime, he had bought a kangaroo, painted green stripes on its body and equipped it with green whiskers and a huge pair of wings. Thousands of people came to see it and the animal acted its part, leaping and shrieking during the few seconds the curtains of its cage were parted for each showing. No one ever noticed that the poor devil was being jabbed from behind with a pin on a stick.

* * * * * * * * *

Certain orders of insects probably exceed all other living creatures in their sensitivity to temperature. In the following examples, the figures represent degrees Fahrenheit. Honeybees are vicious below 52, are still irritable at 66-68, but are content and friendly above 85. Grasshoppers cannot jump below 39, cannot fly below 47 and can sing only above 62. The call of the katydids gradually weakens during a drop from 77 to 55 and then it becomes inaudible. But the reaction of crickets is so precise that, from 45 to 85, their number of chirps per minute increases at a definite rate with each increase of one degree in temperature.

* * * * * * * * *

More and stranger superstitions prevail in the Ozarks than anywhere else in the United States. A classic example is the belief by some that a wife will become pregnant if a neighbor's baby sleeps in her bedroom. Consequently, a woman prevents such an occurrence unless she wants a child of her own. If she does, she has her friends bring their infants over to take a nap and cast "the spell" over her bed.

* * * * * * * * *

A rare and peculiar condition of the human body is chromidrosis, or the secretion of abnormally colored perspiration. Case histories show that chromidrosis may result from a number of causes and may appear in a number of colors, including violet, green, yellow, blue, milk-white or coal-black.

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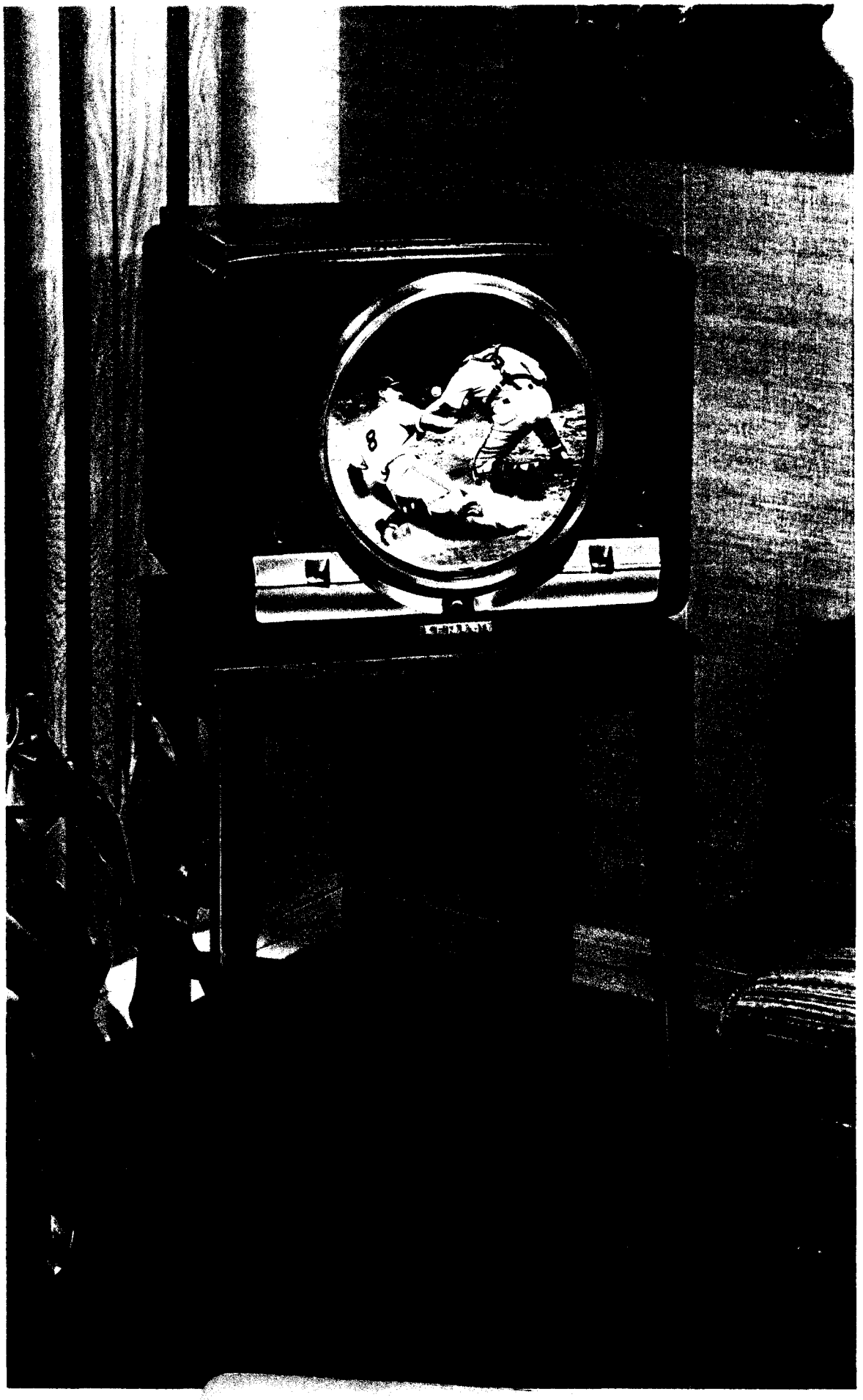


Yours Exclusively in Zenith Television!

The Giant Circle Screen

105 sq. in. "Big B" Size in this New Table Receiver!

Think of it—105 sq. in. of picture area in this beautifully compact set. The entire surface of the tube is used to bring you a picture amazingly larger than on ordinary receivers. Also brighter, clearer, sharper, virtually free from interference "jitters"—thanks to Zenith's *extra* power and precision.

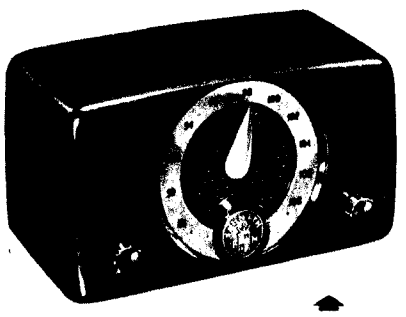
One-Knob Simplified Automatic Tuning

One twist brings in station—picture—sound, all pre-adjusted! Automatically does what in many sets requires up to 5 or 6 manual tuning operations! With exclusive "no-drift" circuits, this ends the repeated re-tuning problem still common in other sets.

Built for the Future—Zenith's built-in Turret Tuner has provision for receiving the proposed new ultra high frequency channels on present standards—no "converter" needed. For Television with a Future, insist on Zenith†!

See the exciting new Zenith Radios, too

. . . superior in performance and value.



NEW ZENITH "MAJOR". . . the most sensitive FM set ever offered the public. Ten times more sensitive than the average of 16 other makes tested! Lowest price ever for Genuine Armstrong FM . . . ONLY **$39.95.**

NEW ZENITH "POP-OPEN" Universal† portable. Just press the button and everything happens at once. Doors pop open. Wavemagnet† pops up, set begins to play. A marvelous performer, with glorious tone. AC, DC, battery. ONLY **$59.70*** less battery.

ZENITH "CLARIDGE"—compact table receiver with "Big B" 105 sq. in. Giant Circle Screen. Mahogany finish, imported Afara veneers. Also available in modern blonde finish as the "SARATOGA". Perfectly matching tables for these sets also available.

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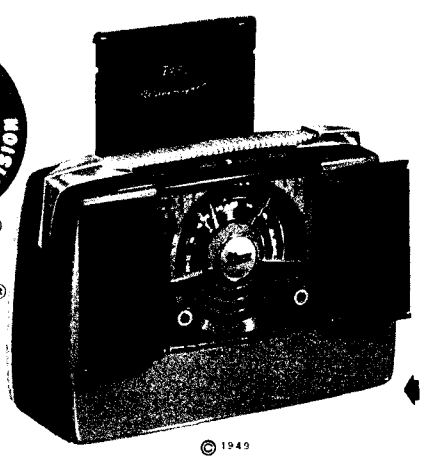

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**West Coast price slightly higher. Prices subject to change without notice.*

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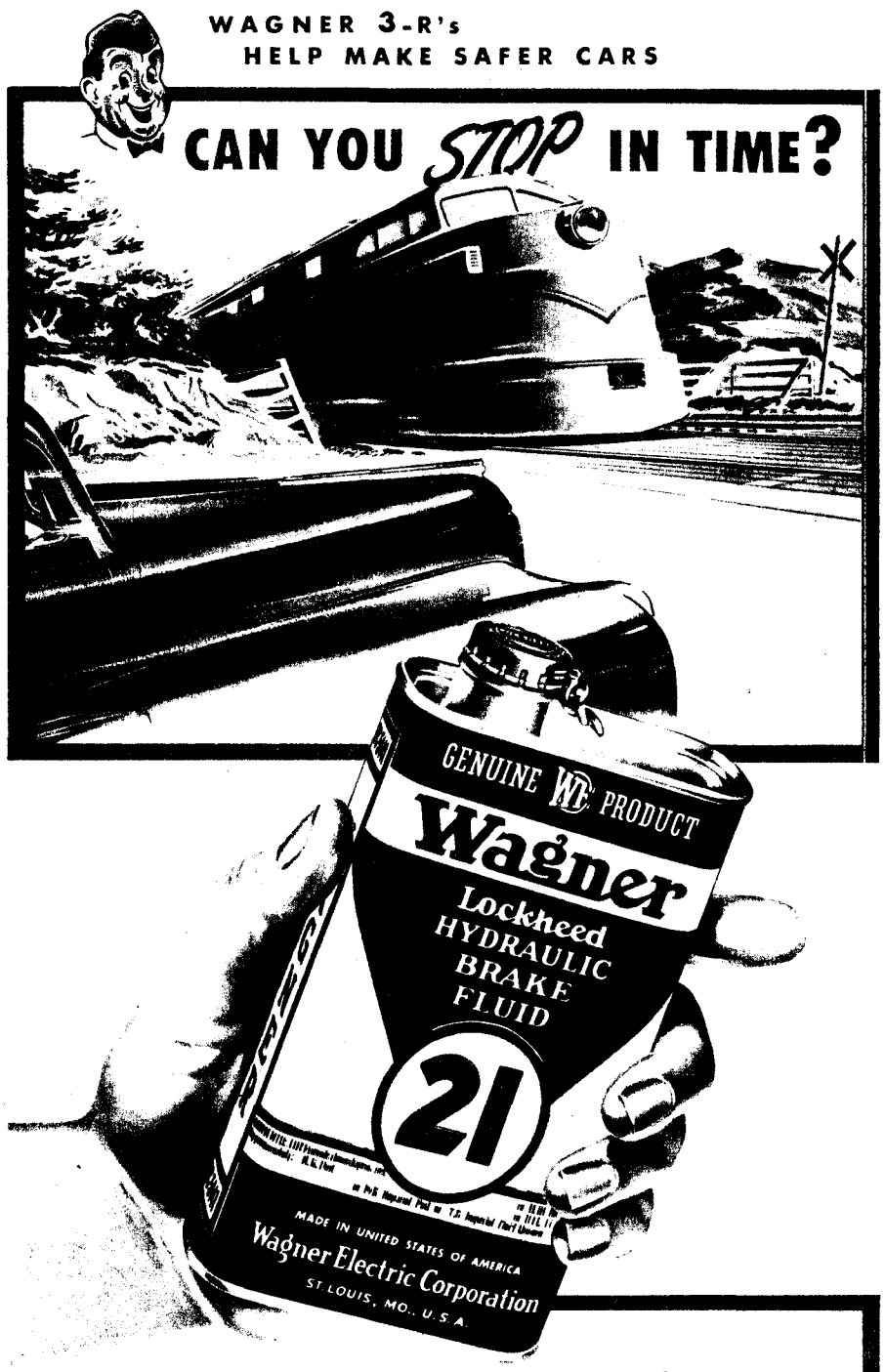

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Bring the fluid in the master cylinder up to proper level with this all-season fluid. It functions under all driving temperatures. Used by car, truck, and bus manufacturers.

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Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

discomfort, has no aftereffects . . ." to the fairly numerous patients who have had reactions to penicillin. Apparently he has never heard that there has been one reported death due to penicillin.

It is regrettable that a magazine of Collier's reputation does not have its articles on scientific subjects checked by competent individuals in the field concerned before releasing such material to the public.

JOHN A. HOLMES, M.D., Lawrence, Kans.

The article was checked for accuracy by Dr. John F. Mahoney, who is mentioned in the article; by the chief of the Division of Venereal Disease, U.S. Public Health Service; by the chief of the Biological Research Department of the Pfizer Laboratories; and by the assistant medical director of the Bristol Laboratories.

Another Vote for Mason

EDITOR: I would like to second Mrs. Joseph Haley's suggestion of having James Mason play Pride in Pride's Castle (Week's Mail, July 2d). But let us have anyone in preference to Hedy Lamarr opposite him.

L. W. TAYLOR, Kansas City, Mo.

Service with a Smile

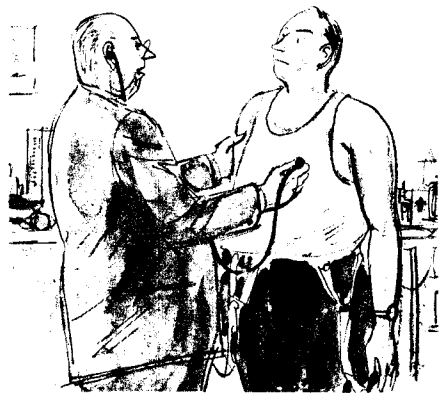
EDITOR: In your issue of June 25th the cartoon by Perry Barlow on the surly waiter causes me to issue a reply in favor of our craft.

Your waiter, if he has been long in the business, is a highly tuned sounding board who can tell by the way the guest picks up the menu or gives his first order whether the guest's importance and gentility are veneer or congenital.

The waiter is at all times more interested in serving you and in pleasing your palate and pampering your whims than in the gratuity.

The business of catering to thousands of different personalities and doing it with efficiency leaves no room for a surly countenance.

GEORGE E. HARDY (Waiter), Minneapolis, Minn.



"When you've reached forty-five, Mr. Olmstead, you must learn how to laugh off surly waiters"

. . . and Taxes

EDITOR: Re July 2d editorial More Publicity for Vivien Kellems, lots of us who are less than delighted with Miss Kellems will agree that the majority of Americans are pleased with the withholding tax system of collection. For that reason we dislike the arrangement.

This painless tax-collection business is like taking aspirin for brain cancer. The withholding tax came about not so much because of its improvement of the collectible ratio as because the politicos spend public funds in a proportion inverse to the taxpayers' plaints.

Painless tax payment encourages public waste and worse. Taxes that hurt cause the payer to interest himself in the reasons for his pain, which can result in healthy surgery in the budgetary departments.

Taxpaying should be as painful as possible. LOUIS F. MEYER, JR., Baltimore, Md.

. . . Your editorial on Miss Kellems amused me no end. I posted it on our bulletin board and the comments would not get by the censors. I, for one, was very pleased to receive a check in return for overpayment on my withholding tax. I handle the tax withholding here at the office and although it has been additional work for me, it has also been a convenience.

JANE S. KLING, West Haven, Conn.

. . . I have no ax to grind for Miss Kellems, but why should Collier's, with such "subtle humor," arraign her for "publicity"—if it is her aim? At least, Miss Vivien Kellems seems to express AMERICANISM despite what financial loss might be entailed.

LEON V. ALMIRALL, Denver, Colo.

Bullets & Backflips

EDITOR: Keep Up with the World (July 2d) states that the force of a bullet is not sufficient to overcome the natural tendency to fall forward.

You should receive many letters from exservicemen who have stopped an itty-bitty bullet above the belt, and they will all agree the force is comparable to that of a sledge hammer!

Near Ypres, in 1918, a bullet hit me below the left breast, moved my heart, went through the lung, took a piece out of my rib, and kept on going.

I was running forward at the time and—brother!—that wee bullet straightened me up, turned me around, and made me cry "uncle."

A. MCMASTER, New York City, N. Y.

Green for Danger

EDITOR: It seems to me that William S. Dutton, in his article Green Lights Mean Danger (July 2d), might have considered the other logical aspect of the danger ratio. Just what was the traffic at the unmarked intersections compared with the traffic at the signal intersections?

I am not familiar with the totals of traffic fatalities in Los Angeles, but would hazard the guess that they are heavy. Still, I am ready to believe that these totals would jump to incredible figures were it not for the efficient signal system now in operation.

OTTO ALMASY, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . I suggest that "she" who "had the green light" would still be alive and many other fatal accidents will be avoided if a yellow light is flashed on the electric traffic signal *before* the green, as well as before the red.

Then the waiting driver will be automatically cautioned to look both to the left and the right, will not try to jump the green. The opposite driver who is trying in a criminal manner to stretch the yellow until he can get into the intersection will have time to clear the intersection before the green light appears.

This may be too simple a remedy.

T. W. WILSON, South Pasadena, Cal.

Definitely Different

EDITOR: I was greatly surprised in reading The Fantastic Story of the Tucker Car (June 25th) to find the name of Charles Pearson as being on the pay roll of the Tucker Corporation. My name is Charles S. Pearson.

I have been a newspaperman as it was stated regarding the Charles Pearson in the article; in fact, I'm still a newspaperman. I have never been a publicity man, as was the Charles Pearson mentioned.

You'll do me a favor by publishing this letter as a disclaimer of my having been at *any time*, in *any way* connected with the Tucker Corporation.

CHARLES S. PEARSON, Charleston, S. C.

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NOW! Dental Science Reveals a Startling Discovery in the Fight Against Tooth Decay

PROOF THAT BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING IS THE SAFE, EFFECTIVE WAY TO

HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY with Colgate Dental Cream

The Most Important News in Dental History! Exhaustive Research on Hundreds of People by Eminent Dental Authorities Proves How Using Colgate Dental Cream Helps Stop Tooth Decay Before it Starts!

X-RAYS SHOW HOW PROPER USE OF COLGATE'S HELPS STOP TOOTH DECAY!

Eminent dental authorities supervised 2 groups of college men and women for over a year. One group always brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating. The other group followed usual dental care. X-rays were taken at regular intervals.

The average of the group using Colgate Dental Cream as directed was a startling reduction in number of cavities—*far less tooth decay!* The other group developed new cavities at a much higher rate!

Regular visits to your dentist are necessary for complete dental care. No home method can help everyone; nor can it stop *all* tooth decay or help cavities already started!

NOW dental science offers scientific *proof* that brushing teeth with Colgate Dental Cream right after eating is an effective, *safe* way to help prevent new cavities, greatly reduce tooth decay!

More than a year's continuous research—hundreds of case histories—makes this the most important news in dental history!

For now—the same toothpaste you use to clean your breath while you clean your teeth—offers a safe, *proved* way to reduce tooth decay!

No Change in Flavor, Foam, or Cleansing Action!

Millions know that Colgate's cleans their breath while it cleans their teeth. That its wake-up flavor is preferred over all other dentifrices tested. That no other toothpaste cleans teeth better. And there has been no change in Colgate's flavor, foam, or cleansing action.

Colgate Dental Cream has been proved to contain all the necessary ingredients—including an exclusive *patented* ingredient—for effective daily dental care. The Colgate Dental Cream now at your dealer's is the same formula that was used in the tests.

To The Dental Profession

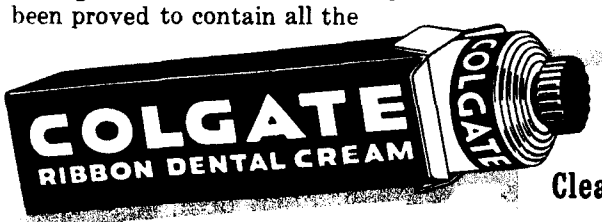
The research described here was conducted in dental clinics under the supervision of some of America's leading dental scientists.

A detailed report of the tests is now in preparation and will be available for your use and study in the near future. If you wish a copy, send your request on your own professional letterhead to Colgate, Jersey City 2, N. J.

These studies represent the most exhaustive evidence ever offered to the dental profession of actual reduction of cavities. They present scientific proof that always brushing teeth right after eating is one of the most effective ways yet known to help stop tooth decay before it starts. And Colgate Dental Cream is the only dentifrice that can prove the statements reported here.

Mothers! Children Love Colgate's Flavor! It's Easy to Start Them on the Colgate Way to Reduce Tooth Decay!

9 out of 10 children have one or more decayed teeth by the time they enter school. So don't wait another day to start your children on Colgate Dental Cream. Teach them the importance of always brushing their teeth right after meals or snacks. They'll love Colgate's flavor—so it's easy to get them to use Colgate's correctly, give them all the benefits of this safe, *proved* way to reduce tooth decay!



THERE IS ONLY ONE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! YOUR DEALER HAS IT NOW—IN THE SAME FAMILIAR PACKAGE

Always use Colgate's* to Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth and HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!

* Right after eating

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When you ride on Super-Cushions—Goodyear's new *kind* of tire—your car flows along almost as smoothly and comfortably as though it were running on a thick, luxurious carpet.

Why? Because the Super-Cushion is a bigger, *softer* tire. It runs on less air pressure. It *soaks up* road shock, cushions you and your car against jolt and vibration!

And Super-Cushions not only give you a softer ride. They outclass conventional tires on 12 important points—*including mileage!*

Super-Cushions will fit your present wheels. Your Goodyear dealer will buy *all* the unused mileage in your present tires—so trade 'em in on a set of Super-Cushions NOW!

EVERYTHING A TIRE CAN DO..

Super Cushion DOES BETTER!

Here's how the Super-Cushion outperforms conventional tires:

1. Softer Ride!
2. Smoother Ride!
3. Safer Ride!
4. Quicker Stops!
5. Greater Traction!
6. Easier Steering!
7. Less Driving Fatigue!
8. Better Looks!
9. Fewer Car Repairs!
10. Fewer Rattles!
11. More Car Economy!

all this and

12. GREATER MILEAGE, TOO!

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Super-Cushion T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Compar

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COLLIER'S PHOTO BY FRED LYON

Said the Big Man: "And how are you today, Mr. Legislature?"

The Secret Boss of California

By LESTER VELIE

Story on next page ➡

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Artie Samish runs an invincible lobby that dominates the politics

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

"IT SAYS in the book," said the college professor, "that we elect a legislature in California to make our laws for us. It says the legislature is responsible to the people. It says also that we elect delegates to political conventions, that we elect attorney generals and mayors and district attorneys.

"Well, let's see. . . . There's a man in California today who holds no public office and is responsible only to the interests who hire him. Yet this man can push laws through the legislature or stop them cold. He named our attorney general. He elected the mayor of San Francisco and he told him whom to name for police commissioner. He has the power to make or break governors.

"This man once delivered California's delegates to a Presidential candidate—Wendell Willkie. He is the most powerful non-officeholder in California."

The professor studied the alert, upturned faces of the 50-odd University of California seniors before him.

"Who is this man?" he asked.

None in the class of fifty knew.

This was not surprising. Few in California know. Had the professor queried the faculty or stopped people on Los Angeles' or San Francisco's streets, maybe one in 100 could have named the state's most powerful man.

But the politically sophisticated know.

When Preston Tucker sought permission to sell Tucker Corporation stock in California, his lawyers unerringly led him to a six-foot two-inch, 300-pound mountain of a man with the sensitive face of a great actor and the forthright mouth of a stevedore.

"I want to get permission to sell stock in this state," Tucker said. "Can you get it for me?"

The outsized man with the shrewd eyes studied the promoter's boyish face, seeking in it a clue to his character and his proposition. Deciding against what he found, the big man said:

"No. I'm not for you, I'm against you. I'm against any lovin' stock pushers going to people's mothers to sell stock. Why, you might sell some of that lovin' stock to my own mother!"

The California Division of Corporations turned Tucker down, labeling his promotion, "a fraud upon the purchasers."

When Paul Smith, editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, sought to get a pro-One World resolution through the California legislature and made no headway, he telephoned Room 428 of the Senator Hotel in Sacramento and asked for "Mr. Arthur H. Samish."

Our big man, already described, answered.

"Artie," said Editor Paul Smith, "can you help me get a resolution through, supporting One World and a world federalist union? We're stymied."

"What's One World?" Artie asked.

When the editor explained, Artie said, "Sure, right away."

The resolution was whipped through the legislature promptly. California became the first state to back a national convention favoring American entrance into a world federalist union.

What promoter Tucker and editor Paul Smith knew of Arthur Samish's political power, the governor of California also had reason to know. Once, when Governor Earl Warren vetoed a bill backed by Samish, the big man lumbered over to the chief executive's office.

"What's wrong with the bill, Governor?" he asked.

When the governor explained, Samish—who holds no political office—said, "All right, Governor, I'll give you another one."

Soon he tossed another version up to the governor, in his stride.

Attorney General Frederick Napoleon Howser, too, has reason to know Samish's political heft. When Howser got into political hot water because some of his aides tried to muscle in on the statewide gambling rackets, he went to Samish, the man who put him in office. Samish, alone, could save his political life. But Howser was in such bad odor politically that Artie thought he was better rid of him.

For two hours the attorney general of the sovereign state of California cooled his heels outside Samish's hotel rooms. Allowed in, the attorney general found Samish entertaining some 30 assemblymen and senators at lunch.

"What are you doing here, you lovin' ——!" Samish thundered at Howser. "Don't ever let me see your lovin' face again!"

Howser slunk out, knowing that failure to heal the breach meant he was living on borrowed political time.

Movie tycoons, too, the "yessed" lords of their own domain, acknowledge Samish's higher authority at Sacramento.

When movie producer Cecil B. de Mille, feuding with labor, sought to curb unions with a restrictive law, his lawyer rightly telephoned Samish. But wrongly the lawyer said:

"We'll hold you responsible if this bill doesn't pass."

"No one gives ultimatums to Art Samish," roared Art Samish. "Now, just try and get that lovin' bill through."

Labor had despaired of blocking the measure. But suddenly in an assembly dominated by conservative Republicans 54 votes (out of a possible 80) materialized mysteriously against the anti-union bill. Never in the history of the California legislature had labor mustered such strength. With a grateful bow toward Samish, an A.F. of L. vice-president said:

"This ought to show who controls the state of California!"

The man who "controls the state of California" falls into no easy identifying niche. He is neither labor boss, oil king, press lord, financial nabob, nor rabble rouser of the Huey Long type. You can't even neatly tag him as the Boss Pendergast or Crump or Hague of California.

A Superspecial Kind of Boss

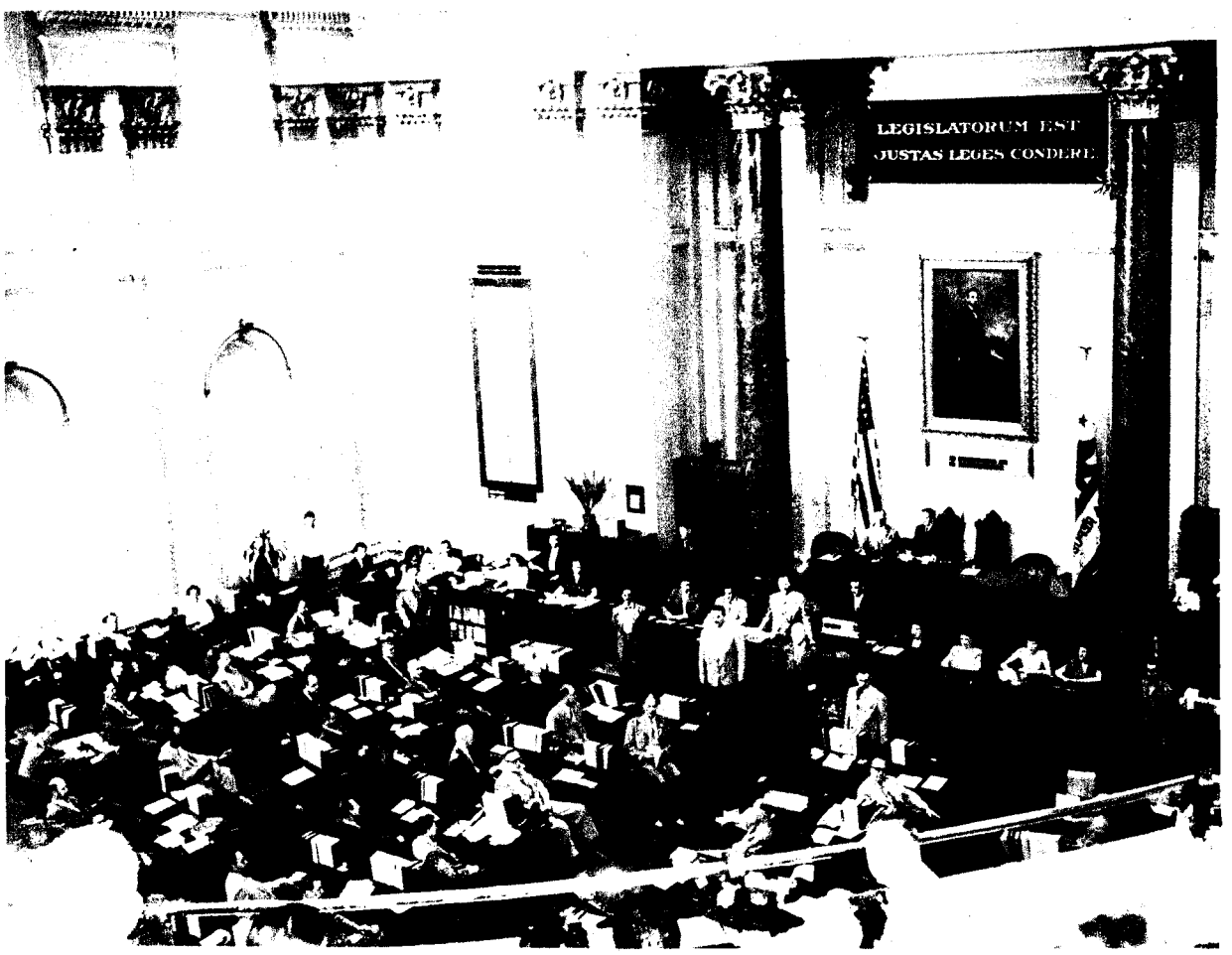
Not for Artie Samish are the mildewed methods of these political Neanderthalers. He is *sui generis* —the only one of his kind. An original, both as a human being and a political operator. He is a political boss without a party. He bosses both Republicans and Democrats with equal impartiality. One "Samish man," the head of a key legislative committee, derives support from leftist unions. Artie is a political boss without political clubhouses. He has no precinct organizations.

What does he have?

He has what he himself describes as "an endless chain of political strength" whose strongest links are "the little fellows" of the industries that hire him: the 44,000 license holders who sell wine, liquor and beer; the growers of barley and hops; the truckers who haul the stuff; the culinary workers, musicians and other employees of many spots where liquor is served.

"A nucleus of 500,000 people protecting their investment and the livelihood of their kiddies," says Artie. "I weld them together into the damnedest political machine you ever saw. Boy, we can exploit it when we need it!"

But Samish has other strong links in the "chain



The California Assembly, dominated on many issues by Samish. He can whisk a law through or stop one. He told investigators: "I'm the governor of the legislature. To hell with the governor of the state!"

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of the Golden State

of strength" with which he has girdled a great state.

He has campaign money, barrels of it, supplied by clients who ask no accounting. He has—when he marches to the political wars—the use of practically every billboard in California. These again are supplied by obliging clients.

Artie has a political espionage system at the state's capital and beyond, which he describes as "the damnedest Gestapo you ever saw."

Samish has the eye of Mind Detective Polgar for ferreting out human character. He will know "quick" (as he puts it) what a man wants.

"I can tell if a man wants a baked potato, a girl, or money," says Artie.

He has a master's grasp of the inner workings of the legislature, knows its lawmaking machinery as intimately as, say, Toscanini knows the pieces in his symphony orchestra.

To this chain of strength Samish has forged another link. It is California's Board of Equalization, a key state agency which, his close friends as well as critics will tell you, "is in the palm of Artie's hand" because Artie, the political powerhouse, can see to the election of its four members.

The Board of Equalization administers the state liquor laws, and grants and revokes licenses. It has important discretionary powers over a wide range of taxes, and over assessments affecting vast corporations as well as sales taxes affecting small merchants. Its potentialities as a political pork barrel are second only to the state legislature. Samish can deliver both the board and the legislature.

All this came about because Samish is a practical man. Starting out as a lobbyist he found an easier way to persuade legislators than the method ordinarily employed.

Lobbyists usually perform the legitimate function of bringing their clients' interests to the attention of the lawmakers. Representatives of farmers' groups, teachers, labor and business interests have a recognized place in the state capitals and Washington. They appear before legislative committees and legitimately try to affect the shaping of legislation.

But Samish, a forthright and logical man, went right to the heart of his lobbyist's problem. The problem: to deliver legislation beneficial to his clients. Why bother with such chancy and indirect methods as marshaling arguments before legislative committees? Why not control the committees themselves?

Although he never got beyond the seventh grade in school and so never took geometry, Artie well knows the shortest distance between two points. The shortest distance to the control of committees and legislation is the control of legislators. Surest way to control a legislator: elect him.

Artie Samish's system worked.

Candid Reply to a Blunt Question

This writer asked Governor Earl Warren, elected by the majority vote among California's nine millions:

"Who has more influence with the legislature, you or Artie Samish?"

The governor replied:

"On matters that affect his clients, Artie unquestionably has more power than the governor."

Matters that affect Artie's clients include legislation on beer, liquor, motor busses, railroads, cigarettes—and have included banks, building and loan companies, race tracks, chemicals. These are the clients Artie admits to.

When someone hires Artie, that customer can expect solid returns.

To his liquor clients Artie simply turned over the lawmaking facilities of an entire state.

"Meet the man who's written every liquor law in the state, good or bad," Artie told this writer, introducing, "one of my lawyers, Emile Hoerchner. He's counsel for the California State Brewers' Institute."

The lawyer blushed his acknowledgment, protesting modestly:

"But the ideas were all yours, Artie."

For his beer clients Artie built, as he himself puts it, "a granite wall." In other states, brewers pay an average of $2.03 per barrel in excise taxes. In California, they pay 62 cents. License fees are nominal there.

"Even when the state was running $70,000,000 deficits and they were hitting up other industries we held our rates at the present level," Artie says. "What more could I do for my clients?"

For a race track client, the famed Santa Anita course near Los Angeles, Samish built a similar wall. It shut out the state from higher pari-mutuel takes and barred new, competing race tracks. Then, because he was miffed, Artie started to pull that wall down. A client scorned gets the works in reverse.

"When I worked for him (Dr. Charles Strub, Santa Anita's executive vice-president) I let nothing go through," Artie told me. "Then when Artie quit, everything began to break."

All of a sudden bills materialized to let the state tap additional millions from the track's pari-mutuel machines, to allow the building of competing tracks, to force Santa Anita to drop nonracing investments.

"The fellow wields unlimited power," Santa Anita's bewildered Dr. Strub said of his erstwhile champion, Artie. "If you don't think I'm in trouble!" he exclaimed. "Why, I may have to close the track."

But for a banker client *(Continued on page 71)*

"On matters that affect his clients," said Governor Warren, in answer to a question by the author, "Artie Samish has more power than the governor"

ACME PHOTOS

The Capitol, Sacramento. "If you can get a long enough ladder you can get a picture of me unscrewing the gold cupola," said Samish, clowning

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Victor stopped and began to say her name over and over, almost in a whisper, like a caress. For a moment Stella simply stood without moving

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The TWO LOVES of Victor Fenlon

By ALLENE CORLISS

It was a dangerous business, loving Victor Fenlon. He had caused the death of his beautiful wife. Now he was in a race with time to prevent another girl from dying

WHEN I went out to the Coast in the fall of 1946, one of the first things I did after getting Peggy and the children settled in a house in Beverly Hills was to telephone Victor Fenlon. He remembered me at once, seemed glad to hear my voice, and arranged to meet me the following day at the Brown Derby —the Hollywood one.

"You're excited about it, aren't you?" Peggy said to me that morning at breakfast. "You're excited about seeing Victor Fenlon again?"

"Yes," I said, "I am." I suddenly felt the need to make her understand why this meeting today with Victor was not just another barroom get-together with a casual acquaintance. I told Peggy how I first met Victor eight years ago in Paris, with his wife Christine. "There was something sort of special about them," I said. "They were so young, so gay, so successful, so—"

"So beautiful?" said Peggy.

"Yes," I said, "so beautiful."

It was the right word—at least for Christine. And Victor had been without doubt one of the handsomest and most engaging young men who ever descended on Paris and the south of France, straight out of the hinterlands of the Middle West with time out for a short sojourn at Yale. He had written his first novel during one of his summer vacations. By the following spring it had hit the best-seller lists; and he left New Haven for good. That summer he had met Christine, married her and taken her abroad to live. Five years later when I met them at a cocktail party in Paris, they were still madly in love. All this I told to Peggy.

"Well," she said, "you must remember that he won't be the same. All the things that have happened to him will have changed him—"

"Of course, he'll be different," I said, "naturally, he'll be changed—" But even as I said it, I knew I didn't believe it. Victor Fenlon was a young man touched with genius, a young man set apart, for all time, from other less gifted, less fortunate mortals.

I made it a point to be at the Derby that afternoon well ahead of time. I wanted to be there when he arrived, I didn't want him to have to wait for me.

But at ten minutes past five, Victor still hadn't shown up. Then just as I was beginning to think he wasn't coming at all, a girl in a dull pink dress and a small, round, and utterly unbecoming black hat, came somewhat breathlessly through the street door, hesitated for a moment, and then came up to me and introduced herself as Stella Andrews, a friend of Victor's. Victor himself, she said, had been held up at the studio, but he would be along presently. He was afraid I would get tired of waiting, so he had sent her along to keep me company.

"How nice," I said, thinking it was anything but nice. It was actually damned annoying. If he had to send some one, he might at least have picked a better-looking female than this girl in the dull pink dress. I didn't know what was wrong with that dress but I knew something was wrong with it; something was wrong with all her clothes, though the details were not apparent to a masculine eye. But her handclasp was warm and friendly, and I had a feeling that she had made up her face carefully, that she had wanted to look especially nice.

I suggested that we find a table and have a drink while we were waiting for Victor; and presently we were sitting opposite each other and she was turning a highball glass about a bit nervously in her fingers. Her hat might be all wrong but her hands were good. Slender and quick-moving and sensitive.

"You haven't seen Victor for a long time, have you?" she said, looking at her highball glass and not at me.

"No," I said, "I haven't. In fact, I've never seen him since the accident. You know," I said, "the accident in which his wife was killed . . ."

Even now after all these years I couldn't quite accept the fact that Christine was dead. She had been killed instantly in a motor accident seven years ago. It still seemed as if she must be dancing in a floating pale pink dress somewhere over there on the Riviera, dancing as only she could dance—effortlessly, with her head fitted against her partner's shoulder, her eyes half closed, her lips parted in that serenely innocent and at the same time gently provocative little smile which I remembered so well. . . .

I pulled myself back abruptly to the present moment and the girl opposite me. "I understand," I said, "that he had a pretty bad time after that—"

"Yes," she said, "he did. A very bad time. I didn't know him then, of course, but he has told me a little about it. He was in a hospital himself, you know—first in Paris, and then he was moved to a sanitarium in Switzerland. Later, his brother-in-law, Ralph Harrison, arranged for him to be brought back to this country, and for a while he was in a—well, a state institution for the mentally ill. You see by that time his money was gone and the Harrisons were having to—"

"Yes," I said, "I know."

Actually, she had not told me anything that I did not already know. I had kept more or less in touch with Victor all these years through Gabe Cahill, his agent. I knew about the hospital in Paris and the sanitarium in Switzerland and the state institution here in this country. I knew that it had been when he had left this last place that Gabe had managed to get him a small writing job out here on the Coast. And that he had been here ever since and that to everyone's surprise he had done very well.

I said to Stella, "I understand he's just signed a new contract for fifteen hundred a week—"

"Yes," she said. "He's worth it, too. He has great talent, you know—his early success proved that beyond all doubt." She spoke with some vehemence, as though she expected me to contradict her.

I GRINNED at her. There was something very touching about her at that moment. She was too young by about ten years to remember anything about that early and quite spectacular success of Victor's, yet her loyalty to it and to him were unmistakable. Suddenly I realized what I had failed to realize before. I realized that she was hopelessly and deeply in love with the guy. But a girl like this could not possibly interest a man like Victor. I tried to imagine her as a guest in that house just outside Paris, where I had spent two weeks myself just before the war—and I couldn't do it. I tried to imagine her playing tennis, drinking cocktails, dancing in the moonlight on that marble-flagged terrace, and I failed completely.

"Tell me something," I said, "is Victor doing any writing now? Any serious writing, I mean?"

"No, he isn't," she said. "And I doubt too much if he ever— You see," she said, and now her eyes met mine directly, "that's all too much a part of his other life, his life with Christine."

She drank some of her highball and set her glass back down on the table carefully. "You knew Christine, of course."

"Yes," I said, "I knew Christine."

"She was—" She hesitated, then went on steadily, "She was very beautiful, wasn't she?"

"Yes," I said, "she was very beautiful. She was also kind, gay and intelligent." I heard myself repeating almost the exact words I had once heard Victor himself use to describe her to someone who had not yet *(Continued on page 46)*

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Senator Cain chats informally with Long of Louisiana (left) and Sergeant-at-Arms Joe Duke

"Hurry" Cain out of the West

By JAMES C. DERIEUX

The fast-talking senator from Washington never dodges a fight, regardless of odds. He blocked the Wallgren nomination and bucked rent control

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR ELLIS

ONE Friday night in March, 1940, a dejected young man went to a political meeting in Tacoma, Washington. He had just been eliminated from the race for mayor, running third in a field of five. First and second places had gone to a former mayor, Melvin G. Tennent, and to a state senator, G. B. Kerstetter. The top two men would fight it out.

The dejected young man had openly expressed his disappointment at his own defeat, saying that never before had he wanted any job as much as he wanted to be mayor of Tacoma. This had been his first venture into the field of competitive politics and friendly business associates hoped it would be his last. They rated him one of the bright and breezing-along young bankers of the Pacific Coast.

Candidate Tennent spoke first at the meeting that night, presenting his own claims, attacking the qualifications of his opponent. Candidate Kerstetter replied vigorously in turn. Then, bowing to the audience, he said, "Thank you!" and toppled over dead.

Now what? Would the remaining candidate win by default? Or would the third man move up to fill the vacancy on the ballot? This was Friday night and the election was scheduled for the following Tuesday.

A swift court decision moved the third man up, and that's how Harry Cain got another chance to become mayor of Tacoma. This time he won the election. Politically he was on his way.

A few of the scornful called him "Hairbreadth Harry" in those days. Others called him "Hurry" Cain, the nickname that has persisted because it fits him so well. And friends who saw a bright political future for him talked about "Raising Cain." He was young, spontaneously friendly, certainly not run-of-the-mill, and driven by some internal dynamo of remarkable power.

Today, as the junior United States senator from the state of Washington, he is one of the most unpredictable and complex personalities in the Upper House. His quixotic nature still requires that he jump on a legislative white horse every so often and lead a cause. But he does not always ride alone. The dead candidate Kerstetter on occasion rides with him.

"When I am in a political jam, not certain what to do," he confesses to friends, "that man stands before me, says, 'Thank you!' and drops dead. Maybe I'm under some kind of special obligation because of the way I won my first public office. I don't know. But I certainly feel that I must not let him down."

By persistent effort, if not by nature, Harry Cain is an extrovert. He believes in vigorous people.

"A skilled population, composed of individualistic, aggressive citizens with an extroverted approach to themselves and environment, is more crucial to our development than anything else," he said recently.

He himself is an energetic, gesticulating speaker who uses an extravagant number of words. In common with other orators in and out of the Senate, he likes to make two words grow where one would do. We must "help and assist" the "good and decent" people, work "jointly and together" presumably to reach our ends and goals, he will say. His speeches are easier to listen to than to report. Some rate him as one of the ablest of extemporaneous word warriors; others substitute the adjective "extraneous."

Last February, Cain won and enjoyed his most spectacular triumph in the Senate when, against apparently impossible odds, he stopped confirmation of Mon C. Wallgren as chairman of the National Security Resources Board. Things like that do not usually happen in Washington, D.C.

Wallgren was a former member of the Senate, a fact that gave him great and lasting prestige with that exclusive club. His nomination had been sent to a freshly Democratic Senate by a Democratic President whose (*Continued on page* 64)

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Bringing Up a Movie Moppet

By DAVID CHANDLER

Hollywood's newest million-dollar baby is Gigi Perreau, the little girl who promises to become America's best-loved kid star during the next five years

FIVE years from now, just about the time she graduates from grammar school, Gigi Perreau will have accumulated her first million dollars. The child movie star will have done this without the help of a single drama coach and without knowing how to do a back bend or a buck and wing. Gigi has never committed set recitation to memory, which makes her aces with the poor unfortunates in the Hollywood casting departments whose jobs require them to interview talented moppets and, what they contend is actually more arduous, listen to the children's mothers.

Normally, some 5,000 such mothers and an equal number of child actors can be found hanging around the picture studios. They can all pack up their grease paint and tap shoes and go back to kindergarten. At eight years of age Gigi Perreau has the field sewed up for the next five years. The million bucks is hers. What is left to be divided among the rest of the field doesn't average out as enough money to pay for their drama courses and dancing lessons.

Hollywood is convinced that there is room for only one really successful child star at a time. This principle can now be known as Gray's law. Its discovery helped push Gigi into the big time.

Ed Gray is Gigi's Hollywood agent. A proud father himself, Gray noted a few years ago that every decade or so the film-going audiences of the world centered all their love and affection on a single celluloid child. First there was Jackie Coogan, then Jackie Cooper, and 15 years ago Shirley Temple hit the top. Finally, just about the time Ed Gray began to lose sleep over the amazing social phenomenon he had discovered, it became obvious that Margaret O'Brien was pushing senility, which for a movie moppet is age twelve. That left the field wide open for exactly one *new* young performer.

From the beginning Gray was sure he would have to find a little girl. Public taste had changed, he believed, since the Coogan-Cooper days and little boys had apparently fallen into low regard. But he was also certain the kind of girl he had in mind would wind up a millionairess like Shirley Temple, if only he could locate her.

"I had in mind," he says, "the nice kind of girl down the street you don't mind your daughter playing with."

As it happened, it *was* his daughter, Sally-Ann, playing in a friend's yard down the street, who came home with a nice little girl who was already an actress. Her name was Gigi Perreau and she was five.

When Gray saw her he was convinced he had found what he was looking for. Gigi had made her acting debut in a high chair in 1943, at the age of two, in the motion picture Madame Curie, playing the part of a Curie offspring. Margaret O'Brien filled the role of the child, Irene Curie.

Gray found his daughter's playmate had such movie savvy that she was able to talk authoritatively in terms of takes, dissolves and close-ups. But what impressed him most about Gigi was that this little girl was absolutely unspoiled. She wasn't cute. She didn't lisp and turn on the charm knowledgeably. She wasn't even especially pretty. But she did have an odd, heart-shaped face and bright, responsive eyes. Everything about her reflected a secure, happy family.

"I fell in love with her instantly," the agent says today. "And I'm a professional who tends to detest child actors. So I reasoned that people with no such antagonisms would fall in love with her too."

In a matter of time, Gray had Gigi under contract to Sam Goldwyn. During a long and certainly varied career, the veteran producer had never had a moppet under contract *(Continued on page* 40)

Gigi listens entranced while older brother Gerald, known professionally as Peter Miles, explains how to fix a skate. Eight now, Gigi was acting at two

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY PHIL STERN

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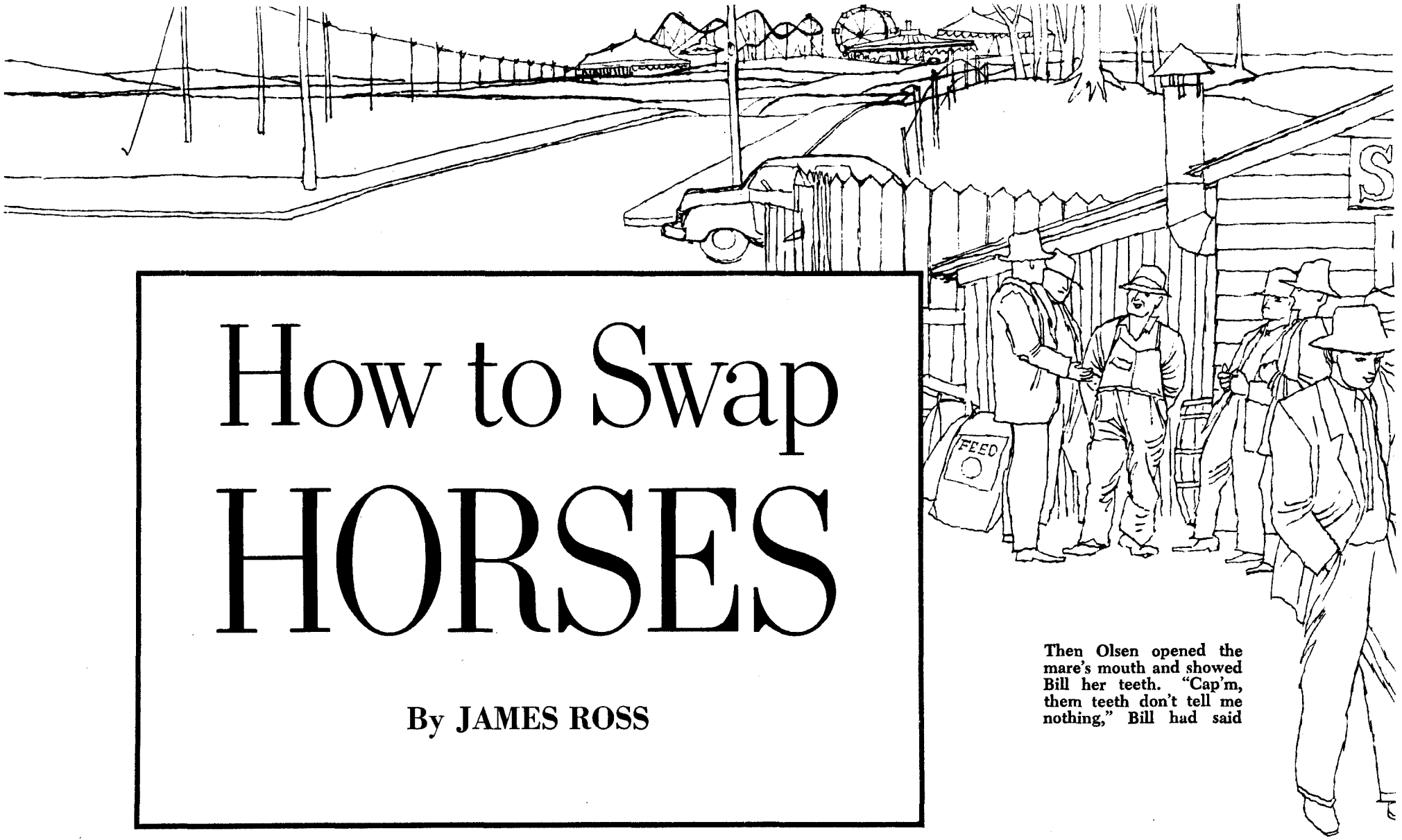

Then Olsen opened the mare's mouth and showed Bill her teeth. "Cap'm, them teeth don't tell me nothing," Bill had said

How to Swap HORSES

By JAMES ROSS

The story of a highly original economist who defied the law of supply and demand. Everyone wanted to supply him, but Bill refused to make any demands

WHILE Virginia Mason washed the breakfast dishes, Bill and Jule had a cup of coffee in Judge Ashley's kitchen. Virginia cooked for the judge. Jule, her husband, was the gardener and chauffeur. But Bill, who had once been a kind of handy man, was now just a permanent house guest. He took his meals in the kitchen and slept in a room over the garage, paying for his board by occasionally predicting the weather for the judge. Virginia and Jule were black, but Bill was so light that he freckled in the summer and his skin got as mottled as the shell of a turkey egg.

"I'd bottom them wicker chairs for Doctor Wright this morning if I had time," Bill was saying. "But today's the last time that show be in Blytheville unto maybe next year. So I better go."

Jule folded his arms across the front of his gray shirt. The shirt was a tight fit, but it was the largest he'd been able to find in stock. It was big enough to make a nightgown for Bill.

"You could easy make six dollars between now and night. That's what he said he'd give—him to furnish the white oak splints besides," Jule said. "But you rather go to the show and come home broke tonight."

Bill poured his coffee into the saucer, then blew on it.

"Dreamed last night I found a pocketbook full of money," he said. "So I may not be broke when I come home tonight. All depend on if they got a fortuneteller at the show. If they got one, then she tell me where to look."

"You eat too many cabbages for supper last night," Jule said.

"I bet you a dollar I ain't broke tonight," Bill said.

"That's a good bet. If I lose, I lose a dollar. If I win, it's nothing I get," Jule said.

"I guess that's right," Bill said, sipping a little coffee from the saucer.

Virginia hung the dishrag on a pothook, then turned and acknowledged their presence.

"It's a quarter past seven," she said.

The two men rose slowly, putting on their hats. They went outside and Jule got the lawn mower out of the woodshed while Bill was lighting his pipe.

"You just like a grasshopper, Bill," Jule said. "But one day the frost going to come. Then the green grass be gone from public places."

Jule may be right, Bill was thinking as he walked down the street. I'm sixty-some-odd years old, and all I got is two dollars that's in my pocket now. Ain't even got no burial insurance.

He stopped in front of the white folks' schoolhouse. He hoped he'd be able to hitch a ride in a stylish car with good cushions, but it was Tom Mack's cow truck that stopped for him.

"Get in, Uncle Bill, get in!" Tom Mack said.

Bill got slowly into the cab, eying the battered seat, wishing he'd brought his pillow along.

Tom Mack was the only man in Corinth who could put a dressed steer on his back and walk off with it. When Bill sat down, the crown of his hat was a little higher than Tom's right elbow, which was crooked around the steering wheel. Sholy to God he can't be expected to wash that face of his'n in no human-size washpan, Bill thought. A washtub maybe.

"Where you going, Uncle Bill?" Tom Mack asked.

"Going to the show in Blytheville," Bill told him.

"That ain't a show. That's just a carnival," Tom Mack said. "Well, I'll take you past the front gate. I'm out hunting for cows myself. Know anybody that's got some to sell?"

"No, I don't. Ain't been keeping up with cows here lately," Bill said.

Just outside of Blytheville, they came to a meadow that was full of dusty-looking tents. Smoke drifted up from the stovepipes of the smaller tents, but nobody seemed to be up and around. Tom Mack stopped the truck beside the ticket window at the front gate.

"Make them give you a stub when you go in. It'll be your number for a free car. They're going to give away two brand-new cars this morning," Tom said.

A sign at the ticket window said: "NO ADMITTANCE BEFORE 9:00 A.M."

Nevertheless, it was not five minutes before the gate was opened by a skinny little man with a fine head of unwashed white hair, combed back in the pompadour style. He accepted fifty cents from Bill and let him in the gate. Bill looked at the stub the man handed to him. The number on it was 20451.

"Ain't a lucky figure in the whole bunch," Bill muttered. He put the stub into his shirt pocket anyway. "Now let's find that fortuneteller."

Her tent was halfway down the street, just across the road from the first of the rides, whose dappled wooden ponies rested now, their eyes glassy in the morning sun.

Bill carefully read each word in the sign that made a frame around and over the flap of the tent:

MADAM IRENE LIFTS THE VEIL

Palm Reading	$1.00
With the Cards	.50
Your Horoscope	.50
Your Dream Explained	.50
Your Handwriting Analyzed	.35

Bill sniffed. He could smell something that was like Cologne water *(Continued on page 54)*

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DAVID STONE MARTIN

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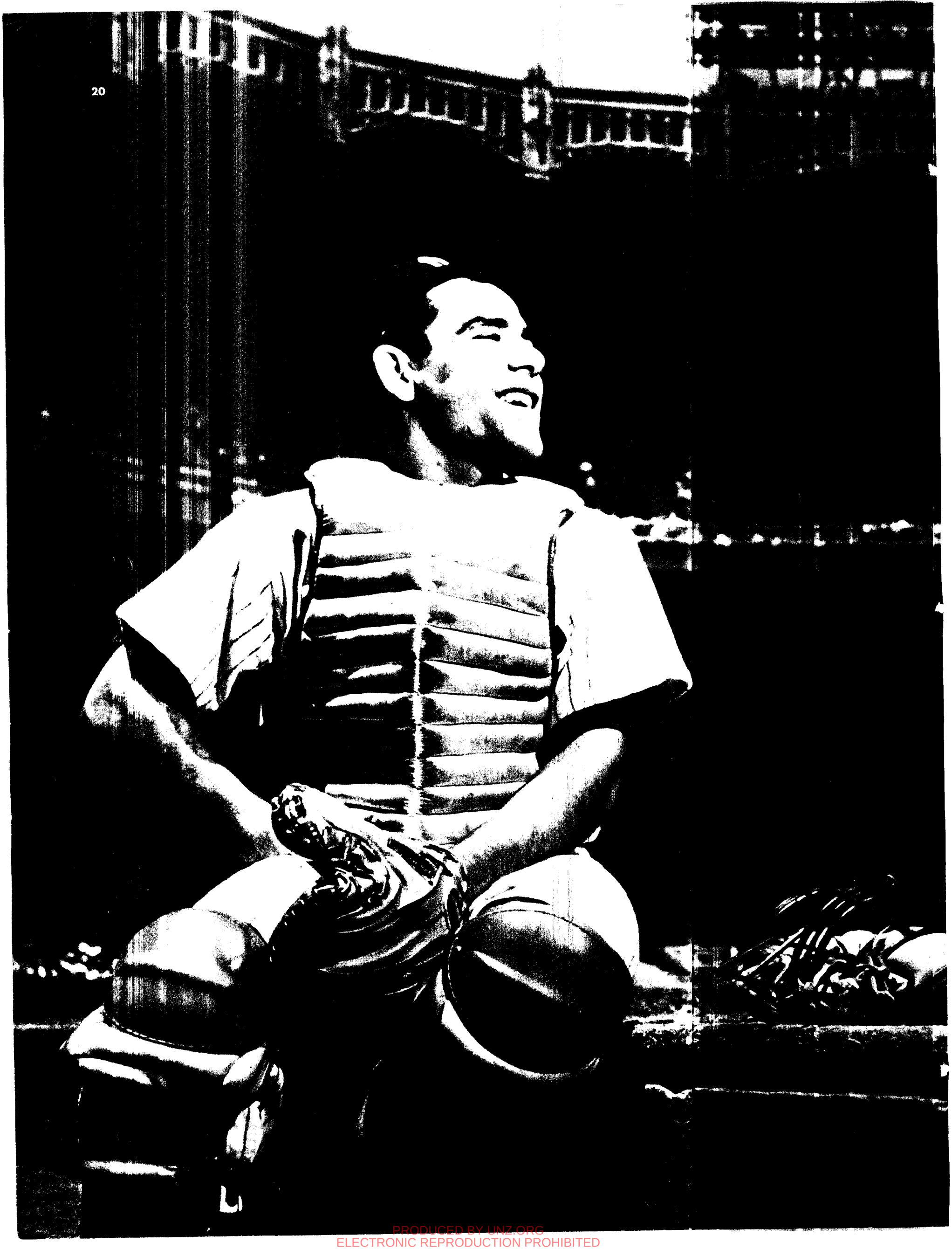

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YANKEE YOGI: *"I'm human, ain't I?"*

By GORDON MANNING

The Bombers' Berra is a serious student of comic books, movies and the great catcher Bill Dickey, who is, Yogi explains, "learnin' me his experiences"

THE hydrant-shaped catcher of the New York Yankees, Lawrence Peter (Yogi) Berra, grabbed his favorite 35-ounce bat, clambered out of the dugout and waddled over to the plate at Yankee Stadium. As soon as the bench jockeys of the Detroit Tigers—the hardest-riding crew in the American League—spotted the ungainly backstop, they cut loose with a stream of ridicule at baseball's most heckled player.

"Hey, Yogi!" yelled pitcher Dizzy Trout, performing a one-hand monkey-fashion swing from the dugout roof, "how do you like sleeping in a tree?"

Wiggling into his usual left-hand batting stance, Berra let that and other abusive cracks roll off him like perspiration and dug in for the first pitch. Tiger rookie Marlin Stuart, figuring to waste one, fired a high, wide ball down the alley. Yogi uncoiled his bat with a whirlwind roundhouse swing, finishing with a wrist snap that is the mark of a top big-league slugger, and pumped the ball into Ruthville—the right-field stands—for another home run.

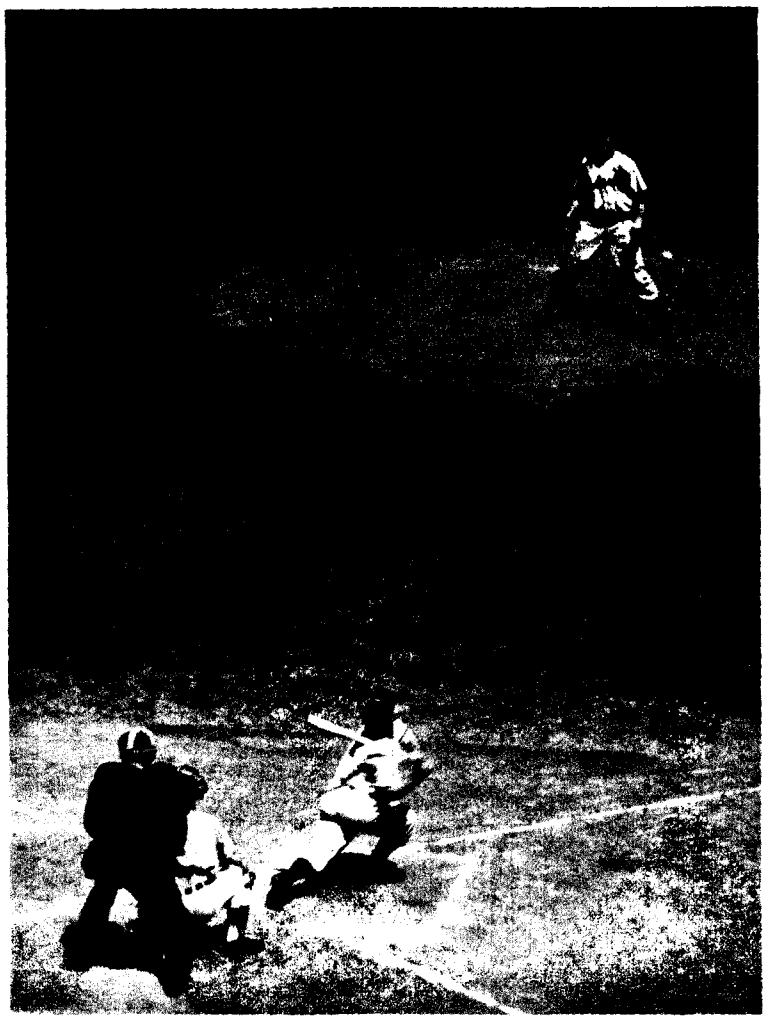
That was Stuart's introduction to the best bad-ball hitter in the majors. It was the first time he had looked from the pitcher's mound at that lunging swing which was once described as "starting like a gorilla and ending like Ted Williams." It will be a long time before Mr. Stuart ever decides to waste another ball on the Yankee Yogi.

By swinging at any pitch he can reach and by spraying hits to all fields, Yogi has stamped himself as one of the American League's most dangerous batters. But the Bronx brass, who now regard the heckled catcher as being largely responsible for the Yankees' surprising surge toward the pennant this season, once looked askance at his unorthodox socks.

A common sight in 1947, Berra's rookie year, was Coach Chuck Dressen sadly shaking his head at third base as Yogi trotted around after a "bad ball" home run, all the while violently signaling—with his hand across his chest—that the pitch was a perfect letter-high strike.

Today American League umpires have a pat formula for shutting up the Yankee catcher when he protests their calls as the opposition bats. "Look," they say, "when you're up there swinging, you don't know a ball from a strike, so why should we take your word for it now?"

Even though the dark-complexioned Yogi is now a recognized major-leaguer in both play and pay (about $14,000 for 1949), he looks more like a professional wrestler than a diamond star—especially not like one who would be wearing the distinguished striped flannels of the class-conscious Yankees. With a body that only an anthropologist could love, the 185-pound Berra could pass easily as a member of the Neanderthal A. C.



At bat, Yogi will take a crack at almost any pitch—and the crack is usually the resounding whack of hickory on horsehide

He stands five eight but looks shorter, partly because he is so heavy-set and partly because he has about as little neck as a man can have and still turn his head. His arms and legs are ballooned with muscles the size of derby hats and his fingers are so stubby he frequently paints them with iodine so the pitchers can catch his signs. He greets the world with a broad, good-humored, homely face, and his head, which rests on rounded shoulders, requires an extra-large cap.

But Yogi, an amiable guy of twenty-four and the absolute favorite of everybody in the clubhouse, brushes off those who rib him about his ugliness.

"It don't matter if you're ugly in this racket," he says. "All you gotta do is hit the ball, and I never saw nobody hit one with his face."

One writer, listening to Berra's halting, husky, monosyllabic speech, ventured that Yogi had spent his youth studying elocution with Clifton Finnegan down at Duffy's Tavern.

But usually it's not *how* Yogi expresses himself, but what he says and does in his forthright, naïve manner that makes him a baseball character right out of a Ring Lardner story. His childish actions and antics delight the fun-loving Yankees and the writers who travel with them.

Take movies and comic books for two examples.

Statisticians, with nothing better to do, have figured that U.S. movie theaters sell more than 69,000,000 tickets per week and that, in the course of a month, some 400 different comic books are peddled across America's newsstands.

If there's anybody anywhere who contributes more to these astounding cultural totals than Yogi, let him match this record:

1. Yogi sees a movie every day of his life, and sometimes, when he's on a road trip, he catches two. He has never seen a bad film—"except, of course, when the hero gets killed in the end." When he played with Newark in the International League in 1946, he saw the Marx Brothers in A Night in Casablanca at least once in every city on the circuit. If Berra were to supervise the Academy Awards for the year's best performances, the Oscars would go to the Marxes, the Three Stooges, Roy Rogers and Trigger, and, of all people, Greer Garson. "There's a gal that really snows me," avers America's No. 1 film fan.

Frank Scott, the Yankees' traveling secretary, frequently is Yogi's movie companion. "I sit next to him for Westerns and crime pictures," says Scotty, "but I always move away at least one seat when it's a comedy. So you won't miss a single laugh. Yogi punches you on every gag line, throws back his head and roars. I came home from one road trip all black and blue. Now I give him room to laugh—and swing."

2. There is nobody with a more complete knowledge of the titles and release dates of comic books than Yogi. He buys them all, favoring the crime and Western varieties, and his bedside table at home or on the road is always stacked high with the latest issues. When the club travels, Berra rooms with pitcher Frank Shea, a clowning extrovert. Shea never ceases to be amazed by his roommate.

Earlier this season, Yogi had an optometrist friend in St. Louis fit him up with reading glasses.

"One night as we were reading in bed up in our Cleveland hotel," Shea recalls, "Yogi took off his glasses and said, 'Ya know, Frank, these glasses I got are truly wonderful. You oughta see how nice and big they make the print in my comic books.' "

Berra's dark brown eyes also lavish daily attention on newspaper funnies, especially the sports features of Joe Palooka and Ozark Ike. But, Shea says, "I think Yogi's going high-brow. The other day he bought four paperback mystery novels and only two comic books." *(Continued on page 68)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

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DESIGN FOR Vengeance

By RICHARD STERN

There are more ways than one to skin a cat—and more ways than one for a cat like Joe to get even

IN THE kitchen, on that morning, Cook went about her chores with a silly smile upon her face, humming off key. Tim McCoy sang in his shower, a thing hitherto unknown. He dressed himself with more than usual care, and went in to breakfast. As he drank a part of his fruit juice he glanced almost continually at his watch. The hands did not appear to move.

Vincent, the McCoys' Capuchin monkey, sat upon the back of Lucas' empty chair and watched the breakfast proceedings in silent, baffled interest. Joe strolled in, his stub tail high and his whiskers twinkling, feeling the excitement of this day. He looked at Tim, noting the slightly glazed expression that was creeping over Tim's face. Joe sat down, raised one forepaw thoughtfully, and began to wash between the immaculate pads.

Cook appeared in the doorway. "My clock—" she began.

"It's fast," Tim said. "It's always fast." He looked at his watch. "I think."

"Well," Cook said, "I just thought I'd tell you."

"There's no sense in getting there early," Tim said.

Joe had suspended his washing. He sat there, the forepaw raised, looking from Tim to Cook. Vincent spoke excitedly, in a high squeaky voice. He emphasized his point by jumping up and down upon the chair.

Tim said, "On the other hand, I might get hung up. Flat tire or traffic, or something. I mean—"

"Maybe you'd better go now," Cook said.

"Maybe—" Tim began. "Maybe I had." He went.

Vincent scuttled over to Joe and hunkered down beside him. He spoke eloquently, gesturing with his small black hands.

Joe said nothing. He looked at Cook. He looked back again at his forepaw. Vincent fell silent. Joe resumed his bath.

Cook said, "All right, mister high-and-mighty. But you'll see. Things are going to be different around here. You just wait and see."

Joe washed on in silence, and his attitude clearly scorned the prediction. But, as it turned out, Cook was right. . . .

It was almost noon when Tim drove in. Joe was sitting in the warm sun in the carnation bed. Vincent was perched atop the water faucet. They watched the car.

Tim popped out of the car. He scooted around and opened the other door. Very solicitously he helped Lucas to the ground. She was smiling. "Silly," she said. "I won't break."

Tim released her, sprang to the rear door and opened it. A small object, wrapped in blue, was extended toward him. He backed quickly away from it.

Lucas took the bundle and tucked it into the crook of her left arm, still smiling. And then a large, solid woman, dressed in white, climbed out of the car, and looked around.

"This is it, Mrs. Larkin," Lucas said. "This is home."

Mrs. Larkin sniffed. She took the bundle from Lucas' arms, held it competently. She said, without enthusiasm, "It's very nice."

Lucas said, "We like it. We hope you will, too." She was looking at the bundle, which showed vague signs of life. "You," she said, "and Thomas."

Vincent dropped from the top of the faucet. He crept over and huddled against Joe's great shoulder. They watched Lucas and Mrs. Larkin go into the house. They watched Tim stagger in, bearing suitcases and baskets and bundles. The front door closed and there was silence. Joe stood up. He stretched himself. Then, at a purposeful trot, he headed for the house. Vincent loped after him.

The back door was closed. Joe thrust it open with one great shoulder. He trotted into the kitchen. Cook, at the sink, said, "You'll find out."

Joe and Vincent went through the dining room, into the hall beyond. There were voices from the room at the end of the hall. Joe trotted toward them.

The room itself appeared to be empty. From the open door beyond came Lucas' voice, saying, "And this is your bathroom, Mrs. Larkin."

Joe looked around. The blue bundle lay upon one of the beds. Joe lofted himself up beside it, landed without a jar. Vincent came, hand over hand, up a fold of the counterpane.

Joe had stopped. The bundle was partly open. Joe was peering inside, and his whiskers were twinkling pleasurably at the new and delicious fragrance of baby oil. A face, a little but not much larger than Vincent's, looked up at him. Vincent crowded closer, pushing hard at Joe's shoulder, striving for a peek.

THEY were like that when Mrs. Larkin descended upon them. She seized Joe by the shoulders and she tossed him, sprawling, halfway across the room. He twisted in mid-air and landed facing the bed, crouched, his stub tail twitching and his whiskers laid flat against his cheeks and his big head low. His eyes gleamed and the beginning of a growl began deep in his chest. He eyed the big woman. From the tiptop of the bedpost Vincent watched in frightened silence.

Mrs. Larkin said, "You!"

Joe moved forward slowly, the bunched muscles of his shoulders tensed beneath the erect ruff of fur. Mrs. Larkin said, "You!" again, but some of the emphasis had disappeared. Joe came forward another foot.

Then Lucas, from the bathroom door, said, "Joe! Stop that!" She stood there, frowning, glaring down.

Joe stopped. He looked at Lucas, he looked again at the big woman.

Lucas said again, "Stop it!" And then she raised her voice. "Tim!"

Joe's fur flattened itself slowly. His whiskers stood out from his cheeks. The growl had stopped. Tim came into the room at a half run. Lucas said, "Look. He was threatening Mrs. Larkin. Growling at her."

Tim said, "What happened?"

Mrs. Larkin sniffed. "Nothing. Nothing at all. I came in here and there he was, growling at me."

Tim said, "Well." There was uncertainty in his voice.

Lucas said, "Tim McCoy!" The bundle on the bed emitted a single feeble sound. Lucas bent quickly over it. She looked up at Tim, and her lower lip was not quite steady. Lucas said, "Oh, Tim, please!"

Tim said, "Come on, fellows." He held out his arm. Vincent flew through the air and landed accurately on Tim's shoulder. Tim chuckled. "Come on, Joe." He started for the door.

For a moment Joe hesitated. For only a brief moment. He looked neither at Lucas nor at the bundle on the bed; his eyes were fixed, unblinking, upon the big woman in white. He said nothing, but his attitude was clear. Then Joe turned and trotted after Tim. Mrs. Larkin sniffed.

Tim went straight to the kitchen. He got out a saucepan and milk, laced the milk liberally with dark rum, put the concoction on a low flame. Then he made himself a highball. Cook worked on at the sink; she said nothing, but the set of her back

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Joe sat behind a jumble of assorted articles. The rum bottle was empty

was eloquent. Tim poured the warm punch into the pan beneath the stove. Joe and Vincent approached it. Tim looked into his highball and sighed. "I guess we all need a drink, fellows," he said.

Cook made a small sound which could have been a cough, but probably was not. Only Joe, through some process of intuition, understood. The new regime had begun.

THE next day was Saturday. Tim awakened at what appeared to be dawn. Lucas was moving around the room in pajamas and a dressing gown. Tim lay on one elbow and watched Lucas. He said, "I don't want to pry, but what's going on here?"

"Six-o'clock feeding," Lucas said. She started for the door.

"Every morning?" Tim said.

"Of course." Lucas was at the door. "Go on back to sleep," she said. "Mrs. Larkin and I will take care of it."

Tim lay back and closed his eyes. Voices drifted faintly through the house. A new sound arose, a thin, wailing squall. He concentrated on his sleepiness. There was a rattle of glassware, then footsteps, and someone bumped thunderously against the bedroom door. The thin, wailing sounds continued and then broke off with abruptness. Female voices spoke in contented tones. Tim turned over. He was almost asleep when Lucas came into the room.

Tim opened one eye and watched her remove her dressing gown, kick off her slippers. "There," she said.

There was the sound of footsteps and then a knocking on the door.

Lucas said, "Yes?" She was sitting up straight.

"Where do I find the diapers?" Mrs. Larkin demanded.

"Oh," Lucas said. "Where did we put them?"

There was silence. Tim threw back the covers. He sat up. "Never mind," he said. "I'll lend you a pair of mine." . . .

Cook was in the kitchen when Tim came out. She was sitting at the table, sipping a cup of tea. She looked at Tim's swimming trunks without enthusiasm. "Maybe, I could have a cup of coffee," Tim said. Cook nodded. "When you're through," he added. Cook nodded again. Tim went out through the back door.

He fell into the pool, swam around for a little time and then climbed out and sat on the edge, shivering. Joe strolled up. He sat down and eyed Tim without comment.

Tim said, "The republic is dead. Long live the matriarchy."

Joe said nothing. He merely sat and looked.

Tim's nod was approval. "Stoicism," he said, "seems to be the order of the day." He pondered that for a time. "Do you suppose," he said finally, "that they may, in the end, overreach themselves and arouse the proletariat?"

He breakfasted, eventually, in solitude. Lucas ate on the run. She explained briefly as she came and went through the dining room. "Mrs. Larkin isn't feeling well this morning. Poor dear. She hasn't said a word, but I can tell." Looking back upon it later, Tim could remember that Mrs. Larkin never felt well in the morning, but at the time, of course, he knew *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

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The Merry ASSASSIN

By RICHARD MACAULAY

Larry Gray was fast and tricky, both in and out of the ring. The trouble was that he just couldn't seem to take the fight business seriously. But I had to. I was his manager

I STOOD chewing on a cigar, watching Barney Duchel punch the heavy bag. It wasn't a pretty sight; and yet, he was the best I had.

A tall, skinny kid, carrying a little canvas bag, came up beside me. "Mr. Doyle, I'm Larry Gray."

I grunted, "What do you want?"

"A manager," he answered. He was grinning, as if this was a funny remark. I looked over his skinny frame and thought maybe he was trying to hustle me a rib.

"For what?" I barked.

"For fighting." He smiled again as if this was a very humorous remark.

Still expecting a rib, I told him sharply, "As far as I know, they haven't got a skeleton class. Forget about it, go to school, go to work, do something constructive."

I started to turn away but the kid, still smiling, said, "You're not giving me much of a chance, Mr. Doyle. Would it help if I told you I was the welterweight champion of the 189th Division?"

"Not any more than if you told me you were the best left-handed tennis player in Idaho." I looked him over again. "Go away, put on forty pounds, and then come back to see me."

The kid grinned and said, "But that would make me a heavyweight, and I might get hurt."

"You'd get hurt if a good featherweight hit you," I snapped. "How tall are you and how much do you weigh?"

"Five eleven—about 140."

"Do you realize," I asked him, "that some welterweights have arms like heavyweights? And can you imagine what would happen to you if one of *them* hit you?"

The kid smiled a big, wide smile again and replied, "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Doyle, I've worked out an easy solution to that. I don't let anyone hit me."

"That's in the bush leagues," I said.

The kid nodded. "Right. And I'm tired of not getting hit in the bush leagues. I want to change—I want to not get hit in the big leagues."

As I looked him over, I discovered that he didn't smile every time he said something. It was just that he never quit smiling. It wasn't a set smile—it just looked like everything he saw, heard and said was funny to him. Not a belly laugh, but just kind of funny.

"Look, kid," I said. "Personally, I think *I* could hit you. But even if you're half as good as you think you are remember this: *Everyone* gets hit. They never made a Fancy Dan who couldn't be hit. Corbett got hit. McLarnin got hit. And if *you* get hit by a good boy who can punch, you won't have to worry about anything any more."

The kid, not looking at all offended, merely smiled and said, "I'd still like to show you what I can do. What have you got to lose?"

"I don't want to get mixed up in any homicide cases. Have you got trunks with you?" The kid patted his little canvas bag. "Get dressed."

I arranged for the kid to go a couple of rounds, if that long, with Duchel. Duchel was no Fancy Dan, but he was a sharp puncher who'd fought a couple of semiwindups and knew his way around the ring. Before they started, I asked the kid, "What makes you think you want to be a fighter?"

"Money," he said, smiling.

I looked at the ribs sticking out on his small chest, the skinny arms and the knobby knees. Then I indicated a few choice, punchy characters of the type who frequent gyms and said, "All these guys thought they were going to make a lot of money. Now, if they're real bright, they pick up an occasional five or ten waving a towel. And they had meat on their bones!"

"Yeah," the kid smiled, "but what did they have between their ears?"

The smile was beginning to get me down a little. I said, shortly, "All right, get in there with Duchel."

The kid crawled in the ring. Duchel, who was already in, looked at the kid, then looked down at me, as if this was a joke. I gave Duchel a wink which meant "Pour it on, brother—give him the works." Someone crawled in the ring and started them off.

WELL, nothing happened, and I mean, *exactly* nothing. For three rounds Duchel never laid a glove on the kid, who, in turn, never even threw a punch at Duchel, beyond a few jabs with his long skinny left, just to keep him off balance. Finally Duchel got sore and started swinging wild, and I stopped it.

While this was going on, Ted Norton, who promotes the cards up at St. Mark's Arena, came up beside me.

"That your boy, Pat?" he finally asked.

"Yes," I said quickly.

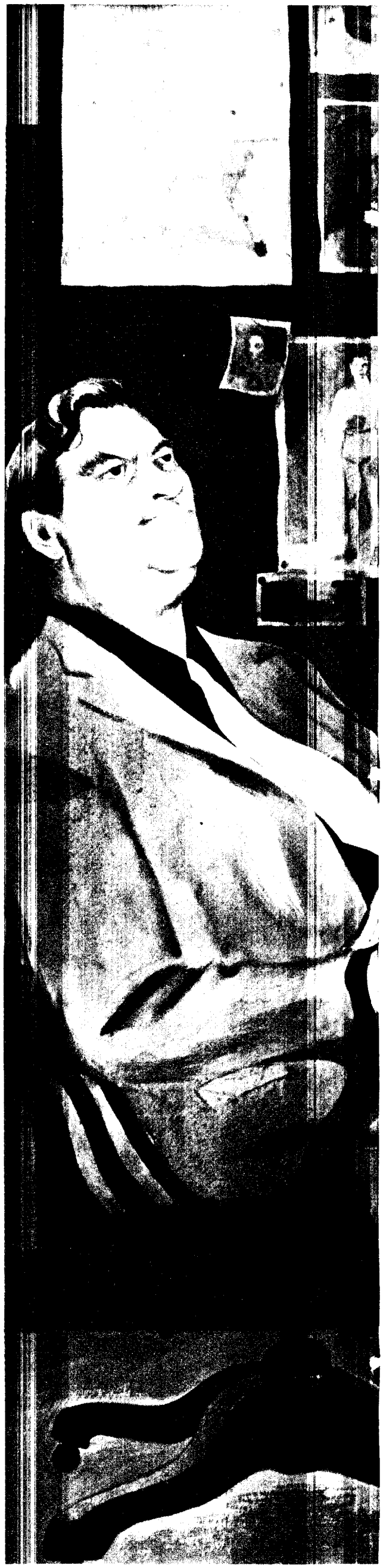
"Doesn't look like much, does he?"

"That's what Duchel thinks," I said, crisply. "He can't see him enough to hit him."

"No wonder," Ted replied. "If that kid turns sideways, his friends think he's left town. What's his name?"

"Gray. Larry Gray." *(Continued on page 61)*

"He wants to be a doctor," she said, "but if he ever starts fighting, he'll forget about it. I want you to leave him alone!"



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

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AIR FORCE PHOTOS

On war-crowded Tinian, now far behind the Pacific battle lines, members of the 509th Composite Bomb Group waited through weeks of briefing. Then, with only good weather needed for a fateful sortie, they got the weatherman's all clear on August 5, 1945. The Hiroshima news was about to burst upon the world

The BIGGEST BLAST of them

It was just four years ago that the world shook to the opening of the Atomic Age. Preparations had been top secret. Aside from Colonel Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., commanding officer of the 509th Composite Bomb Group, no one on the project at lonely Wendover, Utah, had the slightest inkling of what their efforts were to produce. Strange-looking objects were taken out of wraps and from them the first dummy of the atomic bomb was assembled

CONCLUSION

By COLLIE SMALL

THEY finally told Captain Charles Begg, the commanding officer of the 509th Composite Bomb Group's 1st Ordnance Squadron (Special Aviation), what he had built when, in the fall of 1944, he took three boxcars full of mysterious parts and painstakingly fitted them together into a shape.

Six weeks after he had assembled the strange object, Begg was put in a plane and flown from the bomb group's secret base at Wendover, Utah, to Albuquerque, New Mexico. At Albuquerque, he was transferred to an automobile containing several other men, including Professor Norman Ramsey, of Columbia University and Los Alamos. Once out of Albuquerque, on the road to Los Alamos, Ramsey told him the secret.

"It's a dummy atomic bomb," he said.

Begg wouldn't have known. There had never been any written instructions for the assembly of the test bomb. It was a curious thing, but Begg saw no written instructions for the assembly of the bomb until after its counterpart—the actual atom bomb—had been dropped on Hiroshima and had already been pronounced obsolete.

The 1st Ordnance Squadron had its own production line at Wendover, both to modify existing parts and to manufacture new parts for the bomb. The production line, like everything else at the 509th, had been built mostly by divine inspiration, because nobody knew at first what it was supposed to be producing. But it worked.

Atomic scientists came up from Los Alamos to Wendover every two weeks with changes and modifications. As soon as they arrived with their new ideas, the squadron tore down its production machinery, set up a new line, and within hours was turning out parts for a new version of the bomb.

Then, while B-29s from the 509th tested *that* bomb, the scientists went back to their empire at Los Alamos, pondered the problems once more, and in two weeks were back at Wendover with more changes and modifications. Wearily, the ordnance men dismantled the production line and started over from the beginning.

Difficulty in building the atomic bomb lay mostly in the wiring and electronic equipment; the fissionable material was no great problem when they came to that. One scientist put the secret this way: "Take some fissionable material in several pieces, as pure as possible, and slap them together, as quickly as possible." Comparatively simple. But the wiring—that was something else again.

And the sound the Bomb made coming down! When it was finally turned loose, it descended on

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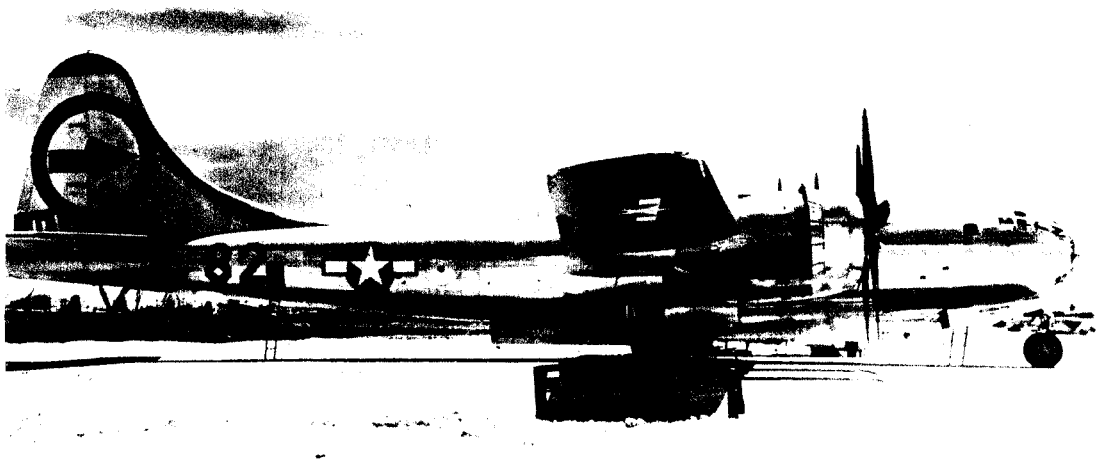
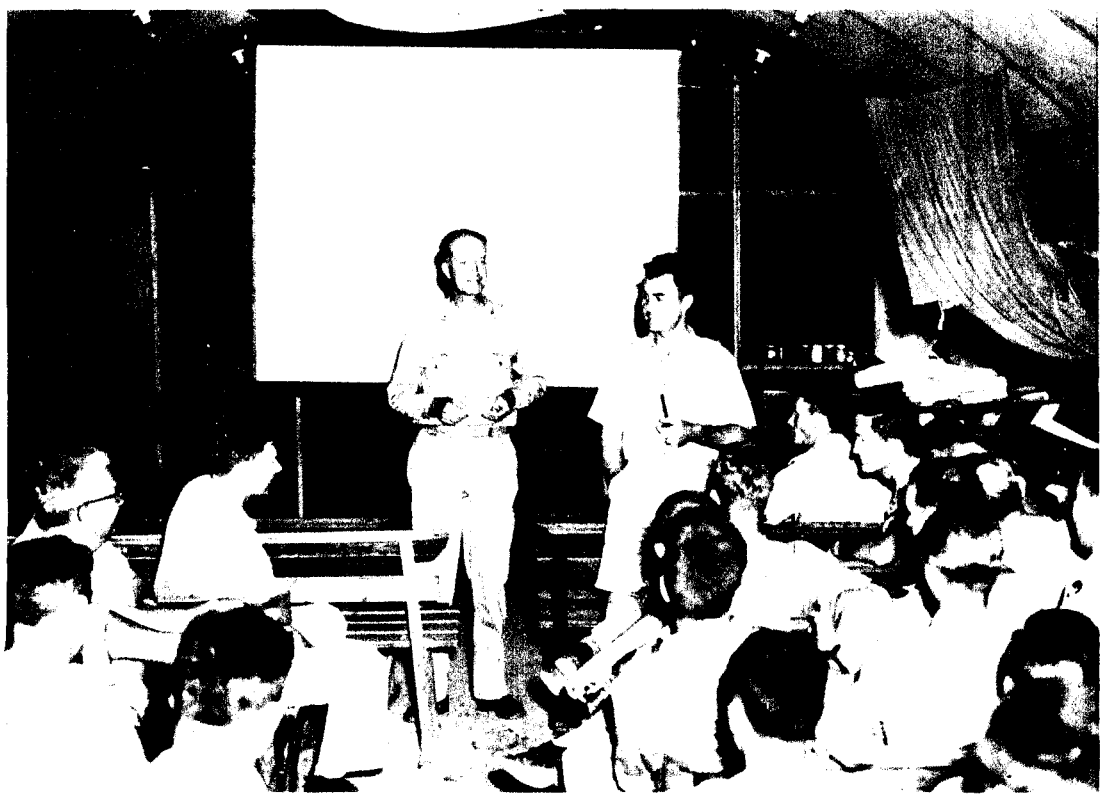


This stripped-down B-29, the Enola Gay, piloted by Colonel Tibbets, dropped the first A-bomb



Final briefing on the eve of Hiroshima. Both speakers are smiling: Colonel Paul Tibbets (right) and Captain Wm. S. Parsons, Navy ordnance expert who armed the Bomb after the take-off

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
APAN RECEIVES ALLIED ANSWER
IKADO MUST SUBMIT TO MILITARY CONTROL
'INAL' DECISION MAY BE ANNOUNCED TODAY
TOKYO'S PEACE PLEA ACCEPTED SUBJECT TO CURB ON EMPERO
First Atomic Bomb Bursts on Japan--and the Result
BILLION CUT RUSSIANS DRIVE
ARMY BUYING 50 MILES DEEPER
AINED WORK ON INTO MANCHURIA
SHIPS HALTED CROSS BIG RANGE
FINAL
Sunday Mirror
FINAL
HIROHITO CAN STAY IF HE HELPS ALLIES
See MacArthur as Jap Boss
This Was Hiroshima

American newspaper headlines six days after Hiroshima. Nagasaki has been bombed and the Japs have sued for peace

all and the untold secrets behind it

Hiroshima with exactly the noise of an express train thundering down a vertical track. In Hiroshima they could hear it coming for perhaps 20 seconds. There was no whistle or scream, like other bombs would make. There was just the roar of the Bomb hurrying down, full of wires and uranium and an insatiable appetite.

The sound of the test bomb was the same. During the Wendover rehearsals in the early spring of 1945, you could stand on one of the barren hills, where the cameras were mounted to record the test drops, and you could hear it racing down toward the salt flats like a runaway locomotive.

When the roaring stopped there was the blast of the torpex, the powerful explosive used in the practice bomb instead of uranium or plutonium. Then, quickly, men ran out and covered up the hole so the secret of the atomic bomb would not stay outlined in the ground where other men could find it. The parts blown out over the desert were carefully gathered up, and the 509th, Colonel Paul Tibbets commanding, went on with its work.

The slim-waisted B-29s were up over Wendover almost every day. Standard in most other respects, they had been stripped of all their guns except the twin tail guns, and they weighed 7,700 pounds less than an ordinary B-29. Colonel Tibbets himself had proved the logic of using "defenseless" B-29s against the Japanese; enemy fighters stalled out at some 5,000 feet below the 30,000-foot altitude at which the stripped-down bombers would fly. The skeleton bombers were faster than regular B-29s, too, and were more maneuverable in case violent evasive action were required to escape Japanese antiaircraft fire.

Bombardiers in the 509th were required to drop their test missiles into a 900-foot circle from 30,000 feet before they could be considered accurate enough to be entrusted with an atomic bomb. Navigators flew endless cross-country trips. Pilots, each of whom had at least 1,000 hours of flight time, including 300 hours in B-29s, practiced for hours on end, making sharp turns in the air. Every crew in the 509th was a lead crew.

A violent turnaway would be necessary to insure the safety of the crews after the Bomb was dropped. The raiding bomber would have to roll with the punch and be traveling in the right direction in the shortest possible space of time, lest the shock waves from the explosion tear it apart.

The 509th was also learning things about the behavior of the atomic bomb during its downward course, and among the things it learned was that certain "authorities" had misled the public by suggesting that B-17s and B-29s were capable of dropping conventional bombs into the well-known pickle barrel from high altitudes.

Even the test bomb, designed to fall straighter and truer than any bomb ever known, wobbled and spun at first when it was dropped from 30,000 feet, the "atomic altitude," and conventional bombs wobbled even more. What was worse, the fins on the first test atomic-type bombs had a discouraging habit of bending and twisting in flight, and one of the big problems facing both the scientists and the 509th was how to keep the fins straight. Needless to say, the problem was solved ultimately. The fins stayed right, both at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The atomic *(Continued on page 34)*

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The Legal Bride

By ROBERT CARSON

CONTINUING THE HILARIOUS LOVE STORY OF A MAN-SHY LADY LAWYER AND A MOVIE COWBOY WHO WASN'T SHY OF ANYTHING

The Story: ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL was working on the first case she had ever had since she became a lawyer. The case was handed to her by MR. GRAVES, a business manager for celebrities, who had an office on the same floor as Abigail's in the Fogarty Building in Beverly Hills. It involved BEN CASTLE, a cowboy movie star and Hollywood playboy. A wounded veteran of World War II, Ben was spending most of his time and money drinking and gambling. He owed a sixty-thousand-dollar gambling debt to HARRY KALLEN, a Las Vegas gambler with underworld connections. Kallen had threatened violence against Ben unless the debt was paid. After being warned by her roommate, a beautician named ALICE NORMAN, to keep the cowboy at his distance, Abigail flew with Ben to Las Vegas in a private plane piloted by JACK HALL, an aviator who warned Abigail against taking the cowboy too seriously. Ben and Abigail met Kallen and RICKY, one of his aides. Both were deeply impressed by the fact that Abigail's last name was Furnival; and Kallen agreed to talk with her about the gambling debt. Deeply in love with Ben by this time, Abigail was swept off her feet by the actor's proposal of marriage. They were married in a night ceremony, arranged by MRS. JOE BAYWATER, a specialist in lightning weddings, with Hall reluctantly acting as best man. Afterward, Kallen told Abigail that he would forget about Ben's gambling debt, out of gratitude to Abigail's father, the late Vincent Furnival, to whom both Kallen and Ricky owed favors. Heartbroken, Abigail accused Ben of having led her into the marriage in order to play on Kallen's sympathies. After a quarrel between Ben and Hall, the three flew back to Beverly Hills.

"If I stay with you," said Abigail, "my talents will be employed in the effort of making you a decent man." Ben looked at her in wordless pain

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PART THREE OF SIX PARTS

THEY flew back to Beverly Hills in sullen silence. As though in tune with the occasion, cloudy skies hung over Inglewood, and an early fog was rolling in from the ocean. Jack Hall had to circle around until the tower informed him he could land, and then he made his approach with caution. As soon as the little silver and blue ship was in front of the hangar, and the engine had stopped, Abigail unfastened her safety belt, grabbed her suitcase, bolted for the rear, unlocked the door and climbed out.

The damp, cold wind smote her. Dropping the suitcase, she dug her clenched hands in the pockets of her jacket and strode off blindly. Hall and Ben overtook her before another hangar, where a group of mechanics were servicing a huge transport. Had she not been so confused herself, she would have been pleased to notice the confusion of her escorts.

"Would you rather be alone?" Hall asked anxiously. "Are you going to cry, kid?"

"No, I'm not going to cry," Abigail replied.

"We don't want to bother you," Ben said, "but—"

"You're not bothering me," Abigail said. "It's quite all right. I am perfectly at ease. Go away."

"Beat it, cowboy," Hall said.

"She means you, Jack," Ben said. He fished in his pocket for money. "Here's the money for the trip. Go away, airman."

"You go away," Hall said.

"Everybody go away!" Abigail said somewhat distractedly. "I'll go away myself!"

"A.J.," Ben said, "I've got to talk to you; you know that. It might as well be now as later. What do you say?"

"Shall I bounce him, honey?" Hall said. "Is he annoying you?"

"He's right," Abigail said. "We do have to talk, and it might as well be now. Go away, Jack."

Hall went reluctantly, frequently pausing to glance back at them. Abigail knotted her fingers more tightly and contemplated her feet. The men working on the big airplane whistled and dropped clanking tools and pounded on things. Moving closer to Abigail, Ben attempted one of his widest grins; it barely stretched the corner of his mouth and slowly deflated, leaving nothing behind except a sad grimace.

"You may proceed, Castle," Abigail said, after a short silence.

"I have several kinds of telling points I think I can make."

"The two important points have already been made: You married me under false pretenses, and you don't love me."

"I know I'm guilty on those counts, counselor, but they needn't alter the essential business arrangement."

"Business arrangement?"

"Listen," Ben said, "let's hash this out sensibly, Abby. Mr. Graves put me up to using you—I'm not to blame for the whole mess."

"Did he put you up to marrying me?"

"No. That was my own idea."

"There you are," Abigail said. "You're the villain. Essentially you're one of the guys who tries to steal the land from the settlers."

"All right," Ben said, "I have a furry gray coat and beady eyes and a long pointed tail and I come out mostly at night. That's firmly established. Let's go on from there."

"If we are to go on from there, the next step is to call an exterminator."

"Very funny, Mrs. Castle. No doubt you recall last night at Las Vegas. I gave you fair warning on a couple of occasions. I said I was a bad actor. I gave you plenty of warning, A.J. You've got to admit that. Consider it from my standpoint for a moment. According to your story, you were gloomy, unloved, unsuccessful and busted. The way you put it, marrying you would be a worthy charity. Suppose I did marry you without having stars in my eyes? After all, what did you have to lose?"

"Nothing, nothing," Abigail replied. "Only my happiness and my virtue."

"I will not dispute with you concerning your happiness," Ben said, "but as far as your—"

"Never mind!" Abigail snapped.

"We've disposed of your side, A.J. Now consider my predicament. Although I did some kidding on the subject, I was frankly scared. I know a lot better than you that Harry Kallen means business; I was hunting for any cover I could find. Another few days and I might have been smelling powder from the wrong end of a gun. I admit my conduct wasn't strictly ethical, and yet you certainly couldn't have been under the delusion, after what I said to you, that I was more than an any-port-in-a-storm type. You've got to be reasonable, Abby."

"You said you loved me."

"Stop being girlish! You're forgetting. Up at the dam you said—"

"All that concrete got me," Abigail said. "That offer is definitely withdrawn."

"Agreed," Ben said. "Nobody is asking for your fair white body. This is a legal arrangement, underwritten by the state of Nevada. In return for lending me your name and presence, you get board and lodging, as reasonable an allowance as Mr. Graves will go for, and an attentive audience of one to listen to your lectures on morality and the beauty of it all. Otherwise, you have no further obligations to me.

"As soon as Kallen is paid off, you can divorce me and devote yourself to good works or something. If I know my character, I'll have given you plenty of grounds for divorce by then. Incidentally, I'll be happy to split whatever is left with you when the debts are settled. You're a lawyer, and I know you'll want all this is writing; that's fine with me. A.J., in such a temporary arrangement, could you ask for more?"

For answer, Abigail slapped him. He recoiled from her, his face reddening. On his left cheek the white marks of her fingers stood out bleakly. Work stopped on the transport as the mechanics paused to stare, although the increasing fog robbed them of the closest details.

THE first tears of the expedition came to Abigail. They were a great relief. She held out her stinging hand in the manner of a pup extending an injured paw and began to cry.

"I'm sorry, Ben," Abigail said.

They stared at each other. There was a curious, new expression in Ben's gray eyes. Abigail's hand was still extended. She wiped her tears with the back of her hand, and said again, "I'm sorry."

Ben grinned—that immense, blinding, genuine contortion of his features; it irradiated immense warmth and amusement, and appeared to dissipate most of the clammy fog. Abigail had not been previously so astounded in the course of twenty-four years.

"You know something?" Ben said. "You're a good Joe, A.J. You're a little mixed up, but you mean well. The worst part of you is, you're a coward. You haven't got the courage of those convictions of yours. You talk big, and you don't really mean it. Trouble seems fun to you, only once you're in it you just want home and Mother and safety. Now that I understand, I don't blame you a bit. There are absolutely no hard feelings, and I wish you the best of luck, too." He shook her hand warmingly. "Give me a jingle whenever you're not busy, Mrs. Castle. We'll have a bite of lunch and talk over old times."

Then he turned quickly and walked away. Abigail watched his departure steadily until he disappeared in the fog. Presently she was roused from a state of tremendous confusion by a touch on her arm.

It was Jack Hall, and he said, "Are you okay, A.J.?"

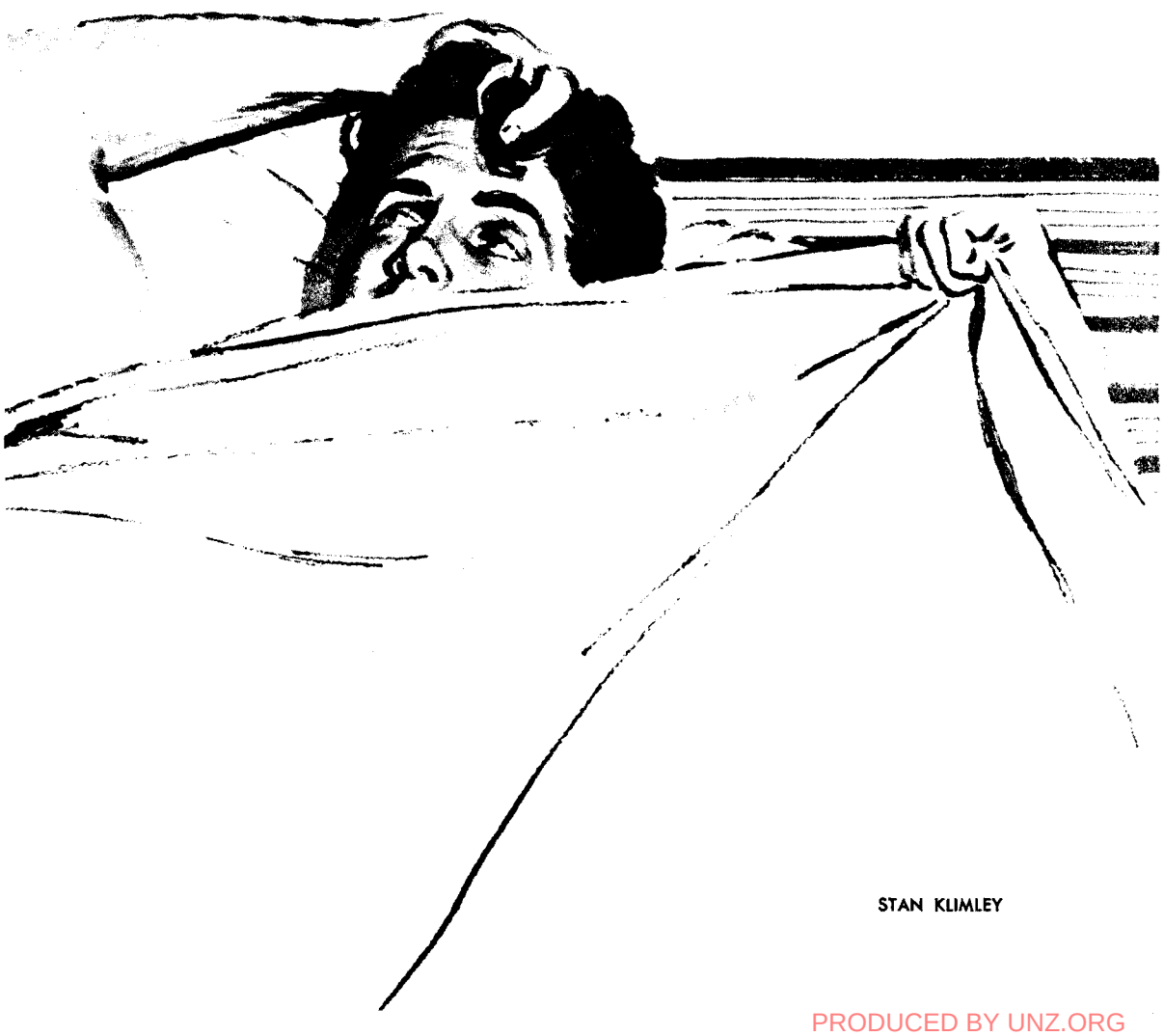
"Fine," Abigail said. "Simply fine."

"I was watching from inside my hangar," Hall said. "I hope you don't mind. I saw you smack him, and I was waiting to come tearing out and flatten him in case he took a poke at you."

"Oh, I apologized for that," Abigail said. She looked at Hall worriedly. "He accepted my apology. We shook hands. You saw that, didn't you?"

"I didn't miss a thing," Hall said. "I gather the deal is called off and no hard feelings."

"Exactly," Abigail said. *(Continued on page 50)*



STAN KLIMLEY

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I Was Run Over by a CARRIER

By Lieutenant EMIL SKOCPOL, USMC

I WAS terrified to see 45,000 tons of carrier bearing down on me like a racing mountain of steel. The tremendous bow. . . .

To begin with, I remember that I had no particular apprehensions as I climbed up the wing of my Corsair that morning. It was to be my first hop from a giant carrier but the technique is virtually the same, whether you are on the 45,000-ton Midway or the tiny Palau. The Palau is a war-built escort carrier, from which I had just come with Marine Fighter Squadron 461.

Of course I felt good. Although I had got my commission away back in the summer of 1943 I had sweated out the war Stateside. Graduation day at Corpus Christi, when we were roughing up the Japanese along the Solomons route, brought me nothing but an assignment as an instrument flight instructor.

While the fighting moved to Bougainville, to Tarawa, to Saipan and to the Philippines I watched my students grow into hot pilots, move out into the Pacific, and come back full of war stories and fatherly advice.

I got married—to beautiful, blue-eyed Bettye Payne of Gainesville, Texas—and the war arrived at Iwo and then Okinawa. Along came little Keena, blue-eyed too, and then, in the early part of 1945, I was given a refresher in combat flying. Was this it? No, sir. The war ended before I got to Japan.

The succession of events after that was equally dull. Staff duty in China, a refresher in carrier flying at Cherry Point, North Carolina, and, finally, the bouncy Palau.

But now—the big-time, majestic Midway!

Although carrier flying is primarily the concern of Navy pilots, Marine fliers must stand ready for assignment as reinforcement or relief. Marine Squadrons 461 and 225 were aboard on just such a temporary relief mission and we wanted to put on

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HARRY DEVLIN

The Corsair developed engine trouble on the take-off and crashed into the water about 100 yards ahead of the carrier. In the next second or so, Skocpol's plane exploded and the bow of the Midway was enveloped in smoke from the wreckage

a bang-up show for the good of the Corps's reputation.

I settled into the cockpit, buckled on my parachute, tested the straps for fit and then unbuckled it. I tightened the shoulder straps, the safety belt and helmet chin strap. I checked the safety latch on the cockpit hatch.

All these precautions, so thoroughly drilled into us, were to help me very soon.

The familiar voice signals came over the bull horn—"Prepare to start engines." I set all switches and made a last-minute check. "Stand clear of propellers." I turned on the battery switch, flipped the boost fuel pump, primed the engine two or three shots and heard, "Start engines."

On all sides props began turning over, engines barking and blue smoke drifting in a cloud down the deck as Corsairs and Douglas attack bombers warmed up.

The preliminary run-up of my engine appeared normal. It pulled its full quota of manifold pressure smoothly. Planes ahead of me began taxiing into take-off position in rapid order. I moved forward and held my Corsair in the slipstream of another just taking off.

Fly One, the yellow-garbed flight-deck officer, waved for my full-throttle run-up. Then in a moment he pointed down the flight deck and I started my run.

Almost immediately there was something wrong. I hadn't gone 50 feet before the engine coughed and coughed again. The backfiring didn't let up and I noticed a definite loss of power. I realized it was going to be rugged.

I still had a couple of hundred feet of deck left and my first impulse was to brake to a stop. It was like having your car engine begin to conk out in a race with a train for a grade crossing; you don't know whether it will be safer to try to stop or bull it through. But here my training controlled my almost automatic reactions. "Once committed to a carrier take-off, never change your mind," we had been lectured. "You will probably misjudge your ability to stop in the amount of deck left."

Compared to the Palau this deck looked as big as a prairie but I responded to the subconscious words. I retarded the throttle to ease the load on the sickening cylinders and felt the throb of the engine settle to a smoother pace as the end of the bow flicked out of sight.

I still did not have sufficient power and I prepared to make the best of the Midway's height gift of 65 feet. I raised the wheels quickly and felt the plane settle slowly toward the water. I thought of dropping the belly tank but I was afraid that, in reaching back for the emergency release, I might jar my hand on the controls enough to lose the delicate feel you must keep in a tight spot like this.

The right wing began to drop, the worst possible development. I froze to the task of making the careful correction for the beginning of a stall—push the nose down and jam the left rudder.

It wasn't easy to so deliberately dive for the water. Yet I knew that any other action would have meant landing out of control.

Statistics show that if you contact ground or water in a normal landing attitude you are virtually certain of surviving, usually without injury. But if you lose flying speed in an evasive maneuver and spin in, your chances of survival are very slim. I remembered this now.

I had slipped down toward the sea until the nose of my Corsair was just a few feet above the reaching whitecaps before I could gain control. The Corsair slammed into the water in a fairly level attitude and I figured I was about a hundred yards ahead of the carrier.

During those long seconds after my engine first coughed I felt no fear. Perhaps I was too busy. To a fighter pilot, dependent as he is on his own quickness and proper response to training, it is reassuring to look back and know that he has done the correct thing in an emergency.

But there was more to come. As my plane struck I heard a grinding sound. The next second, or fraction of a second, is a blank. I learned later that the plane exploded. Lieutenant Dean Caswell, who had survived the kamikazing of the carrier Bunker Hill, said he had never seen a plane go up like that. Drifting smoke from the explosion seemed to envelop the bow of the carrier.

When I came to I found myself sitting in silence, still in the cockpit and completely underwater. Another instant and I realized I was going down! In the black iciness that filled my world I told myself that the most important thing was to keep cool.

I unhooked my safety belt, got out of the cockpit somehow and with several long strokes I reached the surface. There I gulped in the fresh air. And for a moment I felt mighty good.

I was in a small clear area, but on all sides of me and about ten feet away wicked-looking flames whipped in the wind, surrounding me with a wall of black smoke.

In the ring of fire with me was the tail of my Corsair, upended and burning. The plane had broken, the cockpit sinking quickly enough to save me from being roasted alive.

But suddenly there was no time to congratulate myself on that point. The Midway, its bow looking like a high collapsing wall, was bearing down on me. It was not 50 feet away when I saw it. I seemed to be in the center of its path. There was no escape. The ship was moving so terribly fast I couldn't have got out of the way with an outboard motor.

Total hopelessness and fear overcame me and for a moment I was frozen into rigid immobility. I couldn't move a stroke, although I could think of nothing else but getting away. I will never forget the sound of my own voice, full of anguish and pleading as I prayed, "Oh, no, no!"

I was going to be hit by the very stem of the ship. Just before the Midway plowed into me I threw myself backward in the water and raised my feet in an attempt to deaden the blow. But my legs folded like paper and I was bent around the prow, my feet to port and my head to starboard.

My next recollection is a confused impression of being tumbled, end over end, and periodically being banged and bumped along the onrushing underside of the Midway's hull. I was still conscious but I wished that I was not.

In another of the waves of terror I realized that even if I were able to last through the 1,000-foot length of the ship I would be chopped by the screws.

I cursed the fact that I had not been knocked out and anesthetized for the ordeal that was surely coming.

Then I resigned myself to my fate. I relaxed and mentally sat back to look my life over as it passed in review—as I had heard would happen in my last moments. Nothing of the sort occurred. Instead, I could only think of the present and I had an overpowering feeling of sorrow that I was going to have to die now.

I thought of Bettye and Keena, back at home in Cherry Point, and I wondered how they would take the news. It was awful (*Continued on page* 45)

OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

When he surfaced and saw the carrier's towering bow bearing down on him, Marine Lieutenant Skocpol thought he was a goner. But thanks to courage, luck and the crew of the carrier, he came through safely, and two weeks later he was strong enough to leave the hospital. Here he is today, after completing his landing signal officer training, which means more carrier flying than ever.

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Farewell to
BENZEDRINE BENDERS

By HANNAH LEES

Disturbed by thrill-seekers who misused Benzedrine inhalers, the laboratory producing them has found a substitute with the bounce taken out

THEY'VE stopped making Benzedrine inhalers. Even as you read this, the wholesalers are returning what supplies they have to the factory. Local druggists may still have a few on hand, but chances are next time you ask for a Benzedrine inhaler, your druggist will offer you a white plastic tube remarkably like the one you expected, but labeled Benzedrex. If you wanted the inhaler for a cold or hay fever, Benzedrex, according to medical authorities, will serve just as well. But if what you had in mind was to smash the tube and swallow the contents or dissolve it in a glass of beer in a sort of makeshift needling process you're going to be out of luck. The drug inside a Benzedrex inhaler won't wake you up, cheer you up, or pep you up. All it will do if you swallow it is make your mouth feel dry and puckered.

This is not suggesting that anyone would be silly enough to put to this use a medicinal tube intended to help colds. But it is a fact that a lot of stupid and unhappy people have made such an experiment with Benzedrine inhalers during the past 10 years, and occasionally had unfortunate results. This is the reason for the birth of Benzedrex.

The passing of the Benzedrine inhaler winds up a chapter of tragicomedy in the history of a drug so versatile that doctors prescribe it for obesity and alcoholism, for mental depression and barbiturate poisoning, for children with behavior problems and for that tired feeling in old age.

You may not have heard about these important medical uses for Benzedrine. You are more likely to have heard how it supposedly has created jail riots and artistic masterpieces, how college students have collapsed from taking it at exam time and how some of our aviators depended on it during the war. Most of what has been written about Benzedrine has made it sound like a combination of marijuana, caffeine and synthetic sex hormone, all done up in a little white pill or contained in a 60-cent plastic inhaler.

Benzedrine, of course, isn't nearly that dramatic. It is neither a narcotic nor an aphrodisiac. It is a synthetic stimulant something like caffeine, but much more like ephedrine. Ephedrine is sometimes prescribed for hay fever and asthma.

Benzedrine is the trade name for a drug known officially as amphetamine. Today there are a dozen or more forms of amphetamine on the market under different names, any one of which your doctor may prescribe. Benzedrine was simply the first.

The chemists who synthesized it were looking for a drug that would shrink the inflamed mucous membrane of the nose without causing irritation. They were prepared for its tendency to raise the blood pressure and to cause wakefulness, but not for the fact that it makes most people feel slightly "wonderful."

The experts have worked out elaborate tests but they still can't find out why Benzedrine makes people feel this way.

Until Benzedrine was synthesized, only narcotics and sedatives had been known to have this effect: morphine, cocaine and marijuana in a drastic and sinister way; liquor and cigarettes in a milder, socially acceptable way. And all these drugs more or less dulled the perception. Here was a stimulant that could make you more alert and give you a grand feeling with less harmful side effects than any drug that had come out of the laboratory. Doctors saw it as a valuable aid in combating ailments involving fatigue, lassitude and depression.

Paradoxically, it was Benzedrine's comparatively harmless quality, coupled with a perverse streak in human nature, that caused its manufacturers all their trouble. Some people, finding that the drug made them feel "good" without doing any apparent harm, took more and more in the hope of feeling better and better. But it doesn't work that way. Tremendous doses may give you jitters, symptoms of heart ailment, convulsions—or make you psychotic if you have such a tendency.

Not Beneficial to All Users

Some people can't take Benzedrine even for medical reasons. Instead of making them alert and confident—a purpose for which it is often prescribed—it may make them nervous and irritable. People with bad hearts and high blood pressure have to take it very cautiously indeed.

The Benzedrine inhalers, which started all the trouble, were never designed to make people feel "good," except in the sense that everyone feels better when he can breathe in comfort. They contained about 250 milligrams of amphetamine in a volatile base. This is equivalent to about 50 pills. But, unlike the pills, the inhalers have not required a prescription. They were supposed to last a person with a cold three months.

No sooner had word got around that Benzedrine would make you act sharp and feel wonderful, than some ingenious soul opened up his inhaler and found some paper which had been soaked in the amphetamine. Across it was printed: "Warning. For Inhalation Only. Unfit for Internal Use. Dangerous if swallowed." But this didn't stop the experimentalist.

In some student, entertainment and artistic circles it got to be quite the thing to buy inhalers by the dozen and literally eat the contents. The paper inside each tube was folded eight times. Each fold was called a strip. Two strips was an accepted dose, either chewed plain or mixed with gum. Some people soaked the strips in liquor or coffee, though this wasn't as effective.

Proof of how harmless Benzedrine is, compared to other drugs, is the fact that thousands of people took from 10 to 50 times the normal dose, when the inhalers were available, without fatal results. Only a few deaths have been attributed to its use, and then as a result of extremely large doses which in most cases were taken with other drugs.

But the inhalers when misused were destructive enough to cause concern. Some of the offenders were kids who, too young to buy liquor, felt very wicked and often got very sick on Benzedrine. Others were emotionally unbalanced people and those on the criminal fringe. Huge numbers of inhalers were smuggled into prisons for inmates who craved a drug which would improve their state of mind and make time pass more quickly.

All this was very distressing to the 100-year-old Quaker company that manufactures Benzedrine. It did everything it could to foil the addicts. It experimented with an unbreakable iron inhaler, but it turned out that the drug could not be preserved in this type of container.

In states where the greatest misuse was reported, the company put a denatured inhaler on the market —Benzedrine combined with picric acid which made you sick if you swallowed it. But even this didn't seem to stop the real addict. Finally, the company decided to take the inhaler off the market and substitute a new one under the trade name of Benzedrex. Benzedrex went on sale this week. It has almost the same formula as Benzedrine but without its side effects. Benzedrine in tablet form is still being manufactured of course.

You will find other brands of inhalers still on the market. Some of them have contents somewhat similar to Benzedrine. But none of them have presented the same social problem because none of them give quite the same lift.

Although some people are said to be addicted to Benzedrine, the drug is *(Continued on page 66)*

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The Biggest Blast of Them All

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

bombs fell as straight and true as if they were sliding to earth on wires.

The scientists themselves were responsible for testing the fuse on the bomb. The fuse *had* to work or nothing would happen, and there were moments when it looked as though the fuse might want to work at the wrong time. Charles Sweeney, the pilot who delivered the second atomic bomb at Nagasaki, dropped a test bomb over Wendover one afternoon and the fuse went off a moment or two after the bomb tumbled out of the bomb bay. There was a sudden flash, and the deflowered missile tumbled harmlessly to earth.

Sweeney's wife, walking near the base, saw the light in the sky under her husband's plane. When he came home, she asked him about it.

"Oh, sure," he said, reassuringly. "It's supposed to do that." But down inside, Sweeney was not feeling so good. What would happen if the fuse functioned prematurely on a real atomic bomb?

Fortunately, there were no more mishaps with fuses, but there were other "incidents." On one important test drop, an expert from Wright Field was aboard the B-29 as an observer. As the bomber swung into the final run, men on the ground carefully readied their instruments while the bomber crew counted off the seconds. The tension piled up. Suddenly it was too much for the expert. Without warning, he reached over the bombardier's shoulder and hit the switch. With one motion, endless hours of work went for nothing. No one was ready when the bomb flashed out of the bomb bay and went away on its wasted journey.

Gradually, the number of men in the 509th who knew the secret grew. It was a natural thing. But still there were no breaches of security. Indeed, there was almost no chance for such a thing to happen. All telephone conversations in and out of Wendover were monitored, and a stranger registering at the State Line Hotel was checked up on almost before he had unpacked.

Behind an Invisible Wall

Major William Uanna, the security officer, erected and maintained the invisible wall between the 509th Bomb Group and the outside world, but even he didn't know that six Manhattan District agents, one officer and five enlisted men, had been planted inside the group to watch and listen. Tibbets was the only man in the 509th who knew the agents were there, but even Tibbets did not know their identities. As a matter of fact, he didn't want to know.

One member of the group, a gentleman holding the exalted rank of lieutenant colonel, went home when the war was over and was quoted as saying in a newspaper interview that he had been selected to drop the bomb on Hiroshima, but that certain conditions had come up at the last moment to prevent it. He was described, however, as still being a most important figure, and it was implied that only through his untiring efforts had the bomb been dropped at all.

It was an interesting story, but not quite accurate. The colonel, along with two impetuous lieutenants from the 509th, had actually spent the waning months of the war in the wastes of northern Canada, communing with nature at a so-called "assembly point." Admission to this remote haven was not limited to men who had real information about the bomb. Like the colonel, people who enjoyed talking had only to talk enough and they would find themselves in the north woods, talking to each other.

The two lieutenants were sent to the forest primeval for violating the well-known rule that no member of the armed forces could leave the continental limits of the United States without permission. While in California, during test drops on floating targets in the Salton Sea, they had foolishly jeeped across the border into Mexico for a lark. The next thing they knew, they were vegetating in Canada.

As for the colonel, he had not only demonstrated an alarming faculty for carrying on windy conversations but he had committed another indiscretion by conducting what amounted virtually to a public tour through one of the 509th's highly secret bombers. The incident occurred during a week-end visit to his home. Another member of the 509th, who had accompanied the colonel in the special B-29, came out to the plane one morning to prepare for the return flight to Wendover and discovered the colonel carefully explaining intricacies of the bomb-bay installations to a man who later turned out to be his father.

That was the last straw. The colonel was bundled off to Washington for a special interrogation. He was then flown to Canada under escort and dropped off at the conversation center in the woods. That is why he did not drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

By the middle of April, 1945, the 509th had completed its Wendover tests. It was time to pack up and go.

The band played as the ground personnel marched to the railroad station to board the train for Seattle and the Cape Victory, the ship that was to take them to Tinian. The flying crews lingered a while at Wendover. They were to take the group's 15 B-29s to Tinian on May 15th.

Only one thing was wrong—nobody knew yet whether the atom bomb was going to work. There was no point in going to Tinian if it didn't, and the critical test scheduled for Alamogordo had met with repeated delays.

Tibbets was getting impatient. When the bombers took off for Tinian, Captain Edward M. Costello and his crew stayed behind to flirt with the atomic explosion in New Mexico in an effort to determine the effects of the blast on a plane overhead, and Tibbets hung around with Costello in the hope that the Los Alamos scientists would have everything in readiness shortly for the test. When there were more delays, Tibbets finally gave up and went to Tinian to join the group.

A number of scientists flew to Tinian with the 509th, and there were numerous collisions between the scientific mind and the military mind. One key scientist suddenly refused to go at the last moment when he discovered that the 509th was not planning to provide inner-spring mattresses on Tinian. When he asked Captain Begg about the mattress situation and was told he would have to sleep on a cot, tears actually came to the scientist's eyes and he stoutly refused to budge.

In desperation, Begg arranged for mattresses to be shipped to Tinian, and the scientist was mollified. Two more scientists immediately complicated things again by wandering off on a sight-seeing tour during a brief stopover in Honolulu. They disappeared so completely that the group had to go on to Tinian without them. Uanna left traveling instructions for the pair at the airfield in Honolulu, and the two strays turned up on Tinian several days later via a Navy transport plane.

The Cape Victory, carrying the ground personnel and heavy equipment, arrived at Tinian on May 29th, debarking the following day. The whole movement from Wendover had taken a little more than a month, and the men arrived just in time to hear Tokyo Rose welcome the "Flying Arrow Squadron" to its new Pacific base. Tokyo Rose would not have been so cordial had she known what the Flying Arrow Squadron was bringing.

By the time the 509th arrived, Tinian, six miles long, two and a half miles wide and 1,500 miles from Tokyo, was nearly swamped by the weight of the people already on it. Over 500 bombers were parked on North Field, where B-29s from four groups took off three abreast. Some 35,000 men were on the island, and there were nearly 1,000 nurses. Army engineers, commanded by Colonel Elmer E. Kirkpatrick, one of the Army's construction geniuses, had prepared an isolated "atomic city" for the unapproachable 509th, as far away from the other units on Tinian as possible.

Quonset huts had been erected to house the men. But the atomic scientists, again demonstrating their individuality, had insisted on living in tents instead of Quonset huts on the theory that tents were cooler. They were soon on their way to being roasted alive under canvas.

Tinian, a humid patch of green in the Pacific, had been laid out by its original Air Force settlers like Manhattan Island. There was a Forty-second Street and a West End Avenue. Lenox Avenue skirted North Field, there was an internment camp for natives at Eighth Avenue and 100th Street; the military police headquarters were at Eighth Avenue and 126th. There were fine black-top roads, built by Seabees; there were baseball games and outdoor movies; and the island had been sprayed.

Nonetheless, great swarms of insects known colloquially as "stink bugs" were attracted by the outdoor movies and gave off a particularly pungent odor when carelessly swatted and squashed. The "stink bugs" presented one of the few really insoluble problems on Tinian: Endure the bite and suffer the itch, or swat the bug and suffer the smell?

Scientists Ignored Dangers

Certain areas on the island had not yet been cleared of die-hard Japs and warnings were posted to that effect. Once again the scientists refused to be regimented. It was not uncommon to see three or four of them, clad only in shoes and shorts, crashing through the brush with butterfly nets, hot on the trail of an errant insect. The fact that there were Japs in the vicinity was no deterrent.

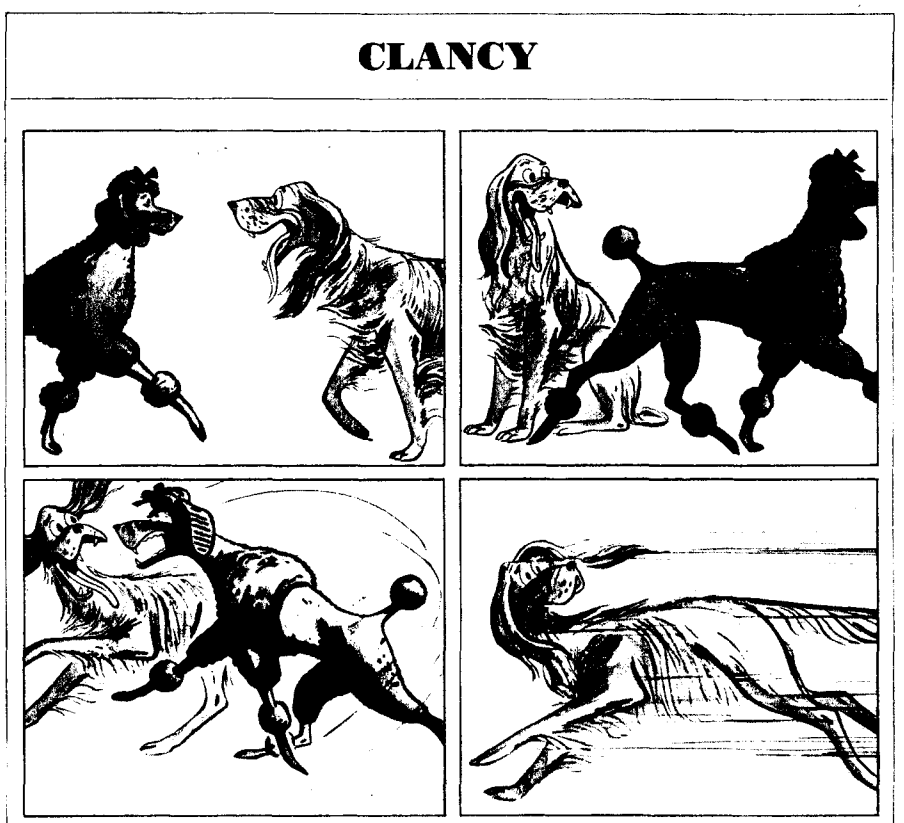
Despite all the activity in mid-July, there was still no atomic bomb on Tinian. There were only test bombs.

All told, in addition to a number of practice runs to near-by islands, the 509th ran four missions to Japan itself, dropping torpex-laden test bombs on each raid. Ten planes participated in the first strike on July 20th, and one of the combat elements hit Tokyo. After the fourth raid test bombs had been dropped on 17 cities, the group had sighted only six Jap fighters, and no one had seen more than a few scattered bursts of flak. Even more important, it was hoped that the Japanese were getting used to the idea of small bomber formations. The atomic strike was to be carried out by only three B-29s.

It was during this flurry of activity over Japan that one of the secrets popped out of its case. The dummy bomb, for some reason, had been declassified from "secret" to a lower category and was no longer rolled out from the assembly building under canvas. An Air Force enlisted man not connected with the 509th took a photograph of a bomb on its way to a B-29 to be loaded, and a number of prints were made. These were sold as pictures of the real atomic bomb for $1 each on Tinian, and copies turned up in Honolulu for 25 cents. Ultimately, in 1946, a copy was offered to the Baltimore Sun, which immediately reported the incident to the authorities. So far as is known, that ended the traffic. In any event, no great damage was done. The big secret was still inside the bomb.

But there was *still* no atomic bomb on Tinian, even though August 6th—the date of the Hiroshima attack—was only three weeks away. The 509th had almost given up hope of ever carrying out its mission. Then, suddenly, the word came from Alamogordo. The test explosion had been successful.

The report of the Alamogordo test went immediately to Potsdam by special



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courier. President Truman, according to one version of the incident, interrupted a conference with Stalin, Churchill and others to tell them the momentous news that American scientists had released the most destructive force known, and that the United States now had the first atomic bomb.

The statesmen looked at one another thoughtfully. Only Stalin appeared unimpressed. "All right, gentlemen," he is reported to have said impatiently, "what is the next item on the agenda?"

Whether Stalin already had information about the Bomb, whether he missed the significance of President Truman's statement, or whether he was whistling in the proverbial graveyard probably will never be known. In any case, the atomic bomb was difficult to comprehend.

Even General Spaatz, who had been briefed on the project, found it baffling. According to William Laurence of the New York Times, Dr. Charles Baker of Cornell showed Spaatz the small metal case in which the fissionable material that finally blew up Nagasaki had been carried to Tinian. Spaatz looked at it carefully, then suggested that Baker meant the *fuse* for the bomb had been carried in the box.

"Oh, no," Baker said. "The explosion came entirely from the material carried in this case."

"Young man," Spaatz said sharply, "you may believe it. I don't."

The same sort of thing happened when an Air Transport Command plane was alerted to pick up an unidentified "cargo" at Albuquerque for urgent delivery to Tinian. Just before the take-off, the crew walked out to the plane, climbed inside and looked around uncertainly. The plane, which they expected to be loaded, was empty except for two men sitting in a corner. One of the men held a small box in his lap.

"You going with us?" the pilot asked.

The man with the box nodded.

"Tinian?" the pilot said.

The man nodded again.

"Well, where's the cargo?"

The man pointed to the box in his lap.

"Here," he said.

The order giving the 509th Bomb Group authority to attack either Hiroshima, Kokura, Niigata or Nagasaki was dated July 25th and was signed by General Thomas T. Handy, Acting Chief of Staff in the absence of General Marshall, who was in Potsdam. Secretary of War Stimson had personally vetoed a proposal by the target selection board in Washington that the atomic bomb be dropped on Kyoto, the ancient feudal capital of Japan. Kyoto, Stimson ruled, was not a military target. The other cities were fair game, however, because they were military targets which had not yet been damaged and thus could be assessed for before-and-after results.

Code Message to Potsdam

The attack directive had actually been prepared by Major General Leslie Groves, chief of the Manhattan Engineer District, and his assistant, General Thomas F. Farrell. It was submitted to Handy, who approved it, cleared by Spaatz, and telegraphed in code to President Truman at Potsdam. General Spaatz was to deliver copies personally to General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz in the Pacific.

Permission to go ahead with the attack was received from Potsdam the following morning. According to the directive, the attack could take place on the first of the four cities "after about 3 August, 1945." If Japan did not get the idea, the remaining cities were to receive atomic bombs as soon as the bombs were "made ready by the project staff."

Spaatz left Washington immediately, carrying the two copies of the directive for MacArthur and Nimitz. The actual order to attack arrived at the 509th on Tinian several days later by air courier from Guam and was contained in two sealed envelopes, one inside the other.

COLLIER'S — "There's a weed-killer you can get that kills all vegetation" — DOROTHY BARLOW

The last gram of active material for the atom bomb came out of Oak Ridge on July 25th. Then it was flown to Los Alamos for processing. On July 26th it was flown to Santa Fe, sent by truck to Albuquerque, and put aboard an ATC plane. On July 27th it arrived at Tinian.

About 75 per cent of all the critical material going to Tinian went by air, but it was a shipment aboard the cruiser Indianapolis that created the most excitement, particularly when it was reported in America that the Indianapolis had gone down with atom bomb parts aboard. Actually, the Indianapolis delivered its cargo to Tinian four days before it was sunk on its way to the Philippines.

The Indianapolis arrived on July 26th with parts aboard and was met in the harbor by Major Uanna, Captain Henry McLenahan, a security officer under Uanna, and Commander F. L. Ashworth, a Navy atomic bomb specialist. The cruiser carried one box of special tools, one bomb casing and one box of critical material.

The sea was rolling slightly as Uanna, McLenahan and Ashworth rode out across the harbor in a landing craft. Tying up to the cruiser, they waited as the boxes were brought out, buoys fastened to each of them so they would not sink if accidentally dropped into the sea, and containers of dye attached to mark the spot if something did go wrong and they sank, after all.

The box of active material was taken off first. Uanna balanced himself carefully on the deck of the landing craft while a sailor from the Indianapolis arranged the block and tackle to be used in letting it down. Finally everything was set. The sailor let the rope play out and the precious box started down. Suddenly, it stopped with a jerk and began swinging back and forth some ten feet above Uanna's head. Something had gone wrong with the block and tackle.

While Uanna tried desperately to think of a solution, the sailor recklessly let the rope run free and the priceless cargo shot down unchecked. Uanna's heart leaped into his mouth. Then, ever so casually, the sailor grabbed the rope and stopped the box in front of Uanna. Shaken, the latter untied the rope, clutched the box and started for shore.

At the dock, Uanna placed the box in the back seat of a command car. Three men rode with him and two motorcycles went on ahead to clear the intersections. The box was taken directly to the assembly building, some two and a half miles from the beach, and was turned over to Roger Warner, an assembly specialist. McLenahan stayed behind to pick up the special tools and the bomb casing, which he brought to the base by truck.

The weatherman reported on Sunday, August 5th, that the weather was clearing over Japan. Crews had already been briefed a dozen times, but they were briefed again. Colonel Tibbets would fly the bomb in the Enola Gay, a brand-new B-29 named for his mother.

COLLIER'S — "You're lucky he didn't bark, Ed. It's worse than his bite" — HERB WILLIAMS

Emergency facilities were ready at Iwo Jima in case anything went wrong with the plane after take-off and the bomb had to be transferred to another B-29 standing by on Iwo. There could be no mistakes such as had occurred a few nights before when a nervous bombardier accidentally tripped the toggle switch in a parked B-29 and tumbled a live test bomb out onto the hardstand. There was hell to pay for that.

General Farrell had arrived at Tinian after stopping at Guam briefly to make the final arrangements with Admiral Nimitz to have Navy rescue ships stationed along the Enola Gay's route to Japan. Farrell had also conferred at Guam, over breakfast, with General Curtis LeMay, commander of the Twentieth Air Force.

Assembly Job Is Completed

The bomb was assembled on August 5th. Only the experts were allowed inside the building. The work went on for several hours under hot lights and overhead cranes. Finally it was finished.

The deadly missile was put in its canvas cloak.

They rolled the bomb to a concrete pit a few yards from the assembly building, and there the canvas was removed while men wrote "To hell with the Emperor" and "This is for the boys on the Indianapolis" across its metal sides. Then it was lowered into the pit, the Enola Gay was backed over it, and it was slowly hoisted up into the bomb bay by hydraulic jacks. It was late afternoon.

Captain William Parsons, the Navy's ordnance expert, had been as responsible for the development of the atomic bomb as any military man. As it rested in the bomb bay of the Enola Gay, Parsons was in technical control. While he worried about the actual bomb, the rest of the 509th worried about things like the camera plane that was to accompany the Enola Gay, and the three blast recorders that were to be dropped by parachute from a third plane to send back automatic radio signals.

A blast recorder was what Japanese scientists at Nagasaki had dissected and were puzzling over when the war ended. They wondered how the blast recorder could make such an awful explosion.

Actually, the bomb was still asleep late in the afternoon of August 5th, even though it had been assembled. It still had to be armed. And that was a ticklish problem.

The week before, on Tinian, four different B-29s had crashed and burned at the end of the runways, and the Los Alamos scientists were afraid the same thing might happen to the Enola Gay. If it did, and the bomb were armed, it would be the end of Tinian and 35,000 men. Parsons had already talked it over with General Farrell and it had been decided that Parsons would arm the bomb in the plane after take-off.

"Have you ever done it?" Farrell asked.

"No," Parsons said, "but I've got all day to learn."

The story of the flight to Hiroshima has been written. Parsons, who knew as much as there was to know about the atomic bomb, borrowed an automatic pistol to use in the event he was captured by the enemy, and Tibbets, in the dark of the morning of August 6th, pointed the nose of the Enola Gay toward Japan.

Back on Tinian, General Farrell talked with Tibbets for about 45 minutes by radio, until contact was lost. When the conversation ended, he was still asking Tibbets, "How is Parsons getting along?" and Tibbets was still answering, "He hasn't come up out of the bomb bay yet."

Parsons finally appeared in the cockpit. Tibbets looked questioningly at him. Parsons nodded.

At 8:15 A.M. the Enola Gay swung over Hiroshima. The rest is history. THE END

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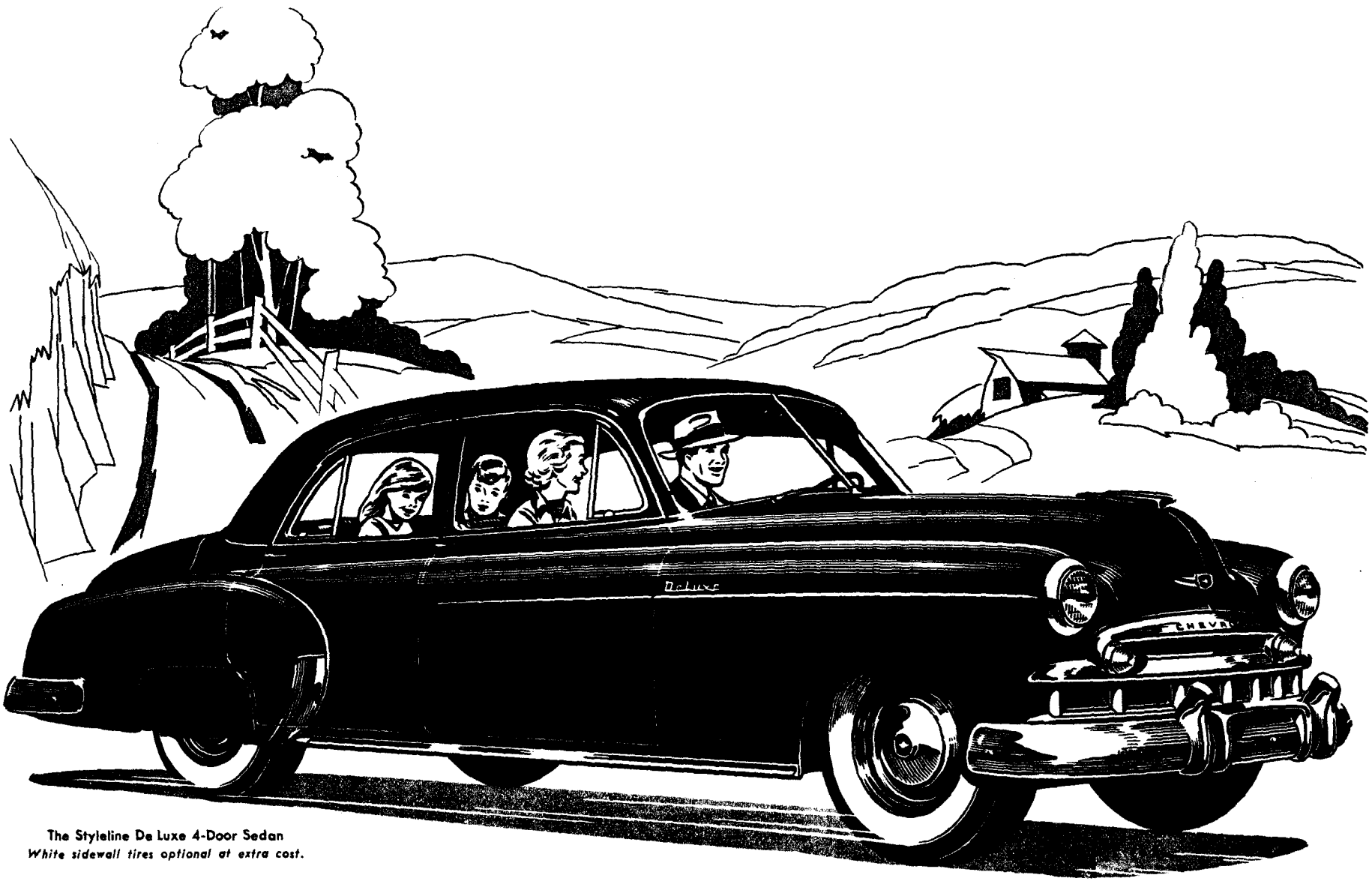

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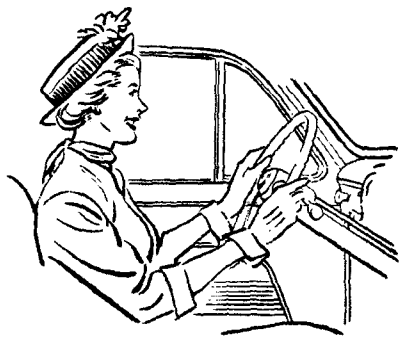

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Bringing Up a Movie Moppet

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

until the day he saw six-year-old Gigi stealing scenes right out from under the experienced noses of Teresa Wright and David Niven in the movie Enchantment. Goldwyn personally signed the youngster and billed her as a star after seeing the rushes of her first scenes.

Launching a child actress's career in Hollywood is, after all, absurdly simple. All the moppet needs is the kind of luck which wins the Irish Sweepstakes. That and a terrific amount of talent. Mrs. Robert Perreau, Gigi's mother, thinks she could never have recognized her child's acting talent without the luck. And she has reluctantly come to believe that without talent, luck would not do much good either.

The Perreaus are not typical movie parents. To begin with, only the accidents and fortunes of war brought them to Hollywood at all. Perreau himself is a Frenchman who was checking his family's investments in Japan in 1937 when he met and married Eleanor Child of Newport, Rhode Island, daughter of an American businessman.

Perreau and his wife returned to France with their young son Gerald just in time for Perreau to see service with the French army.

Reunion in Lisbon

With the fall of France, Perreau fled the country and was reunited with his family in Lisbon where they sought desperately and unsuccessfully for a while to reach the United States. They finally made it in December, 1940, and a daughter, Ghislaine, was born two months afterward. Since they had a lot of friends on the West Coast they eventually headed for California.

At first Perreau had trouble landing a job because he knew little English. He found work as a waiter in a restaurant and at another time he drove a truck. Then one day Mrs. Perreau, with young Gerald in hand, went to visit a friend of the family, Jacques Brugnon, the onetime French tennis star. Brugnon was working as a reader in the Warner Brothers studio in Burbank. Waiting to see him, Mrs. Perreau and Gerald were spied by Lola Moore, a Hollywood agent who specializes in representing children. She liked Gerald's dark, sensitive looks.

"Have you thought of making that boy an actor?" Miss Moore asked Mrs. Perreau.

"Good heavens, no!" Mrs. Perreau replied. "What for?"

Miss Moore has since confessed she found this mother's response so unusual that she could not accept it at face value. She explained to Mrs. Perreau that her son could earn enough in a year or two before the cameras to provide for his college education later. And, she said, all children like movie work because they regard it as a form of play. Mrs. Perreau finally gave the agent her phone number and promised she would consider the matter.

After that she received a number of calls from Miss Moore's office. Appointments were made for Gerald to be interviewed by several producers around town. Mrs. Perreau, however, passed them all up. In a huff, Miss Moore herself called when Mrs. Perreau had broken her fifth appointment.

"She was so cross with me," Mrs. Perreau says, "that I promised meekly I would most certainly go the very next time her office called."

The next appointment started Gerald on his way as an actor. He is today known professionally as Peter Miles and his big part to date has been that of the boy in The Red Pony, the picture starring Myrna Loy and Robert Mitchum.

This development, in turn, also gave Ghislaine—nicknamed "Gigi"—*her* opportunity. Because she had trouble getting baby sitters, Mrs. Perreau took to bringing her two-year-old daughter along with her to the studios whenever Gerald got a call to work. It wasn't long before the infant was getting herself noticed. At an age when most children still lisp and cannot make themselves understood except to their parents, Gigi could enunciate as clearly as a symphony program announcer syllabifying "Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

She had watched the performers, grips and gaffers at work and had decided that, best of all, she would like to act, too. And she had doped out the requirements of the art to her own satisfaction. All it seemed to involve, she recalls today at the age of eight, is walking around with your chin stuck in the air and taking directions from a man who sits in a camp chair. It all seemed ridiculously simple.

One day, when her brother Gerald was at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot with a number of other boys and girls for an interview, Gigi found herself tagging after a brace of five-year-old girls. Shepherded into a long line, the tot took her place proudly and scorned the derision of the seniors around her.

Facing a Casting Director

At length the casting director arrived. When he saw Gigi, he said, "What's that baby doing here?" Gigi stuck her chin high in the air and waited for him to approach her before she spoke to him. "Who are you?" he continued testily, standing before her.

"I'm Gigi Perreau," she said in perfectly understandable, pear-shaped tones. She waved her head proudly at the would-be actresses around her. "And I can do anything *they* can do. I'm a real good actress."

It would be pleasant to report that Gigi got a job forthwith. She didn't. But she did get a chance to try out for a role. Sent over to see Mervyn Le Roy, who was assigned to direct Madame Curie, Gigi found herself passed up in favor of a moppet who, Le Roy thought, looked somewhat more like the original Curie baby after whom the part was patterned. But, called upon to chat with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, the stars of the picture, the chosen child froze up unaccountably. She tugged at her mother's skirts and refused to open her mouth.

Gigi saw her chance. She jumped into the breach with a butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth expression.

"See my picture?" she said sweetly, extending a little photograph of herself. She was so poised and lacking in timidity that Director Le Roy decided to switch infants and give Gigi the part.

The role called for her to do little more than eat porridge in a high chair, but Gigi did it so convincingly that she was a standout in the film.

No one, least of all the experts who have to work with them, can tell what factor will make one child a movie star and relegate another to a normal, happy life. Phillip McClay, who runs the Screen Children's Guild, a business venture in which he lists the names and photographs of aspiring moppets in a casting directory at $20 per entry, interviews some 5,000 children a year. He has had contact with most of the industry's acting tykes at one time or another. McClay still recalls how massively wrong he was in the case of Margaret O'Brien.

Escorted in by her aunt and mother, little Margaret, dressed in frills and starch, was brought before him. Her elders outlined the child's gifts to McClay, the way moppet-parents always do. Then they turned to Margaret.

"Cry for the nice man, Margaret, dear," they said.

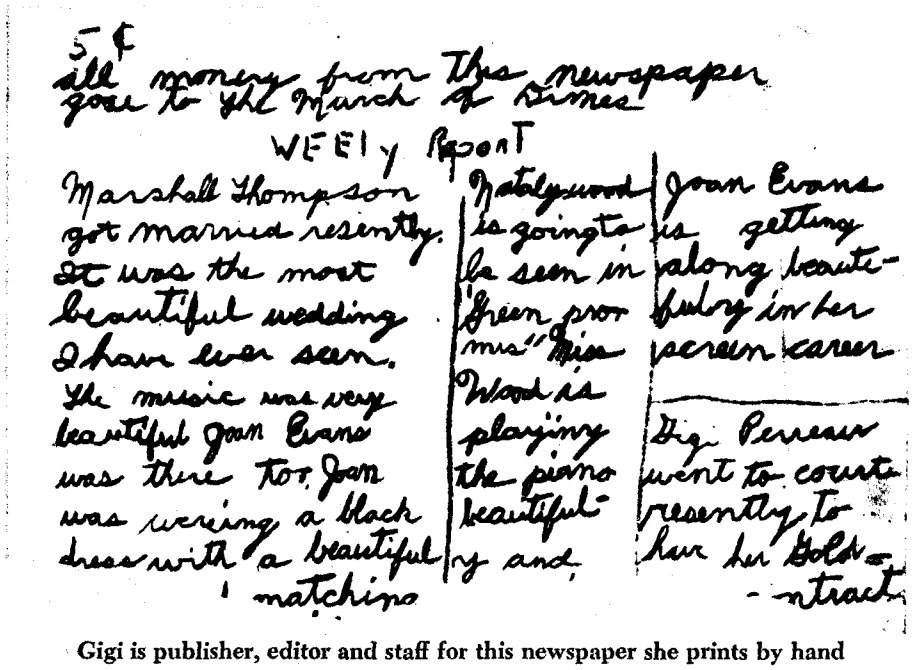
And Margaret broke into such heartrending caterwauling that she left McClay shouting, "Enough!"

He went home that night and made a confident prediction to his wife. "That kid won't get anywhere," he said, "because all she can do is cry."

Hal Roach, who once had Shirley Temple playing in his Our Gang pictures, could probably tell a similar story about himself. It's that way with kids. The large element of chance is the only thing that keeps the aspirants' hearts thumping hopefully. Most of them, however, will be lucky to work six days in any year, at a scale ranging from $9.45 to $22.23 a day.

To keep all these hopes alive and to furnish a child-acting pool for the studios, the city of Los Angeles maintains a unique outschool tutoring system. It assigns to the motion picture studios teachers who make sure the Gables and De Havillands of the future learn how much is four take away two. J. Harold Thomas, the city's Supervisor of Attendance and Work Permits, issues some 2,700 permits a year and makes sure that the children don't work more than three hours a day and that they keep up their school averages.

His own opinion is that movie experience is not particularly damaging to the children, but he is not so sure about what it does to some of the parents. A good many of the mothers pin all their hopes for quick fame and fortune on their children. They bleach and permanent the kids' hair, they pump them full of diction lessons, ballet instruction and movie shop talk, and go through life muttering darkly about the "influence" the moppets who get sought-after parts are able to exert.


5¢
all money from this newspaper
goes to the March of Dimes
WEEKLY REPORT
Marshall Thompson got married resently. It was the most beautiful wedding I have ever seen. The music was very beautiful Joan Evans was there too. Joan was wearing a black dress with a beautiful matching
Hollywood is going to be seen in Green pro mus" Miss Wood is playing the piano beautifully and
Joan Evans is getting along beautifully in her screen career
Mrs Perreau went to county resently to have her Gold- -ntract

Gigi is publisher, editor and staff for this newspaper she prints by hand

Home Life Isn't Theatrical

The senior Perreaus could actually serve as models of how most moppet-parents do *not* behave. Mrs. Perreau has never "prettied up my girl," to use her own words. Gigi's hair is brushed after some persuasion each morning, as is the hair of any eight-year-old girl. One of three children now, she is not encouraged to be theatrical about the house. She reads comic books and fills the five- to six-o'clock air with bang-bang radio serials. She doesn't listen to Louella Parsons and only scans Hedda Hopper's column when her name is mentioned in it. She has been able to read and memorize her parts for two years now.

The Perreaus think they can keep their child unspoiled by the simple process of insulating her from baleful theatrical influences that might go to her head.

"Most children are spoiled by their parents," Papa Perreau says. "And the movies don't have a monopoly on spoiled children."

The Perreaus have been able to make a simple game of Gigi's movie star status. The stuff she does before the cameras she regards as recreation of a highly entertaining order. It's the universal child's game of let's pretend, with real costumes and real props and sets, only later she even has the added fun of seeing on film how the game actually went.

Irving Reis, the able young director who guided her through Enchantment and Roseanna McCoy, was astonished to find he could use the highly professional "Stanislausky method" techniques in dealing with Gigi.

"Stanislausky asked his actors to develop a method of transferring their emotions," Reis explained recently. "If the script calls for an actor to express horror and fear when a gun is pointed at his face, an equivalent emotion is used. Stanislausky realized most actors couldn't possibly experience all the emotions they are called upon to portray.

"That's how I worked it with Gigi. When I wanted her to cry affectingly in Enchantment, I asked her what she wanted more than anything in the world. It was a pony. Then I asked her how she would feel if she'd been promised a pony and then at the last moment had been denied it. When we made Enchantment, Gigi was crying for a pony."

Her new director, Mark Robson, with whom she is working in My Foolish Heart, handles Gigi as casually and mat-

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ter-of-factly as he does Dana Andrews, Susan Hayward and the other players involved in the picture. Robson, who likes to employ stage techniques, runs Gigi through her lines without making any concessions to her age. For this the young actress is grateful. She's already appeared in 20 pictures and likes to be treated like any veteran.

At her current salary of $350 a week, Ed Gray's conception of a million-dollar take for his little star during the next five years may seem a mite hopeful. Actually, what Gigi makes out of pictures will be just a portion of her total earnings.

Gray, studying the career of the grand old lady of all moppets, Shirley Temple, remains convinced that the million-dollar figure is modest. Shirley herself rarely earned more than $150,000 annually in the five years or so during which she was big money. But her parents were also on the 20th Century-Fox pay roll, so much so that in 1938, for example, Shirley pulled down $114,848 from her studio, but the family's gross income from the same source was $307,-014. Shirley today is well into the millionaire class.

"But," says Gigi's agent, "we hope to realize over a million in the next five years, exclusive of what Goldwyn pays her, on tie-ups alone. Within that time, some of the 24 offers we are now considering will begin providing Gigi with the bulk of her income. Soon she will be getting royalties for sponsoring hats, gloves, shoes, underwear, breakfast foods, dolls and even books."

Shows High I.Q. in Classroom

Her teacher on the Goldwyn lot, Jean Seaman, has trouble holding Gigi back in her studies. Sharing a studio classroom with Goldwyn's newest young star, Joan Evans, who is a high-school sophomore and studies biology and French, Gigi apparently would like nothing better than to share her classmate's schoolwork, too, according to Miss Seaman.

"And she could manage it, too, I do believe," the teacher says seriously. "She's never had a formal intelligence test, but I have no doubt she's either in the genius or near-genius category."

This brings up an old and much-argued question. Does it require a special kind of child to be a good actress? Or can any kid, given the break, turn out to be another million-dollar moppet? Mrs. Perreau says that no one in the world was more surprised than she was to discover her children—Gigi and Gerald—could act. She is inclined to believe this may be true of lots of children.

But people who have worked with Gigi believe that she is the one million-dollar baby in a million.

Irving Reis says, "The child is a natural, a true genius. Like the youthful Heifetz or Menuhin. Lots of kids play the fiddle well, but a Heifetz comes up once in a generation. That's the way it is with Gigi."

Gigi is so unaffected that she may soften the hearts of even the sternest moppet haters. For, whether Gigi knows it or not, there are thousands of people who have resented sticky-sweet kid stars.

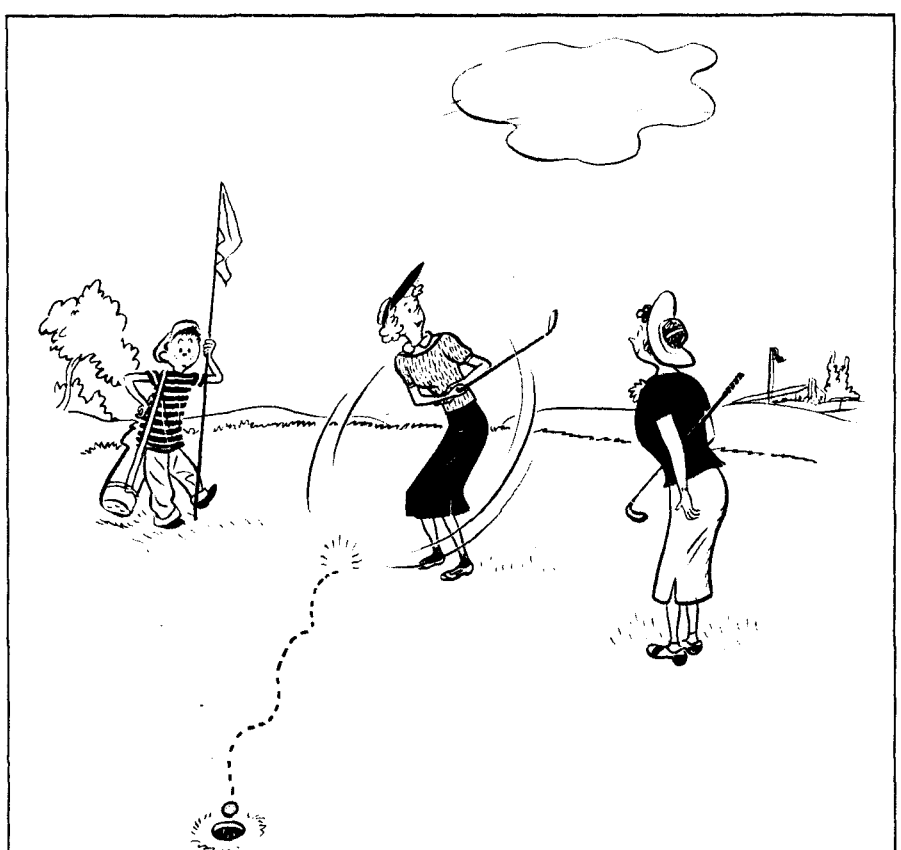
Boudoir Irked J. Barrymore

Their attitude was once expressed classically by the late John Barrymore.

At the height of his fame Barrymore came to 20th Century-Fox for a picture. The Great Profile was honored by studio executives who assigned him dressing quarters lately vacated by their ranking money-player, Shirley Temple. He occupied Shirley's cute bungalow for three days, living among the profusion of pretty donkeys, cuddlesome zebras and friendly lions painted on the walls. Whenever he looked out the window, the view was blocked by Miss Temple's personal swing.

Finally he could bear it no longer. Barrymore strode to the studio front offices and in the most magisterial manner said, "Gentlemen, since my arrival I have conducted myself with the utmost decorum. I therefore feel that I have earned the right to ask a favor. I am deeply honored by the quarters you have bestowed upon me, but I would like instead to be admitted at once to the men's dormitory."

The story sums up a feeling about cinema moppets which has sometimes been widespread. But Gigi, say her admirers, is different. She's just the little girl down the street. THE END



COLLIER'S "... And then you butter them and pop them into a piping hot oven" ROLAND COE

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Spelling Bee

By LAURENE CHAMBERS CHINN

WITH the closing of the door, Ellen left one of her lives behind and entered upon the other. She moved slowly down the long flight of stairs that flanked the restaurant, and turned left toward the hotel.

"No use eating dinner there," Mama had protested. "You can eat at home and go later."

"We are supposed to have dinner at the hotel, Mama." Ellen spoke the word mama in the Cantonese way, as if it were two words, with a quick, light stress on the second half. "When you are American you do as Americans do."

"No harm being Chinese," Mama said.

Mama wasn't going to the high school with her tonight. Mama never went with her. On the street, Ellen shut out the world of home. This is easy when you speak Cantonese in one world and American in the other. Still, when you have won the county spelling bee, you can't help wanting your mother to watch you in the regional match. . . .

A big bus carried the thirty-five county champions from the dinner at the hotel to the high school. At eight o'clock the curtains parted, revealing the audience to the boys and girls on stage. Thirty-five boys and girls on stage, thought Ellen, feeling a little bit sad, and thirty-four mothers in the audience. Henry was there, with his girl friend, Dorothy. Now that Father was gone, Henry was head of the family. It ought to be enough that her brother was in the audience.

The teacher said, "Botany," and smiled at Ellen. They had finished with the sixth-grade spelling books and were starting on the seventh. Twenty-eight girls and boys were still on stage.

"Physician," said the teacher. Henry was a physician. Less than a year ago he had been an intern. He worked hard. It isn't easy to establish confidence when you wear an alien face.

"Intense," Miss Kinsman said. If Mama had learned to speak English, maybe she wouldn't be so intensely shy. Mama had wrapped herself in her black sateen Chinese coat and trousers, wrapped herself also in her cloak of language, and refused to leave her kitchen even to buy groceries or a hat. Did Mama own a hat? Yes, Henry had bought one for her to wear to Father's funeral.

"Tragedy," said Miss Kinsman. They were in eighth-grade spelling now, and nineteen contestants remained.

"Tragedy," said Ellen, smiling at Miss Kinsman. "T-r-a-g-e-d-y."

MRS. DILLARD had begun helping her after school when she became school champion, and they redoubled their labor after she won the county spelling bee. Mrs. Dillard had said, "Barring accidents, you might even win and represent our region at the national spelling bee in Washington."

Now, after an hour in the eighth-grade speller, with fewer than a dozen champions still on stage, Ellen was beginning to think Mrs. Dillard might be right. Ellen might win. Only a nitwit would want not to win. Well, then, she was a nitwit.

One of the judges rose. "Perhaps it is time to go into the old Blueback," he suggested.

A sigh rippled up among the contestants. Mrs. Dillard had taken Ellen all the way through the Blueback. "Trust your hunches," Mrs. Dillard had said, and her eyes had grown dreamy. "My goodness, I'd be proud to see a pupil of mine win the national spelling bee!"

But Ellen didn't want to go to Washington!

The teacher was smiling at Ellen. "Deign."

The girl next to Ellen had just spelled "reign." Ellen recalled the section, a group of words with silent g's. Ellen spelled, "D-a-n-e." She turned blindly to leave the stage. She had betrayed her talent for spelling, and she had betrayed Mrs. Dillard, and she had betrayed Henry.

"Just a minute," said Miss Kinsman. "I wanted you to spell d-e-i-g-n, meaning condescend, but you have correctly spelled its homonym, and capital letters aren't necessary by the rules of the contest."

"O-o-o-h," wailed Ellen. It's a fine thing when you try to miss a word and can't. "Could I—could I have a drink, please?" she gulped.

The judge said, "We will have intermission until the bell rings."

WITH a whoop the champions scattered. Ellen hurried down the aisle toward Henry and Dorothy. Dorothy hugged her. "I had no idea you were so smart, little genius."

Henry said, "I'd be very proud to see you win, Ellen."

"I don't want to win." Suddenly, she knew why. She put the knowledge into a rush of words, speaking in Cantonese. "To go to Washington without my mother would advertise that she is old-fashioned and very shy and goes nowhere with me."

Henry's face paled. His eyes turned from Ellen's and met Dorothy's. Ellen rushed into the hall. She wished the tears would quit coming in her eyes. She knew what she would do. She wouldn't win, but she would stay as long as she could without winning, and she would find out whether she could have won. . . .

After three rounds in the Blueback, six contestants remained. Miss Kinsman turned to the Words Difficult to Spell section at the back. "Abeyance," she said. Ellen was relaxed. She'd worked hard on this part.

Acerbity. Ache. Acquiesce. Amateur. . . . Queer spellings remind you of other peoples in other times who have used these words in other ways. Language is a highway, linking all peoples and all ages. Mama was wrong to use language as a wall.

Caprice. Carouse. Catastrophe. . . .

Three contestants remained. Miss Kinsman turned to a page of words of seven and eight syllables. Henry was alone at the back now. Maybe Dorothy had got bored and gone home. Ellen thought of her mother. Thirty-four mothers had driven in from thirty-four neighboring counties, and Mama hadn't come six blocks to see the contest.

"Incomprehensibility," said Miss Kinsman. It was a lonely word. Things build up inside a person that other people don't comprehend. And people can't comprehend the shyness of a foreign-born mother unless they've had a foreign-born mother.

"Indestructibility," said Miss Kinsman. Ellen had risen, but she wasn't listening. Two people had come in at the back. One was Dorothy. The other was utterly familiar, yet, in the hat and dress, utterly strange. They went to sit beside Henry, and Mama was smiling at Ellen on the stage. Ellen had lived all her life with the familiar, loving smile.

"I'm sorry. I didn't hear the word." Turning to Miss Kinsman, Ellen raised her voice for the proud announcement, "My mother just came in."

"Indestructibility," said Miss Kinsman.

Ellen spelled the word clearly. Mama wouldn't understand, but this was a beginning. Mama had found the courage to come. Mama would find future courage—enough to become American. She had to win, now, and take Mama with her to the nation's capital. She and Mama would look at the buildings and the memorials. After such a trip, Mama would never hide away in her kitchen again.

If Mama could do what she had done tonight, Ellen could keep her wits about her for as long as it might take to be winner. THE END

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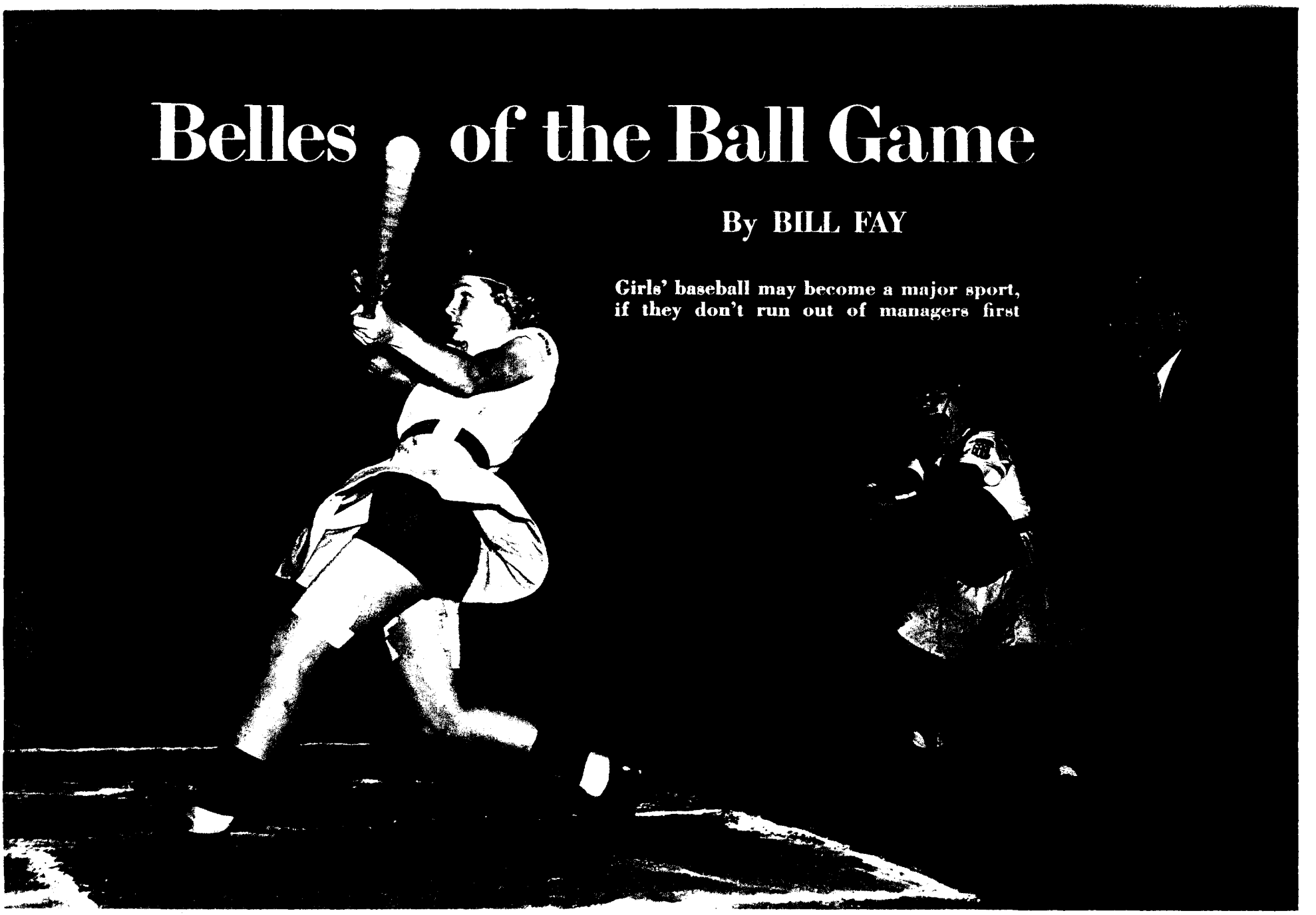
Belles of the Ball Game

By BILL FAY

Girls' baseball may become a major sport, if they don't run out of managers first



Twila Shively, with pulled thigh muscles taped, slams a hit for the Peoria Redwings in a game with the South Bend Blue Sox

YOU'VE got troubles? Listen, have you ever tried to manage a girls' baseball team? A fellow named Dick Bass was managing the Fort Wayne Daisies last summer. Dick had his Daisies up there in first place in the All-American League, ahead of the Grand Rapids Chicks, the South Bend Blue Sox, the Rockford Peaches, the Racine Belles, the Kenosha Comets, the Peoria Redwings and the Muskegon Lassies, when two of his married regulars became acutely pregnant.

What that practically peerless leader, Leo Durocher of the New York Giants, would have done in Bass's unprecedented managerial plight is debatable. Dick merely did the best he could. He placed the expectant mothers on the voluntary retired list and became engaged to his second baseman, who fell into a severe batting slump. The Daisies wilted —and Bass was fired just before the play-offs!

Then there was Chet Grant, the ex-Notre Dame backfield coach, who, after completing a two-year sentence as manager of the South Bend club, accepted a one-year contract from Kenosha for 1948. Over the winter, at the request of the league directors, Grant composed the Manual of Girls' Baseball, a slick booklet which finally was published, somewhat unfortunately, on the same day Grant's Comets plummeted into sixth place. On page 12 author-manager Grant had penned a hopeful chapter heading: Give The Manager A Chance. But, due to a lamentable typographical error, the heading read: Give The Manager A Change.

Grant got one at the end of the season. "I wrote the book," Chet said, "and they threw it at me."

The All-American League is the Little Big Horn of the managerial profession. Twenty-eight managers—17 of them former major-league stars—have resigned or quit since the league was organized six years ago. Obviously, there is not much future in managing a female ball club, but that's no indictment of the sport. It's testimonial.

"You've got to see those girls play to believe it," admits a deposed manager. "They slide, steal bases, throw overhand and pitch curves—and the fans love it. That's why so many of us get fired—every city wants a winner, or else! Talk about crowds—why, some towns draw four times their population every season. If the New York Yankees stirred up that kind of excitement, they'd draw 32,000,000 fans, instead of 2,000,000."

Smart baseball men launched the All-American experiment. In 1943, Phil K. Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, and Branch Rickey, the Brooklyn Dodgers' thrifty genius, put up the cash and advice respectively to develop a stand-by attraction—just in case General Hershey ordered their 4F and superannuated males into war plants.

The All-American League was successful from the first pitch, but when the draft threat died, Wrigley wrote off his investment and civic leaders in the eight cities assumed control of the clubs on a nonprofit basis. All profits are contributed to community recreational programs.

Last season the All-Americans drew 910,000 paid admissions (75¢ grandstand; $1.25 box) over a 126-game schedule. They earned $85-$125 a week, boarded in private homes, and spurned slacks in public—a league rule. On the field they took orders from men. Off the field, they were counseled by women—vigilant team chaperons who know how to discourage bleacher wolves and dugout-door Johnnies.

Commissioner Max Carey, the ex-Pittsburgh outfielder who starred in the 1925 World Series, believes the girls have a major-league feature.

"Big-league ball parks are in use only 75 days or nights during the season," Max argues. "As we develop more and better girl players, we'll be able to move in while the home team is traveling and fill those vacant dates—the owners will operate their parks at a profit all summer long."

Amazingly enough, the girls seem to run and throw as swiftly as men, but that is an optical illusion created by Carey.

"Actually," Max admits, "girls are slower than men. But by putting our bases 72 feet apart, fixing our pitching distance at 50 feet and using a ball that's not quite as lively as that big-league jack rabbit, our girls play baseball that looks as fast as a major-league game on a 90-foot diamond."

Carey's All-Americans come into baseball from all over the country and from all kinds of jobs. Most of them grew up in large families and learned how to swing a bat playing with their brothers.

When the season closes in September, Carey organizes all-star teams for barnstorming trips through Mexico, Central America, Puerto Rico and Cuba. Obviously, baseball is a great life for women, but it remains a precarious existence for the harried men who have to manage them.

Once Benny Meyer was photographed with his slick Grand Rapids Chicks—18 ballet-skirted, bare-thighed, pretty girls. Several days later, Meyer received a letter from his wife, down home in Arkansas. There was a newspaper clipping of the photograph and, for some reason, Mrs. Meyer had marked Benny with a large X.

Benny wired home: "Dear Ma. It ain't the femininity that gets me. It's the skill." THE END

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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I Was Run Over by a Carrier

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to think I would never see them again.

I thought of the insurance salesman who had tried to sell me $10,000 more in life insurance just the other day, and of how I had waved him away with a polite smile.

I thought of trying to swim to one side, or in any direction, to escape those screws. The beat-beat-beat of them was terrifying now, and I struggled, between bumps. I couldn't seem to get going.

All Tensed Up for the End

I was once more giving up when I felt myself being carried up. For a horrible moment I tensed myself for the end—and then I was swimming. I broke the surface and nearly shouted at the suddenness of it.

The impact of the sun's brilliance was a shocking thing and for a moment I couldn't see how I'd escaped. A feeling of thankfulness and extreme happiness swept over me, and I felt supremely confident, forgetting that I was nothing more than a speck in a world of whitecaps.

I quickly became aware of a roar behind me and turned. Not three feet from my face was the towering side of the Midway, racing by at a tremendous speed and seeming to recede slowly sideways, too. The waves were no longer choppy and suddenly I realized why I was still alive. I was in a slick of smooth water. The Midway was turning ponderously, kicking her huge fantail to port so that I would clear her thrashing propellers.

So grateful I could hardly contain myself, I leaned back in the water until my nose was awash and looked up. I could see faces peering from the reeling, racing catwalk high above. I got my hands out of the water and though I had to let my head go under to do it I waved both arms as vigorously as I could. When I looked again the ship was gone.

The sea grew choppy. Waves were slapping me, and ducking me, and I realized that I was still swimming. Nothing else was supporting me. My Mae West life jacket, the one I had checked and double-checked in the ready room before taking off, was not inflated.

I don't know how I kept afloat after that. I was horribly tired and I blanked out several times. Each time I was brought to consciousness again by the cold, smothering shock of heaving sea water.

Finally, the hum of an airplane engine aroused me enough to look around. I could see that the carrier was probably half a mile away—still putting up planes, as if nothing had happened.

Then I glanced up, expecting to see one of our Corsairs circling. Instead, a helicopter was on the scene, climbing down gingerly toward me, a grinning seaman holding the other end of a rescue harness that was almost brushing the top of my head. That windmilling little plane was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen.

I grabbed for the sling and scrambled into it without any trouble, remembering drills we had held in squadron ground school. Then the next wave completely ducked me before I could be hauled clear. This made me so panicky—each slugging whitecap seemed to go right down my throat now—that I forgot what I was doing and allowed myself to slip half out of the harness. When another roller receded I was left dangling by one arm. I waved the other wildly at the helicopter's crew to let me down.

Back in the water I knew enough now to time my efforts with the swell and a few seconds later I was swinging free—swinging smartly up to the helicopter, my beloved family and the Marine Corps.

It was wonderful to look into the eyes of real live people again. Those were good-looking boys—the Navy pilot, Lieutenant Charles Meshier of Tecumseh, Nebraska, and his crewman, William Charon, of Springfield, Massachusetts.

While they were still cranking me up out of the sea like a dripping, spent fish, the helicopter began moving toward the receding carrier. The worst was over but I was having a hard time realizing it. The panic kept recurring. Dangling out of Meshier's plane after all those dunkings, I felt that if I passed out now Charon would not be able to hold me.

I wanted into that helicopter. I yelled and cussed at Charon, but he just smiled and nodded. He couldn't hear me over the noise of the engine.

Back Aboard the Midway

As we approached the Midway, flight operations were halted and under an umbrella of swarming planes the little helicopter was waved down to the broad deck. Half a dozen hands reached up and plucked me off the line.

I felt I could have walked away, but they put me on a stretcher. "Let them put on a good show if they want to," I said to myself. "They deserve it."

I figured I would be telling my story to the boys in the ready room that night. But I didn't make it. The doctors had repairs to make. My legs were battered, my head needed a lot of sewing and I had severe internal injuries. It was two weeks before I walked out of the hospital under my own power.

Luck, and U.S. Navy, were with me that day. But I didn't realize how much. When they lifted me from the side of the helicopter one of the corpsmen said something I'll never forget. It seemed to me an eternity since my stuttering take-off. But the corpsman had news.

"You got back pretty quick, Lieutenant. You been gone just 12 minutes, flat."

THE END

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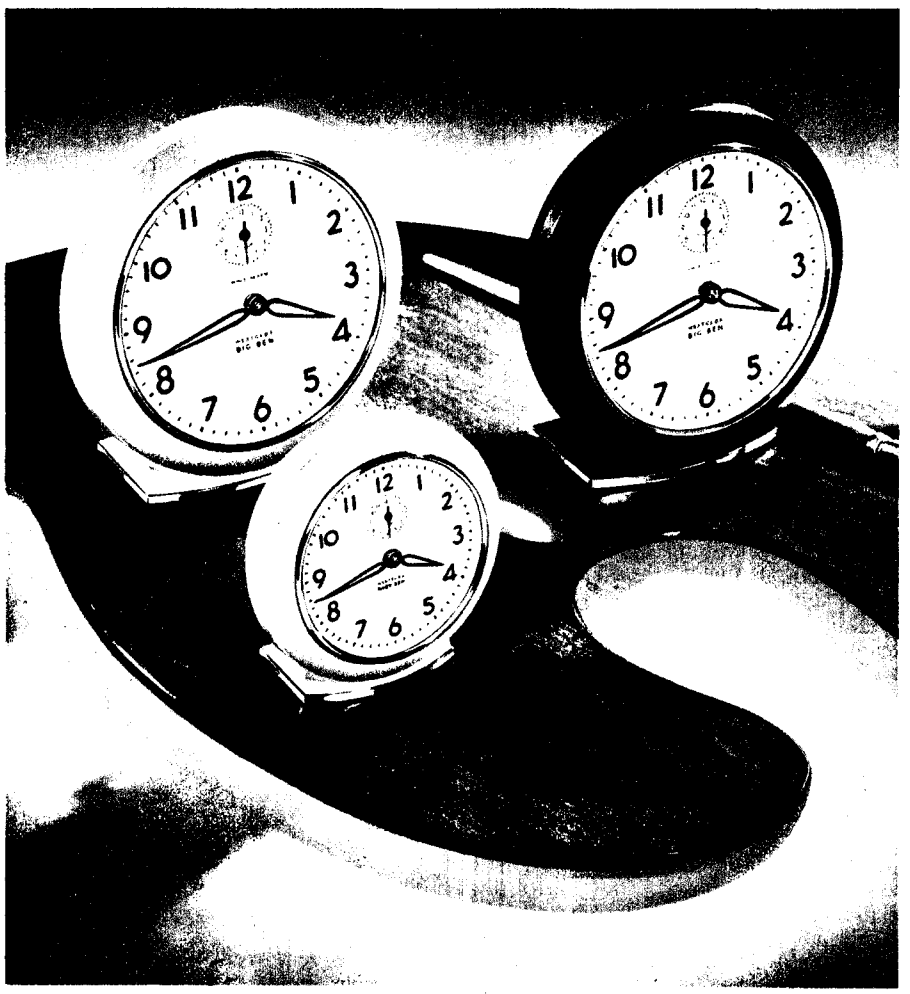

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The Two Loves of Victor Fenlon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

met her: "Christine was a completely delicious girl."

I stopped, realizing that I had just done a cruel thing—an unforgivable thing. This girl opposite me was deeply in love with Victor Fenlon; and I had just convinced her, once and for all, that she was inferior in every way to the other girl who had once been his wife. I wanted to reach across the table and lay my hand over hers and ask her to forgive me, and to forget everything I had just said. I wanted to say to her, "But that was a long time ago and that girl is dead. If you would just learn to dress properly and do a better job on your hair and mouth, you could be pretty damned attractive yourself—not beautiful like Christine, of course, but still attractive. . . ."

And suddenly I saw that this was true. I saw that this girl had real potentialities. The basic requirements were all there: the delicate bone structure, the sensitive eyes and mouth; the warmth and the tenderness, without which no woman, regardless of her surface attractiveness, can be truly beautiful.

Whether or not I would have had the courage to tell her any of these things I will never know because Victor chose that exact moment to join us.

PEGGY had warned me that he would be changed but I had not believed it. I had been sure that no matter how ill he had been, there would still be something of that old magnetism left intact, something of that old warmth and spontaneity. But there wasn't. It was all gone, rubbed out, obliterated. This was just a rather tired-looking, no longer quite young man, in a well-pressed but shabby brown suit.

"Jim," he said, "it's good to see you again." And it was only then, when he pressed my hand and smiled at me, that I caught a faint, fleeting glimpse of that old undefinable charm which had been so much a part of him eight years ago.

He sat down, and I started to order another round of drinks for the three of us. But Stella Andrews said she had to be running along—she had an appointment to have her hair done. She seemed completely composed, not inwardly shattered or upset by anything I had said to her about Christine; and I decided that probably I had given the whole thing too much importance. I offered to put her in a cab but she said she had her own car. She arranged to meet Victor later for dinner and left.

Victor explained that he had been on the wagon ever since he had come out here three years ago, and so I ordered another Scotch and soda for myself and a lemonade for him. "I got your letter, the one you wrote me right after the accident," Victor said. "I meant to answer it but—"

"I didn't expect you to answer it," I said. "You were pretty ill yourself at the time. But I did want you to know—well, I had to write to you about Christine."

"Yes, of course," he said. "I was to blame for her death, you know. We had been dancing at a hotel in Antibes and were driving home. It had been raining and the pavement was slippery and we ran into a lorry. I'd been drinking champagne cocktails all evening, and she wanted me to let her drive—but I wouldn't. It happened very quickly; she never knew it was the end—"

"I'm glad it happened quickly," I said, "I'm glad she didn't suffer." I said then, snatching at the first thing I could think of to get the conversation back to less painful channels, "How is Annette?"

Annette was their small daughter. Eight years ago she had been a pink and white, solemn-eyed baby in an expensive English pram. I knew that the Ralph Harrisons had taken her to live with them after the accident but beyond that I had no news of her at all.

"She's fine," Victor told me now. "Just fine. Would you like to see a picture of her?"

I said I would and he took a snapshot out of a worn billfold. I found myself looking at a small girl in a sun suit, with flyaway fair hair and Christine's memorable mouth and wide-apart gray eyes.

It wasn't too clear a print but you could see that she was a lovely child and that someday she would be a lovely woman. As lovely, perhaps, as her mother had been. I said, "She's the image of Christine, Victor. Give her another ten years or so and she'll be quite as lovely."

"Yes," he said, "she is like Christine, isn't she?" He leaned forward then and fastened his eyes on me thoughtfully and said, "You know, I suppose, that I have done very well out here? Much better than Gabe or anyone else had any idea I would do."

COLLIER'S "That was fun, Daddy! Let's ride another wave!" DON TOBIN

"Yes," I said, a little surprised at his bringing the conversation back to himself like this, "I understand you've done extremely well."

"Yes. Well, I have. And yesterday I signed a new contract for a very impressive figure and tomorrow I'm buying a house in Brentwood. You can't imagine, Jim," he said earnestly, "what it will mean to me to live in a house again. I've been living in an apartment—if you could call it that. It's one of those one-room-and-bath arrangements with a bed that springs out of the wall and a hot plate in the bathroom to cook your meals on—if you could call them meals."

"But why?" I asked. "Surely you've been making enough money for some time now to live better than that—"

"She set a figure," he said slowly. "A good round figure. Twenty-five thousand. That was one of the stipulations. There were others. I've fulfilled them all. To the letter."

I said, "I don't understand."

"No, of course you don't," he said. "It's Louise, Jim. Louise Harrison, Christine's sister. She and Ralph have legal guardianship of Annette, you know. At the time—well, I wasn't in any position to quibble. But when Gabe got me this writing job three years ago, I told Louise that when I could swing it I wanted Annette back. That was when she made the stipulations." He paused and smiled at me grimly. "She never thought I'd be able to fulfill them. She didn't know how much it meant to me, Jim. She didn't know how much I was prepared to sacrifice, how hard I was prepared to work. You don't mind living in one room, existing on peanuts and hamburgers, wearing the same suit—you don't mind, I tell you, when you've got an objective, when you're working *toward* something."

So that was it. So that explained the one-room apartment, the shabby suit; and why he was never seen around town at smart restaurants or bars.

"It's wonderful," I said. And suddenly it was. After all these years of just existing, he was going to live again. Christine was gone, but he still had Annette. And he was successful—not in the same way he had been successful before, but at least so far as money was concerned. He could once more afford the best. In a couple of weeks he was going East to get Annette. He had done a good job of rehabilitation all right. A remarkable job, really. I hoped he'd be very happy. I said so.

I said, "Victor, I hope everything works out just the way you want it to and I am sure it will." And then, because somehow I still couldn't quite fit her into the picture, I asked, "What about this girl, this Miss Andrews? Is she—I mean, well, is she an especially good friend of yours?"

"Stella? Well, yes, she is," he said. "In fact, she's the *only* friend I do have out here. The only close, intimate friend."

Then Victor said something which threw me completely back on my heels. He said, "But after next week I don't expect to see her again."

I stared at him. "For Heaven's sake," I demanded, "why not?"

"Well, it's a little difficult to explain, Jim, and I'm not sure you would understand even if I tried. Tell me," he said abruptly, "what did you think of her? What sort of an impression did she make on you?"

"I thought she was a very nice girl," I said, "very sweet, very friendly, very sincere—" And incidentally very much in love with you, I might have added, but I didn't.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head thoughtfully, "she is all of those things. She's a stenographer, you know, over at one of the studios. She has an apartment in the same house with me. That's how I got to know her. I had a bad attack of virus pneumonia when I first came out here and she was wonderful to me. When I got better she—well, we were both pretty much alone. I could see that she—hell, Jim, I wanted to be fair with her so I told her the truth.

"I told her about Annette. I told her why I was living so close to my shirt, saving every nickel I could lay my hands on. I told her about Christine. I told her I could never be interested in another woman—that I was done with that sort of thing. I told her I never meant to marry again and that if I did it would have to be someone who could do things for Annette—socially, I mean. This sounds pretty cold-blooded, doesn't it?"

"I don't know," I said. "At least you were perfectly honest with her."

"Yes," he said, "from the beginning I've been perfectly honest with her. I never pretended anything I didn't feel. I never—well, led her on. I felt it would be better if we stopped seeing each other. I even offered to move to another part of town but she wouldn't have it that way. She said she wanted to go on seeing me, and when it came time to bring Annette out, she would just drop quietly out of the picture."

I stared at him. "She agreed to do that? She agreed just to drop quietly out of your life at a given moment?"

"That's exactly what she agreed to do. Does it seem so strange to you?"

"Strange?" I said. "It seems utterly fantastic. Look," I said, frowning at him, "let's get this straight. You have been having an affair with her, haven't you?"

He nodded. "Why?" he asked.

"That makes it all the more fantastic," I said. "If she can just walk out of your life at a given moment without making any sort of fuss, she's certainly a remarkable girl."

He looked at me, and I could see that he didn't see anything remarkable about it at all.

THAT evening when I had finished telling Peggy the whole story, she said, "Well, dear, don't worry about it. Perhaps she figures that it has been worth it. And she really wouldn't fit into this new life of his, would she?"

"No," I said, "she probably wouldn't. All the same—"

"Well, then," said Peggy, "it's the only thing he *can* do. You can see that, can't you? I mean Annette is the important thing so far as Victor is concerned. Stella has never been important. She was just a girl who happened to be around . . . she was just, well, sort of *incidental,* if you see what I mean . . ."

I stared at her. Sometimes when Peggy says things like this I find myself wondering if I really know her as well as I think I do. . . .

Victor called me once a few hours before his plane left for Cleveland. He said Annette would be with him when he returned. He had engaged two servants and a wonderful woman named Miss Blakelock to act as governess. She was thirty-six, and had impeccable recommendations. Louise Harrison was sure to approve. He'd already given up his apartment and moved into the new house. He'd entered Annette in a private school just around the corner. He would be back in five days or a week and he'd call us then.

I wished him the best of luck and hung up. Neither of us had mentioned Stella Andrews. But, as Peggy pointed out, there was no reason, really, why we should have. Victor's eyes were turned

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very definitely toward his future, and Stella Andrews had no place in that future. Perhaps next time she would have better luck. After all, she was still young. If only, I found myself thinking, someone like Peggy could take her in hand and show her a thing or two—especially about hats.

The next week was a particularly hectic one for me but I thought about Victor several times; and when ten days went by and I hadn't heard from him, I decided to give him a ring. I had his new telephone number but when the operator rang it, no one answered. I thought this was funny because there should have been quite a few people around to answer it. I called his studio, and was told he hadn't shown up there since he'd left to go East. But he was between stories at the moment so that didn't mean anything. They gave me his new address in Brentwood, and that night after dinner Peggy and I drove around there.

We didn't have any trouble finding the house but except for one light burning dimly on the ground floor, it was dark. I parked the car and got out and rang the bell. At first I thought no one was going to answer it and I was about to give up and go along when Victor himself opened the door.

He stared at me for a moment and then he said, "Oh, it's you, Jim."

I said, "Peggy is with me—but perhaps you're working and had rather we didn't come in."

Frankly, I was shocked at the way he looked. He was wearing a new suit but it looked as if he had slept in it, and he was badly in need of a shave. But it was his face that really got me. It had a vague, stunned look, yet I was pretty sure he hadn't been drinking.

"Peggy?" he said. "Oh, of course, your wife—"

"We can come back some other time."

"No," he said, "you're here and there's no reason why you shouldn't come in—"

He seemed to mean it and presently, having been introduced to Peggy, he led us into a very handsome living room.

PEGGY and I sat down on a copper-red sofa, and Victor sat opposite us in a white leather armchair.

"I called you," I said, "but you didn't answer your telephone."

"No," he said, "I thought it was probably someone at the studio and I didn't want to talk to anyone."

"I couldn't understand it," I said, "because I knew even if you weren't back the servants should be here."

But it seemed that he had fired the servants three days ago. He had paid them two months' salary and let them go. "I think that was perfectly fair, don't you?" he said. "Two months' salary, I mean?"

Peggy leaned forward. "Then you didn't bring Annette back with you?"

"No," he said, "I didn't bring Annette back with me."

"What happened?" I said. "Wouldn't Louise give her up? Wouldn't she let her come?"

"Yes," he said, "Louise was very fair about the whole thing. Scrupulously fair. She hates my guts, of course, but she'd made a bargain and she was prepared to stand by it. No," he said, "it wasn't Louise."

"Then what was it?" I persisted. "What went wrong?"

"It was Annette," said Victor. He paused and looked first at me and then at Peggy and then back at me. "Annette didn't want to come back with me. She didn't want to leave Louise."

It seemed that when he first arrived in Cleveland, Annette, who hadn't seen him for two years, had been sweet to him. She had kissed him dutifully night and morning and allowed him to take her shopping and buy her a lot of expensive clothes. But when he told her that she was to return to California with him and live in a big house with a swimming pool and have a governess named Miss Blakelock, she had grown very quiet and refused to eat.

Finally she had become really ill and it had been necessary to call in a doctor. The doctor had told Victor what he could see for himself, that it might be actually dangerous to take her away from the Harrisons at this time. And one morning Victor had gone into her room and told her it was all right, she didn't have to go back with him after all. Less than an hour later he had been on a plane headed West.

"I'm sorry I can't offer you a drink," he said now, "but there isn't a thing in the house."

"That's all right," I said, "I don't want a drink. Look, I can't tell you how sorry I am. I know what a blow this has been."

"Yes," he said, "you've been very kind. Very thoughtful." He included Peggy carefully in a polite, completely automatic little smile.

"Look," I said, "what are you going to do now? I mean will you stay on here in this house or will you—"

"No," he said, "I've already sold the house and tomorrow I'm leaving town."

"You can't do that, Victor," I said. "You can't just walk out on a good job. If you do, no studio will ever take you back—"

I stopped. I could see it was no use going on. He had made up his mind to chuck his job, and that was that. He had no idea of ever working for any studio again. I had a quick mental picture of him drifting aimlessly from one country to another, from one city to another, from one bar to another—because now, of course, he would begin to drink again. As long as he had had Annette he had never quite lost Christine but now he had lost them both and he was done for, finished. Searching desperately for some straw to toss him to cling to, I said, "Have you seen Stella Andrews since you came back?"

"Stella?" he said. "Why, no, Jim. I haven't."

"Well," I said, "why don't you call her? After all, she's a very good friend of yours, she'd want to know about this—she would want to help you."

"Of course she would," said Peggy. "Look," she said, "why don't you call her up? Right now, I mean, and ask her to come over here—"

"Yes," I said, "why don't you do that, Victor?" Somehow I knew I would feel considerably better about going away and leaving him alone here in this house around which he had built so many dreams if I knew that Stella Andrews was on her way over in that dull pink dress and that small, round, unbecoming black hat.

"See here," I said, "I know you agreed not to see each other again but that was before this business about Annette blew up in your face. There's no reason now for you to leave town without even saying good-by to her. In fact, you owe her something better than that—"

"Yes," he said, "I guess I do. I guess you're right. I simply hadn't thought of it that way." He excused himself and left the room. He was gone quite a while and when he came back his face had a worried look.

"That's odd," he said. "She doesn't answer her telephone."

"Oh, well," said Peggy reassuringly, because you could see he was genuinely upset about it, "she's probably gone to the movies or for a walk."

"She never goes out alone at night," Victor said. "She's nervous about being alone after dark. I used to kid her about it. No, there's something funny about her not answering the telephone."

"Look," I said, feeling sorry for the guy, because he actually seemed frightened, "why don't we wait a while and then call again?"

We called three times during the next hour but no one answered. It was then that Peggy had the bright idea that perhaps Stella had moved. "You know," she said, "into another apartment in another part of town."

"But why should she have done that?" protested Victor. "She liked that apartment. She'd lived in it ever since she'd come out here."

"Nevertheless," I said, "I do think Peggy's got something. Look, why don't we whip over there and talk to the superintendent or whoever has charge of the building? If she has moved, he'll know where she has gone and can give us her new address."

But Stella Andrews hadn't moved. At any rate, the superintendent, when we finally tracked him down, said no one had moved out during the last month except Victor. But now that he stopped to think of it, he hadn't seen Miss Andrews around for several days. But that didn't mean anything. The superintendent sometimes didn't see certain tenants for weeks at a time.

Then he said, "Look, I've got a passkey—if you folks think there is anything wrong up there we'd better go up and take a look."

"Oh, no," said Peggy quickly, "I'm sure there's nothing wrong. We just thought—"

VICTOR reached for the passkey. "If you don't mind," he said, "I think I'll go up and take a look around. She might be sick, too sick to answer the telephone." *Or*, you could see him thinking, small beads of perspiration breaking out on his forehead, *she might be dead. Too dead to hear it ring.* However indifferent and detached he had felt about Stella Andrews a few hours ago, he was neither indifferent nor detached now. He was absolutely sick with worry and apprehension.

We stepped into a small, self-service elevator and all the way up to the fourth floor none of us said a word. We didn't even look at one another. We just stood there, close together, looking carefully into space. And although Victor had asked for this, I couldn't help feeling sorry for the guy. His hands were trembling and he looked ten years older than he had when he had gone to make the first telephone call.

We stepped out of the elevator, walked down a narrow hall and stopped at the door to apartment 4B. Victor tried to fit the key into the lock but his hands were shaking so badly that I said, "Here, let me do that."

I don't know what we expected to find on the other side of that locked door but except for a faint film of dust, the combination sitting room and bedroom was in perfect order and completely empty. So was the kitchenette. That left the bathroom. The door was closed, and for a moment we all hesitated. Then Peggy said, "Well, we'd better be sure."

She walked over and opened the door and looked in, but the bathroom was empty, too.

"It's pretty obvious," said Peggy slowly, "that she isn't here—and it's also pretty obvious that she hasn't been here for several days, maybe a week." She turned to Victor. "You're sure she hasn't any family? A sister or something?"

Victor was sure. Stella Andrews didn't have a relative of any kind.

"Well," said Peggy, "you can tell the studio tomorrow. Find out if she's been going to work—"

But I think we all knew that Stella had not been going to work.

I said. "Perhaps we'd better call the—" I had been going to say police but I didn't get the chance.

"The garage!" said Victor. "Of course. She had a car. A coupé. She drove out here in it from Illinois four years ago."

He went to the telephone and called the garage. Yes, Miss Andrews had taken the car out five days ago. No, she hadn't said where she was going; but she had had the car filled with gas and oil, and she'd had the tires and water checked.

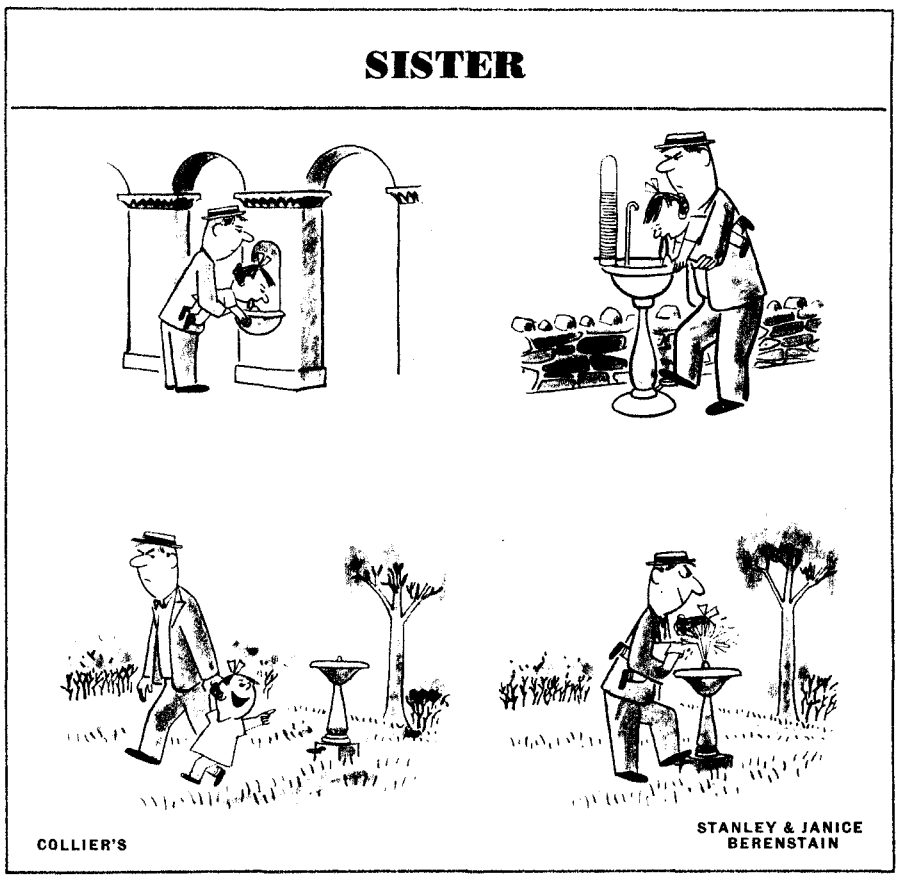
Victor hung up. "I think I know where she's gone," he said, "and I think I know why she's gone there."

He said then, "Could I borrow your car—or better still, will you drive me somewhere? I haven't a driver's license and I might get picked up."

I said, "We'll be glad to drive you anywhere."

"It's quite a trip," he said. "It's at least fifty miles down the coast. I could hire a car—"

Peggy said, "Don't be silly. We'll go with you, Victor."



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That was a funny ride. I drove, and Peggy sat between us on the front seat. We kept to the main highway for a while and then we turned off at Victor's direction and took a road that followed the coast more closely.

"You understand, of course," he said once, "that we may be too late. It would only take a second to do it, once she made up her mind. She could just park her car and walk out there on that cliff and—" He paused, afraid to finish the thought. "Maybe she went on to the lodge," he said. "She may have had some crazy idea of going back and reliving those five days. She never seemed like a particularly sentimental person—but then I never really bothered to find out *what* she actually was like. I just accepted her, took her for granted—" His voice broke sharply, and suddenly he buried his face in his hands and his shoulders shuddered convulsively.

"We all do that," Peggy said gently. "We all take the people we love more or less for granted after a while."

"But you see," he said, and now his hands had come down from his face and he was staring straight ahead into the beam of the headlights, "it never once occurred to me that I *did* love her. She wasn't the sort of girl—especially after Christine. You knew Christine, Jim. And you saw Stella, too. I liked Stella, but it never occurred to me that I— It was her idea, our going away together that first time. She had the car and she knew about this place. She called up and arranged everything. We stayed five days. Every night we used to walk up through the woods and come out on top of this cliff. It fascinated her—the ocean down there below, pounding against the rocks. I remember once she said, 'If I'm ever too unhappy or too lost or too confused to go on living, I'll just come here and end the whole thing—no fuss, no bother, everything clean and swift and final.'"

"How much farther is it?" asked Peggy, in a tight, strained little voice. Usually she is pretty self-contained and sure of herself, but now I could feel her shoulder against mine, and it was trembling. "Not far," Victor said.

LESS than ten minutes later we drew up in front of a low, rambling, brown-shingled building surrounded by the usual small guest cabins.

There was a neon sign which said Office. I parked the car in front of it, and Victor got out and went inside. I don't suppose he was gone more than three minutes but it seemed like a lifetime. Neither Peggy nor I said anything. We just sat there and waited and prayed a little. Prayed that Stella Andrews would be there—that we had not come all this way for nothing.

She was there, all right. That is, she was registered but at the moment she was not in her room. She was in the habit, the night clerk had told Victor, of going for a walk every evening after dinner. She was usually back by this time.

"That damned cliff," said Peggy, in that same tight, strained little voice that didn't sound at all like her usual voice.

Victor got back into the car and began giving me clear, concise directions. We could, it seemed, drive part of the way. We went perhaps a quarter of a mile through the woods and then we couldn't go any farther. We could smell the ocean and we could hear it, but we couldn't see it. There was a narrow path that led toward it through the moonlight and we took this path. Victor led the way. Suddenly we came out onto a sort of a knoll projected sharply against the sky and the sea. Standing on this knoll, a strangely solitary figure, bathed coldly with moonlight, was Stella Andrews.

She was standing quite still, her face turned away from us toward the ocean; and as we watched she began to walk slowly toward the edge of the cliff. A little wind had sprung up and it whipped at her hair and blew her skirt back against her knees.

She was very close to the edge now, much too close to be at all safe. If someone startled her, if someone so much as spoke her name, warningly, loudly, it might be fatal.

Peggy was standing perfectly still, and I had not moved for several seconds. Only Victor continued to move forward —but the distance between him and Stella and the distance between Stella and the edge of the cliff was all wrong. He would never make it, he would never reach her side in time. And then a funny thing happened: He stopped walking and stood still and began very softly to say her name. He didn't shout it, he didn't call it loudly; he just began to say it very softly, over and over again, almost in a whisper. "Stella," he said—"Stella."

FOR a moment Stella simply stood motionless, her face still turned away from us. Then as Victor continued to say her name, over and over, like a caress, she turned slowly and stood for a moment, trying to adjust her eyes from the cold, clear moonlight on the ocean to the relentless darkness behind her. She took a few steps back away from the edge of the cliff, but still Victor made no attempt to go to her. He simply kept saying her name, softly, gently, almost gaily, drawing her by the persistent sound of his voice, which for the first time since Paris, seemed to have regained its old authority, its old magic, back out of the danger zone into a blessed circle of safety.

"That's funny," she said presently, her own voice catching huskily in her throat, "I know perfectly well you aren't here and yet I can hear you and see you—"

"But I *am* here," said Victor, "and I don't want you to die, Stella. I want you to live, because I'm very much in love with you—so much in love with you that I can't imagine going on without you."

I waited until he had her safely in his arms. Then I found Peggy's hand, and we stumbled together back down the path to the car. We drove back onto the main road and headed north toward Hollywood. It had been quite an evening for both of us and it was, of course, just the beginning. After the wedding, Peggy would really have to take Stella in hand. After all, she was still very young and I had been right about her being potentially lovely. She was. All she needed, really, was to learn a little something about how to dress. And then I knew what a fool I was being. If a man really loved a woman, he didn't care about things like that. He didn't even care that his first wife had been a raving beauty. All he cared about, actually, was that she, this present girl, loved him so much that without him she would not even want to go on living.

I turned my head and looked at Peggy. She was staring straight ahead with that dreamy, faraway but darkly intent look that she always gets when she is busy planning other people's lives for them.

"Darling," I said, "if I were to walk out on you tomorrow would you go jump off a cliff?"

"No," she said, "of course not."

"It's my own fault," I said. "I should have known better than to ask you."

"Yes," she said, "you should have," and then she slid over beside me and put her head down on my shoulder and said, "Dope!" very softly. Presently I could tell from her even breathing that she had gone to sleep; and after that I drove much more carefully, the way you do when you are completely responsible, at least for the moment, for the life and well-being of someone whom you love very much. THE END

You'd have to see the transparency to realize how *true to nature* the colors are in this picture on Ansco Color Positive Film. Mead-Maddick made it with a 4x5" camera.

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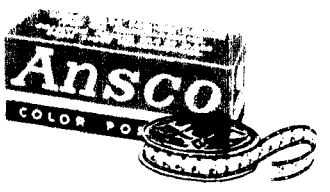

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The Legal Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"It's called off, and no hard feelings. He—he smiled at me."

"Good for him!" Hall said, with manifest pleasure. "Actually, Ben isn't such a bad guy. Aside from being immoral, a drunk and a reckless gambler, he has a lot to him that you can like."

"He was shot by a man who popped up at him out of the bushes," Abigail said. "We must never forget that, Jack. His chest must be in a terrible state. Have you ever seen it?"

"No," Hall replied. "Have you?"

"No, no," Abigail said hastily. "He only told me about it."

"Can I drive you into town?" Hall asked.

BECOMING aware of her buckling knees, Abigail thanked him for the offer. They crossed to the hangar with his hand at her elbow, he picked up her bag, and they went to his car in a neighborhood parking lot.

"You're awfully kind, Jack," Abigail said. She sighed. "Marriage seems to take a great deal out of a girl and I'm not used to it."

"It's probably more the cowboy than anything," Hall said. "I've been through this before with him, you know—except for the marriage part. I've seen them come back from Las Vegas too dizzy to walk on their high heels and with their permanents looking like birds' nests."

"Let's not talk about it," Abigail said.

On the way in to Beverly Hills, Hall was inclined to chattiness and good cheer. He admitted frankly that he thought she was one of those dames when he first met her; that he had since raised his sights considerably on her, that he certainly regretted the initial mistake, that he was positive now she was a real lawyer, and that he was assured her temporary association with the cowboy would not leave any permanent impression on her and she'd go on to lead a happy, carefree and successful life in the future.

Abigail sat in complete silence, hardly hearing Jack. A kind of postoperative shock had dulled her sensibilities for a time, but she was gradually awakening to shame, anger, frustration, disgust, despair and a savage aching in the region of her trampled heart. The loneliness and discouragement she had always felt had been increased tenfold since the early morning in the Pastime Club. There was literally nothing left after that. Her mind raced feverishly forward and back, considering every possible alternative, and soon reached the glum conclusion that she must take her licking, discard each scrap of what had been, and start all over again.

"What I want to know," said Hall, "is what Kallen will do when he hears that you two have split up."

"Don't give it a thought," Abigail said nervously. "Make your mind a blank, Jack."

"Okay," Hall said. "If it worries you, we won't talk about it. But here's a question you can answer: Why did you fall in love with Ben practically at first sight? Surely the guy's reputation and character weren't a mystery to you after ten minutes with him. And what's he got—that—that I haven't got, for instance?"

"I don't know," Abigail said.

"There's no denying he does have a funny effect on dames," Hall said. "I've seen it before. They want to take care of him."

"That's it," Abigail said. "I wanted to take care of him. And now I don't."

"Maybe Kallen will take care of him," Hall said, ignoring his promise.

Abigail clutched his gearshift hand, driven by an inner panic. "Jack, you say you like me; I like you. As a friend, will you make me a promise?"

"Sure, if you put it that way," Hall said, and flushed.

"Don't tell a soul what you saw or heard. Will you promise—for me?"

He gripped her fingers tightly and grew still redder. They nearly collided with a bakery truck at an intersection. "I promise," Hall said. "For you, A.J."

Abigail withdrew her hand with some difficulty. She reflected that environment and circumstance had a great deal to do with shaping character, often with great speed. Last night she had been mistaken for a fast woman, and today she was establishing a trend in that direction. Twenty-four hours ago she had been a respectable, conservative though unsuccessful attorney; and now she was married, in grievous trouble, using sex as a weapon, and had a bristly-haired, airborne boy friend. Looking around wildly, she saw the Fogarty Building.

"Stop!" she commanded. "Right here!"

He parked at the curb. "Is this your office?"

"Yes," Abigail said.

"Shall I wait for you?" Hall asked.

COLLIER'S — "Rain dance just for show. We go up in thunderbird, drop-um dry ice in cloud" — TOM GRAVENS

"I'd rather you wouldn't," Abigail said. "Thanks so much for everything, Jack. Good-by."

"Hey, I want to see you again, A.J. Where can I get hold of you?"

"I'm in the phone book. Look under Attorneys At Law. So long." . . .

Abigail went quickly into the Fogarty Building and up to the second floor. Her broom-closet office was forlorn and stifling after where she had been and what she had done. The fog was moving inland, and the room darkened as she stood and stared at her notary-public stamp. Setting down the suitcase, she turned and went across the hall to Mr. Graves's office.

He was at his desk; as usual, his face was pale with fatigue and his eyes were red-rimmed behind the rimless spectacles. She closed the door on the skinny secretary's anteroom and advanced upon him grimly. His appraising glance was wary.

"Good afternoon, Miss Furnival," he said. "You made a quick trip."

"Good afternoon," Abigail said. "Have you heard from Mr. Castle?"

"No. Did he come back with you?"

Abigail nodded. "You'll be glad to know we settled his business satisfactorily."

"I'm delighted," Mr. Graves replied. "Won't you have a chair?"

"I'll stand, thanks," Abigail said. "That puts me in a better position for throwing something heavy at you."

"Oh."

"Mr. Kallen decided to waive his claim of sixty thousand dollars against Mr. Castle; probably you know why."

"Uh—yes."

"Where did you get the information on my father that prompted you to arrange for this thing?"

"I knew him," Mr. Graves said, "along with everybody else. A couple of former clients of mine happened to be associated with Mr. Kallen in the past, and I learned from them of certain dealings your father had with Mr. Kallen. Kallen operates way outside the law most of the time. He went too far once—and could easily have done a nice long prison stretch. Kallen was pretty hot, and your father cooled him off."

"In turn," Abigail said, "I've cooled off Mr. Castle, by a very simple device he thought up that I don't think occurred to you. I happen to be Mrs. Castle at the present moment."

"Huh?" Mr. Graves said. He took a moment to recover from his shock, which involved removing his glasses and polishing them. "No, that didn't occur to me. It's a bright idea, though."

"Very bright. Unfortunately, it's not permanent. Mr. Kallen spilled the beans, and your brilliant client was forced to explain why he made me his bride. I am now resigning as Mrs. Castle."

"May I ask a question? Why did you become Mrs. Castle in the first place?"

"I can explain that in the simplest of terms," Abigail said. "I fell violently in love with Mr. Castle. Then I fell violently out."

"I see," Mr. Graves said. He took time out to polish his glasses again. "Miss Furnival, I must beg your pardon for taking an advantage of you in this matter. I had no other choice, I'm afraid—my client was in a rather serious situation. I'm sure you understand why I was compelled to act as I did, and put the affair down as simple loyalty to a client and routine of business."

"Oh, sure."

Mr. Graves exhibited approval. "You are a sensible girl. I'm sure no harm has been done, and unquestionably you will be better off not having the cowboy for a husband. In addition, I feel safe in stating that you have my client's gratitude. That gratitude will certainly express itself in a decent fee and the financing of a divorce."

"A divorce isn't necessary," Abigail told him. "Only an annulment. The marriage was not—uh—consummated."

"It wasn't, eh?" Mr. Graves said. He rubbed his hands together. "How fortunate—that saves expenses. We can add that to your fee, Miss Furnival."

"No, you can save that too," Abigail said. "I don't want any fee, and I'll handle the annulment myself."

"No, no. I'm sure my client will insist that you have a reward."

"I don't believe he will, Mr. Graves. You see, Mr. Kallen took our marriage very seriously. He was willing to forego the gambling debt as long as your client was united to me and kept me perfectly happy, but he intimated that if we broke up, your client was a dead duck."

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Graves said.

"You're so intelligent," Abigail said, "I'm positive you'll think of some way out of *that*. And now, if you don't mind, I'm going to bust you one with this bronze paper weight."

"By all means, do," Mr. Graves said, and rose. "Wait till I take off my glasses. I don't blame you a bit."

They stared at each other. Abigail expected more tears, but none came.

"I imagine you couldn't possibly reconsider," Mr. Graves said. "I say that because I haven't a single further idea for extricating my client from his predicament. Knowing Mr. Kallen and his associates as I do, I am positive the cowboy will get the works."

"That's good news," Abigail said.

"Is it possible that you could make some sort of platonic and financial arrangement with him, and forego an immediate separation? As soon as the debt to Mr. Kallen was paid—"

"No," Abigail said.

Mr. Graves examined her soberly. "No, of course you couldn't," he said. "I'm in my fifties, and I have a tendency to forget that you are a young girl. It's been so long since I have looked at a woman except in the guise of a typist or bookkeeper that I've forgotten what it is to have a broken heart and the world in ruins. Miss Furnival, I can only tell you that I am not entirely to blame for your disaster. I never conceived of your falling in love with him and getting married."

"Please don't be nice about it," Abigail begged. "I'm in no mood for live-and-let-live. I want you to be sure to tell the cowboy that if Kallen doesn't get him, I will."

"I'll do that immediately," Mr. Graves said. "You'd better go have a cup of coffee, Miss Furnival."

HE ACCOMPANIED her to the door, a fatherly arm about her shoulders. He patted her encouragingly on the back when they reached the hallway.

"I always hate to lose a client," he said, "even when he's as much of a nuisance as your husband, but I entirely understand your attitude in the present situation. My sympathies are wholly with you. Take courage in the thought that your troubles will soon be eliminated—and I mean that literally."

"You needn't make jokes!" Abigail said.

Mr. Graves smiled faintly. "Forgive me, Mrs. Castle. Good afternoon."

Abigail returned to the broom closet and sat down hopelessly. She had intended to think things out on straight and logical lines, but her wits were dull and her head heavy and feverish. She laid her head upon her arms on the desk and closed her scratchy eyelids. For the first time, she realized how tired she was from the excitement and the sleepless night. She decided to take a short nap and rise and confront the future with equanimity. . . .

Abigail awakened in the twilight with numb arms, aching brow, a wry neck and a dry mouth. As she stumbled to the water cooler for a drink, she glanced at her watch. It was past six o'clock, and she had done nothing toward clearing

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her jungle of emotions. She mortally dreaded going home and confronting Alice Norman, yet the job had to be done. She called a taxicab company . . .

Alice had a lamp burning in the window for her, a ruffled thing which glowed as redly as the porch light at Rosebud, Inc. Abigail let herself in with her key. Alice promptly rushed from the dinette, clad in an apron and carrying a napkin in her hand.

"A.J.!" she said.

"Who did you think it would be?" Abigail asked coldly. "Gregory Peck?"

ABIGAIL dumped her suitcase on the floor, sat down and lighted a cigarette. Alice put her hands on her hips and narrowed her eyes to slits.

"Your hat's on crooked," she commented. "Your make-up's worn off, you have lipstick on the right sleeve of your jacket, and you look as mussed up as a palm tree. What did you do—rassle some guy for Ben Castle's note?"

"I got home early and slept all afternoon in my office."

"How come?"

"Because I was up all night!"

"Don't bellow," Alice said. "My hearing is perfectly good. And don't expect me to seem surprised at anything you say; I had a hunch you were going to get tossed around on that trip."

Abigail morosely crushed her cigarette in an ash tray. "I'm a wreck, Alice. I'm all gone inside, and I have a stiff neck. Much has happened. I suppose you insist on hearing all about it?"

"That I do, A.J."

"I won't bore you with the loathsome details," Abigail said, "although they are many. I'll get right to the point. But before I do, Alice, you must prepare yourself for the greatest surprise of your life."

"Let me have it, baby."

"I scarcely know how to begin. You'll be stunned and speechless when I give you the dope."

"A.J.," Alice said gently, "if you're trying to nerve yourself up to telling Aunt Alice you're married, just go ahead and blurt it out."

Abigail popped up from her seat. "What? How do you know? Who told you? Has Ben Castle called here tonight?"

"Then it was him," Alice said. "That's a relief. The way you've always wanted to win cases, I was afraid you might have married the guy that held the note. Congratulations."

"How did you know?"

"You've got that brass thing on the correct finger, A.J. I noticed it the second you came in."

"Oh," Abigail said, and slowly collapsed in the chair. "He didn't call?"

Alice gazed at her strangely. "No."

"Well, now you know everything."

"Pretty near, but you'd better start at the beginning and give me the whole incredible story."

Abigail told her about all that led up to the marriage. Then she said bitterly, "So I had a church wedding, as I had promised you."

"Then there's nothing to worry about," Alice said. "That ties the deal up nicely. Only why ain't you with your groom? Has he passed out?"

"The story isn't quite finished," Abigail said. "After the ceremony, I saw the man who held the note again. Everything was arranged satisfactorily. Then —then the cowboy and I had an argument. All was confusion. It was the end. We parted forever."

"He sobered up, huh?" Alice said.

"Uh—yes, that was it."

"Regretted the whole evening, had no idea what he was doing, and didn't want any part of you, eh?"

"You have put it in a nutshell, Aunt Alice," Abigail said. "I wish you'd been along. This thing would never have happened."

"It could have," Alice said. "I might have cracked up in your place and married him. By the way, what got you—the moon, gin or simple overeagerness?"

Abigail frowned in her puzzlement. "People keep asking me that question. I'll be damned if I know. It must have been that I fell in love with him."

"But that's over?"

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Is that so?" Alice said, and opened her eyes wide and looked bland. "One more trifling query, A.J. Where did you go after the wedding, to the—uh—bungalow at the Wagon Wheel?"

"No," Abigail said. "I told you we went to see the man concerning the note. Then we had the fight and flew home."

"No young madness, no stolen delights, no—uh—?"

"No," Abigail said.

"Why, that's nothing," Alice said, and sighed loudly. "That could happen to anybody on a little trip with an actor. You ought to think of it as a kind of amusing adventure. Except for the lipstick on your sleeve, A.J., you haven't a mark on you. You should feel great after such a narrow escape."

"I do," Abigail said. "I feel simply great. I—" She burst into the worst tears so far—hot, scalding tears. A long time passed before she was either able to speak or see. The napkin was damp when Alice had at last dried her cheeks.

"I feel better," Abigail announced. "I've been feeling like a club soda bottle all day."

"Yeah, you had it coming," Alice said. "I might as well be frank and tell you it's completed your ruin. Don't look in any mirrors for a while or you'll scare yourself."

"I don't care," Abigail said. "The storm has come and passed, and I am now dwelling in the calm. My appearance is no longer a matter of interest to me. There is nothing left except a lonely life of work and self-sacrifice. I am a hollow shell, Alice."

"Sure you are," Alice said agreeably. "Anybody could tell that at the first glance. Have you had any dinner?"

"I can't remember," Abigail replied. "I think not. However, my appetite is gone beyond recall."

"Mine ain't, quite," Alice said. "I was having some tuna salad and a glass of milk when you busted in. Would you be sickened to see me finish it?"

"On the contrary," Abigail said, "I shall be delighted to accompany you."

THEY walked into the dinette, and Abigail sat across from Alice at the little table, her chin in her palms. She watched Alice devour the salad and a slice of butterless reducing bread, which had the texture of a piece of blotting paper. Her stomach growled.

"Now that I remember," she said, "I haven't eaten since last night. I had a cup of coffee in Las Vegas this morning and that's all, and I forgot lunch entirely. I believe I'll take the merest bite in order to keep up my strength."

"That's the old pepper, A.J.," Alice said, and rose. "I'll fix you tea and toast."

"I might have an egg too—for energy."

Afterward, Abigail retired to the narrow bedroom they shared. She put on a nightgown, turned off the lamp and crept into one of the twin beds. Sleep did not come to her, although some peculiar thoughts did.

Alice entered the room and began unpacking Abigail's clothes. She left the door cracked to give herself enough light and moved quietly. Abigail sat up and clicked on the night-stand lamp.

"I can't sleep," Abigail said. "I'm a nervous wreck."

"Well," Alice said, "you told me you slept the whole afternoon. Maybe it's not nervousness."

"I assure you it's nervousness," Abigail said. "My troubles are driving me nutty."

With a condescending look, Alice said, "You said that all is lost. What's your next step?"

"I'm through struggling," Abigail said. "I'm as full of holes as a colander from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

"Don't make a speech. And keep your metaphors straight. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get an annulment, close my office, and become a law clerk at Mr. Calhoun's place. He's a man who used to know my father. He's the junior partner in Simpson & Calhoun. He disapproves of women lawyers—but he's willing to give me a job as a law clerk."

"That cowboy really sinks them, doesn't he?" Alice said. "I don't see why you have to give up your ambitions and take a complete dive just because a guy gets loaded and marries you and then confesses he didn't know what he was doing. Have you lost your nerve altogether?"

"I'm through, that's all."

ALICE groaned. "A.J., how can you be so educated and capable, and so stupid? You know absolutely nothing about yourself. It takes a dumb finger-waver like me to tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"You're in love with the cowboy," Alice said, "and you're going to stay in love with him no matter what happens."

"My dear girl," Abigail said, "I can assure you from the bottom of my heart that I cherish not an iota of affection for that rider of the purple sage."

"You don't sound convincing," Alice said. "Are you too proud and dignified to fight for what you want? You're crazy over the guy, and you've got a chance to get him because he was nutty enough to marry you—and now you're going to throw away your best chance! Try to save something out of the wreck. The least you can get is a draw."

"I tell you I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole!"

"Then put it this way: He double-crossed you and calmly walked out, and you owe him a little dirt in return. Haven't you got any spirit? Listen—the one means by which a woman can ever really get even with a man is by living with him. Stick to the guy and make his life a hell for him. Teach him not to get careless in Las Vegas again."

"I feel we had better stop this discussion, Aunt Alice," Abigail said.

"How did you become so noble, Bright Eyes?" Alice demanded. "Ain't you a little late in history for playing the innocent, deceived maiden? Why is the cowboy such a villain in your estimation? At least he asked you to marry him. And you took him on without going into the terms, and according to your story, you were sober. For my dough, you're as much to blame as he is. You better climb down off that injured attitude."

"In another minute," Abigail said, "I'm going to climb out of this bed and start pulling your hair!"

"Aw, you wouldn't," Alice said. "You haven't the nerve. The minute somebody gives you a push, you fold up and begin crying. You want to be a successful lawyer and you want a husband, but you aren't willing to take a real risk for either of them. I certainly wish you resembled your old man some. He should have had a son, I guess. He may have been a wrong guy, but at least he had the old bustle and moxie."

"So help me—" Abigail began.

The telephone rang. Alice rose and stalked out.

Abigail slid weakly down in the bed, with her roommate's final thrusts ringing in her ears. They sounded familiar. As a matter of fact, that prince of good fellows and bridegrooms, Ben Castle, had expressed practically the same opinion. It was beginning to appear that she gave

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some people the impression she was no good when the going got rough.

Alice stuck her head in the doorway. She seemed highly pleased.

"For you, toots," she said.

"Who is it?" Abigail asked faintly.

"The cowboy," Alice said. "Mr. Ben Castle. Your husband."

"I have nothing to say to him," Abigail said confusedly. "Inform him that I am indisposed and unavailable for a statement. Tell him to go fly a kite."

"Look, Mrs. Castle," Alice said, and betrayed visible signs of anger and contempt. "I'm going to walk slowly back to that telephone in my big satin mules. That'll give you time to think it over, and you better think real fast. If you have more than a teaspoonful of brains, you'll interrupt me before I bid your husband good night."

She disappeared, and Abigail became rigid. Her thinking was unclear, and dominated by two frantic imperatives—she loved the cowboy dearly, and she was absolutely incapable of taking action that would result in his death or unemployment. That did it. She shot from her bed and raced into the living room. Alice was holding the phone, her palm over the mouthpiece.

"Hold everything!" Abigail said. "I won't talk to him now, but you tell him that I'll be over to his house right away. As soon as I get out of this nightgown."

"I'll merely tell him you'll be over," Alice said. "The nightgown part might give him the wrong impression, A.J."

IN a little while Abigail was ready to go. She had packed the suitcase again; it stood beside a make-up case and a twine-bound cardboard carton packed with oddments, and four huge lawbooks bound in calf that formed the staple of her recreational reading. Looking at these, Alice grew a little tearful, as they were loading Abigail's car in the garage at the rear. Alice straightened up from stowing the legal matter and began to drip. She took Abigail in her arms and squeezed her.

"My little pal," she said brokenly. "The naïve mouthpiece—going out into the cold, cruel world, and no Aunt Alice to help her!"

"Well, you insisted on it," Abigail replied. "And—and I think you're right. It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done."

Alice looked worried. "I only hope I'm right. You feel that all is lost now—you can really lose all in the next day or two."

"I'll keep on paying my half of the rent here," Abigail said, "just in case."

"Rent?" Alice said. "Who cares for the rent at a time like this? It's you I'm shaking in my mules for." She backed off and raised a forefinger for emphasis. "A.J., I urge you to remain a good girl and a credit to your Aunt Alice, whether you are married or not. Play the guy along. Don't offend him. But you mustn't let yourself be drawn into compromising situations. Don't drink, and conduct yourself with dignity. Try to make the guy happy but not—uh—too happy. Do you follow me?"

"I'm treading on your heels," Abigail said. "Courtesy and dignity. No funny business. What the newspapers refer to as a kissless bride?"

"You have grasped my meaning in its entirety," Alice said. "Lock yourself in your room right after dinner. Put a chair against the door. Check with me the moment he discloses his campaign. I'll do the staff work."

They parted almost unintelligibly, and Abigail drove sadly and slowly to 602 Altamont Road. Parking in the circular driveway, she climbed reluctantly from the car. Her stomach was doing nip-ups, and her mouth was parched from nervousness. Lights were on inside the house, and Nacio answered her ring instantly. He smiled and bowed low.

"Welcome, Miss Castle," he said.

"Mrs. Castle," Abigail corrected. "Thank you, Nacio. There's some baggage in my car."

"Miss Castle," Nacio said, in complete agreement. "Wait in parlor, Miss Castle."

Following a moment of tremulous hesitation Abigail went into the parlor expecting to find Ben. The large room was empty. Fragrant eucalyptus wood was burning in the fireplace to take the chill off the foggy night. She warmed her hands at it, and saw Nacio lugging her baggage upstairs, "Want to see room?" he asked on his return.

"I certainly do!" Abigail said.

She followed Nacio up the stairway, with grim thoughts. The cowboy's opening stroke was obviously to be a combination of audacity and insolence; and she didn't need any Aunt Alice to tell her what to do. A brief, austere speech with respect to separate bedrooms and the necessity of an unimpassioned, distant relationship between them automatically formulated itself in her mind. Nacio conducted her along the upper hall to the back, and ushered her into a big bedroom.

Abigail's eyes darted first to the bed, from which she confidently expected the cowboy to rise, undoubtedly in silk pajamas. He didn't. The bed was empty. She investigated the spacious dressing room, and even peeked behind the glass door of the stall shower and into a couple of closets; but Ben was nowhere around.

"Want me unpack you?" Nacio said.

"No, thanks. I'll take care of my own things," Abigail said. She paused to look for a connecting door, but there was none.

"Sweet dreams, Miss Castle," Nacio said, and started to retire.

"Wait a minute," Abigail called. "Isn't Mr. Castle at home?"

"Went to bed early," Nacio said. "Tired after trip. Said not to be disturbed."

"Ah," Abigail said. "Thank you. Good night." She felt very much alone. The elation and faint hopefulness that had moved her when she decided to come to Ben's home were suddenly gone. Had she run true to form, those feelings should have been succeeded by her usual despair and an impulse to flee. Instead, she was conscious of the slow, methodical rise of a deep, contained and burning anger. It was new to her, and had not a single element of humility or discouragement. Abigail was too mad to be surprised at herself when she headed for the door.

The two bedrooms on the other side of the hall had doors standing ajar and were empty. What was evidently the master suite at the front of the house was closed and showed no crack of light. Abigail rapped smartly.

She heard somebody snort and shift in bed. A lamp switch clicked.

"Who is it?" Ben said.

"Me. Mrs. Ben Castle," Abigail said. "The lawyer."

"Oh," Ben called. "Greetings. Hope you're satisfied with your room. You needn't have come by tonight. See you in the morning."

"You'll see me now," Abigail said. She twisted the knob and walked inside. Ben pushed himself upright, jamming a pillow behind his back. He smoothed his rumpled hair with spread fingers. His blinking eyes and dazed smile made her all the angrier—for it was quite obvious that he had been sound asleep. She halted at the bedside.

"I made a point of telling Nacio I was not to be disturbed," Ben said.

"He didn't forget to tell me," Abigail said.

"I see," said Ben. "This interview doesn't involve your crying, does it?"

"No," Abigail said. "But I don't blame you for asking."

"Thank you," Ben said. He drew in a deep breath, rubbed his bristly chin and looked at her thoughtfully. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Castle?"

"Why," Abigail said, "you can answer an important question for me, and then we will settle down to a short discussion, the subject of which will be determined by your answer."

"Are you running a giveaway program?" Ben asked. "Do I win a car, a trip to South America and a set of sterling silver if I give the right answer?"

"My program has no giveaways, cowboy," Abigail said. "You'll work for what you get. However, you have a selection—sudden death, or complete rehabilitation and maybe a bride. It's up to you."

He stared. "Would you mind repeating that, dear?"

"I think you heard me all right. Are you ready to become a contestant?"

He shook his head. "Not me. If I give you a straight answer, you'll get sore and run home again. I know you."

"I'm through running—and you can stop needling me. I don't require assistance from here on in."

"Counselor," Ben said, "you're displaying an odd attitude tonight. I don't know that I like it. But go ahead and play me the mystery tune."

"The question is," Abigail said, "why are you so sure of yourself?"

"How's that again?"

"Don't stall. How did you know I was coming back to you?"

"I didn't," Ben said. "I only supposed you were a businesswoman and could see the advantages of our arrangement—"

"You're lying," Abigail interrupted. "You gave yourself away by that funny expression you had on your face at the airport. You knew you were an irresistible cowboy—and that I was in love with you and couldn't stay away."

"A.J., I can scarcely believe my ears," Ben said.

"I am in love with you," Abigail said, "and I couldn't stay away—up until the reception I received here tonight, when I realized the full extent of your arrogance, conceit and heartlessness. I came willing to take almost anything—bubbling over with girlish ingenuousness. You fixed me, cowboy. Stupid as I am, I got the point. Within five minutes I knew my place—that I was only an uninteresting convenience like a vacuum cleaner or a washing machine, and that I was on no account to infringe upon your private life."

"Let's not get excited," Ben said.

"Who's excited?" Abigail demanded.

"I am," Ben said.

"You know I can stay away now," Abigail said. "Look into my eyes and you can tell that."

"Darling, I don't want to look into your eyes," Ben said. He wiped a thin line of perspiration from his brow with the tip of the sheet.

"Now," Abigail said, "we come to the discussion I mentioned. My part won't take long. If I stay with you, my whole effort will be devoted to building up the fragments of your character. My word will be law. My best talents will be employed in trying to make a decent man of you, and you'll have to trust implicitly in my superior judgment. When I am convinced you are a finished product, and the debt to Kallen is paid, you can have an unencumbered freedom. During the period I am with you, any revolt or double-dealing on your part will end our association—and probably your life or means of livelihood. Incidentally, I won't require any thanks for turning you into a responsible citizen."

An exclamation formed on Ben's lips—but then he merely looked at her in wordless pain.

"I have recently thought of a solution to my not wanting to have your blood on my hands," Abigail continued. "If I leave you, I shall institute action for a divorce—not an annulment—and tell the complete story of our marriage in a court. The publicity will be two-edged, naturally, putting you in the ash can permanently, and perhaps deterring Mr. Kallen from having you killed. Anyway, if he does decide to murder you, I will have done my best."

THERE was a long silence. Ben toyed with the coverlet. "Well?" said Abigail. "Let's have a decision, cowboy."

"You could have told me this in the morning," Ben said.

"What do you say?" Abigail said.

"You'd think with all the advantage I've taken of women," Ben said, "that I wouldn't allow myself to get taken advantage of—wouldn't you?" She didn't answer, and he gazed at her mournfully. "All right, Mrs. Castle. But don't make too big a mama's boy of me—the other cowboys will laugh at me."

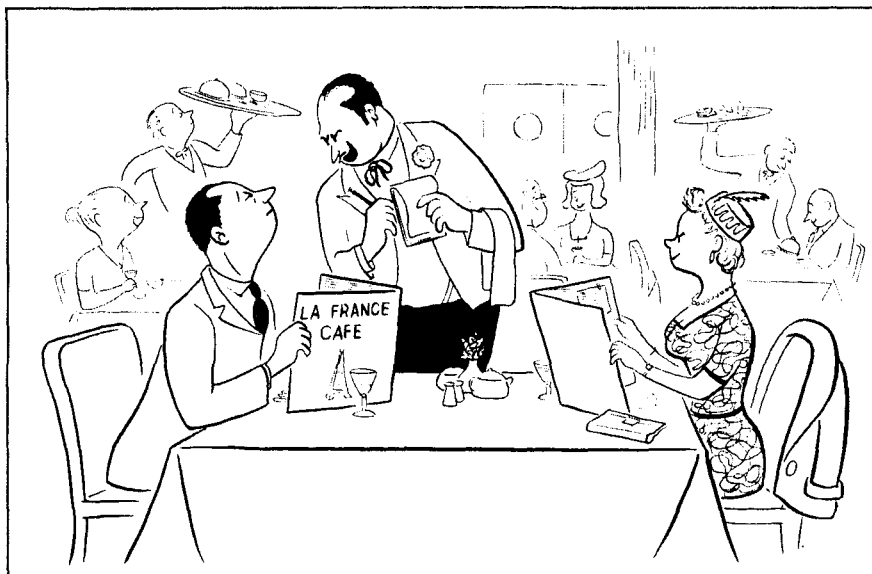
"Good," Abigail said. "The deal is closed. I know you believe you can get on the good side of me and weasel out of this—but you're terribly mistaken. Good night."

"Don't you want to tuck me in and give me a good-night kiss?" Ben said.

"Nope," Abigail said. "That might come later when you're an eagle scout and have all your merit badges. You mustn't count on it, though."

"You're going to hate yourself in the morning," Ben said. "I'm going to hate you too."

(To be continued next week)



"Now that you've said in French, 'Do not unsaddle the horses, the innkeeper has been struck by lightning,' would you care to order in English?"

COLLIER'S HAROLD CURRIER

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Blended whiskey 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 30% straight whiskies—70% grain neutral spirits.

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How to Swap Horses

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

sprinkled over a pan of hot bacon fat. She can tell me, Bill thought, nodding to himself. He tapped on the wooden sign.

"Come in," said a voice that might have been sleepy, or merely bored.

Madam Irene wasn't a gypsy, although her skin was dark and her black hair quite oily. She was cooking bacon on an alcohol cooker.

Bill took off his hat and made a sweeping bow.

"Yes, ma'am. I just wants my fortune told so I know where to look for the money," Bill said. "But I ain't in no hurry. Go on and eat your breakfast, ma'am."

Madam Irene made a bacon-and-egg sandwich and ate it while she read the lines in Bill's left palm. She said he was going on a trip right away. Bill nodded. That would be back to Corinth. He would have a spell of sickness, too, but it was a long time off.

"But how about the money?" Bill asked. Then he told her about his dream.

They went to the door, where the light was better, and Madam Irene examined Bill's hand again. After a bit she said, "You're going to find some money. But you'll need a witching rod."

"You talking about one of them willow limbs that will turn towards the money?" Bill asked. "I thought them was for money and tableware that had been buried. I seen this here pocketbook lying on the sidewalk somewheres."

"But you don't know where the sidewalk is," Madam Irene said.

"Pa use to find water with a willow stick. But I don't believe in witchcraft myself," Bill said. "I ain't superstitious."

"You right- or left-handed?" Madam Irene asked.

"Both," Bill said.

Madam Irene walked to a trunk in the darkest corner of the tent. She raised the lid of the trunk and got something out of it. Then she came back to the stove.

"Here," she said holding out a forked, slender switch. "Give me two dollars and take it. I ought to be out making money with it myself—but I've got varicose veins so bad till I can't wear no shoes—just these house slippers."

"Ma'am, I'm sholy distress to hear it. Then broken veins they very trying," Bill told her. "But I only got a dollar'n a half left to my name. Guess I owes you most of that already."

"Give it to me!" she said. "And take this dad-blamed—this genuine divining rod."

WHEN he got outside again, Bill looked at the willow switch. It was forked all right; but it wouldn't point anywhere except straight ahead. Along about noon, though, the wind rose a bit and blew the switch against his left thigh. He got the ticket stub out of the pocket on that side. The numbers looked as unlucky as ever.

He put the stub in his pocket again and walked slowly toward a booth near the gate, where a crowd had gathered around a couple of young fellows who wore white hats and white shirts, with their sleeves rolled up to their elbows. They looked like twins. Each wore a yellow necktie hand-painted with pictures of bathing beauties who hadn't quite finished undressing. But one of the men wore a pink cameo stickpin in his tie, and the other had a stickpin made in the shape of a golden horseshoe.

Bill eased into the crowd, just as the fellow with the cameo stickpin waved a white card and said, "All right, folks. I have here a card with the lucky number that drives off a brand-new automobile that we're giving away here this morning absolutely scot-free and no strings attached. All right, folks—get ready. Here she comes! And the lucky number is three, one, one, two, five. Who's got it?"

Bill looked at his stub; then he shook his head. A lot of others in the crowd were shaking their heads, too. The number was called out twice more.

The crowd was now very quiet. This time it was the man with the horseshoe stickpin who said, "All right, folks. We'll draw another one. We're going to give away this brand-new automobile, equipped with radio, heater and French horn, absolutely free if it takes us all day."

Then the man drew again from the little green box that was on a card table they had up there on the platform. He handed the card to the fellow with the red stickpin, who took it and read: "Two, zero, four, five, one."

VIEWPOINT

"I like this nag, May Thirty. She does well on a fast track, has been clocked at 1:05½ for this distance and comes from a good dam and sire"

"George told me to bet on May Thirty. He has a sister May and her birthday is the thirtieth"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

Bill was glaring at his stub when somebody standing beside him jerked it out of his hand and shouted, "Here it is! Right here the man with the lucky number!"

Then the fellow said to Bill, "Get up there, old man! You done won a automobile—a coach-type automobile."

"Who, me?" Bill said.

Then they were shoving him along toward the automobile that was under a striped canvas awning back of the platform. When he was near enough, Bill touched the radiator cautiously. He jerked his hand away as if it had been stung.

"I ain't got no driver's license, much less do I know how to operate one of these things," he said nervously.

"Well, you better take a couple swift lessons, or either hire somebody to drive it out for you," said a florid man who was chewing morosely on an unlighted cigar. "This carnival's due to move out of here tonight at eleven o'clock sharp."

Bill could hear the bells tinkling on the bridles of the merry-go-round horses down the street. Got to get a ride back to Corinth, he thought. Maybe I can swap it off for a good saddle hoss.

So they directed him to Olsen's Livery Stable; they drove him there, in fact. The florid man lighted his cigar and said he was going uptown right past the livery stable. When they were there and Bill was getting out of the car, the man said, "Now hit them for boot. I don't care if they got a horse with gold teeth and a silk-tassel tail, they still got to give you plenty of boot."

Mr. Olsen turned out to be a man with large feet, which he kept propped on a roll-top desk that very nearly barred the door into his office. He wore a sailor straw hat, apparently balanced on his eyelids. One sallow cheek was sunken, but the other cheek was taut and bulging with something round. Mr. Olsen kept his eyes shut and spoke in liquid monosyllables, so that he wouldn't have to spit and consequently wear out a chew that would last for two hours when business was slack and he could keep his mouth shut. He had timed it—and a chew the size of a quarter would last two hours if you could make the customers do the talking. Finally he said that he didn't like a coach.

"Well, maybe you can trade it off for a sedan," Bill said.

"Hate a sedan, too," Mr. Olsen said. About ten minutes later he remarked drowsily that automobiles stunk.

It was half past one when Bill climbed on a crate, from which he mounted a chestnut mare that weighed around eleven hundred and fifty pounds. When Bill had asked how old she was, Mr. Olsen opened the mare's mouth and showed him her teeth. "Cap'm, them teeth don't tell me nothing," Bill had said. Mr. Olsen just shut her mouth again and the discussion ended. Then Mr. Olsen adjusted the stirrups on the English-style saddle (secondhand) that he'd thrown in. Bill lighted the rest of the boot—a nickel cigar—and rode out of Blytheville. The wind was blowing steadily, but it wasn't a wind to cool things off very much.

The mare had a mincing walk.

"Young lady, we got eighteen mile to go before we be home," Bill told her.

He clucked his tongue, then slapped her flanks lightly. She began to trot rather listlessly. She soon slowed down to a walk again and edged over to the dirt shoulder of the road where a little dusty grass was growing.

I bet they ain't fed her since breakfast, Bill thought. "Whoa!" he said.

The mare began to pick. Bill regarded the stylish arch of her neck. Maybe he'd give her to Judge Ashley. He feeds and stables me tolerable well but he ain't got no hoss stable nor no hay neither, Bill thought.

The grass gave out and they moved on. Bill let her set the gait. He decided to have their picture made when they got home. He'd get a haircut and borrow Jule's black hard-shell derby hat. Suddenly he remembered that he was broke again just as Jule had predicted. He frowned and started to rap the mare's flank with the willow switch; but he caught himself. No use frazzling up that old witching stick.

THEY crossed a township line, and what had been a concrete road changed now to one of tar and gravel. It stretched out like a black greasy ribbon for a mile or so. Then it disappeared downhill as if the ribbon were hanging over the far side of a table. Far down the road Bill could see something like a white speck.

The mare was trying to pick again. Bill jerked on the reins. "Can't you wait till we get home?" he asked.

The white speck became a man wearing a white shirt and apparently kneeling there on the side of the road.

You ride horseback down the big road and feel like a prince or maybe a high sheriff, Bill thought, until directly you begin to study. Then it come as a shock that you got something riding you too. That's your responsibility for the hoss. What *is* that fellow doing poking around yonder in them weeds?

The man was putting a tire on the rear wheel of a bicycle that was lying in the ragweeds growing along the dirt shoulder of the road. At close quarters, the man proved to be very young—actually no more than a boy. He looked up at Bill, smiled, then nodded politely.

"What's your trouble?" Bill said to him.

"Tire trouble. But I got it fixed now," the boy said. He wore overalls and a starched white shirt, above which his long black face shone like patent leather.

"Son, you lucky and don't know it," Bill told him. "All you got to do is give that wheel a few whiffs of air for them tires now and then, and maybe patch a tube. What if you had the responsibility of a hoss?"

The boy picked up a short rusty pump and screwed the tip of the hose into the tire valve. He stood up stiffly and began to pump.

"If I had your horse I'd farm next year," the boy said. "You can't get nowhere with a bicycle."

"Learned to ride a wheel when I was a child. Always wanted one," Bill said thoughtfully. "By the way, son, how would you swap?"

"I got no money," the boy said indifferently. He kept on pumping.

"I ain't hard to trade with," Bill said. He swung his left leg around so that he was sitting sidesaddle, facing the boy. "Cose I don't swap without I get boot. That's my rule. But you got a dollar or so you can throw in—you know you have."

The boy stopped short in the middle of a downward stroke. A strained, wary look came over his face. "You joking?" he asked gravely.

Bill shook his head.

"I don't want to cheat nobody," the boy said, gripping the pump handle hard, his elbows akimbo and his forearms rigid.

"You ain't dealing with no child," Bill told him brusquely. "What kind of boot you got on you?"

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IT CAN BE DONE
...but don't try it!

Sometimes it's possible to break all the rules—and get away with it.

The famous Tower of Pisa, for instance, has successfully defied both sound engineering practice and the law of gravity for over 800 years.

But for most of us, most of the time, the rules hold.

That is particularly true when it comes to saving money.

The first rule of successful saving is *regularity* . . . salting away part of every pay check, month after month.

Once in a blue moon, of course, you'll come across someone who can break that rule and get away with it. But the fact is that most of us *cannot*.

For most of us, the one and only way to accumulate a decent-size nest egg for the future and for emergencies is through regular, automatic saving.

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Use whichever is best for you. But—*use one of them!*

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IS SURE SAVING—
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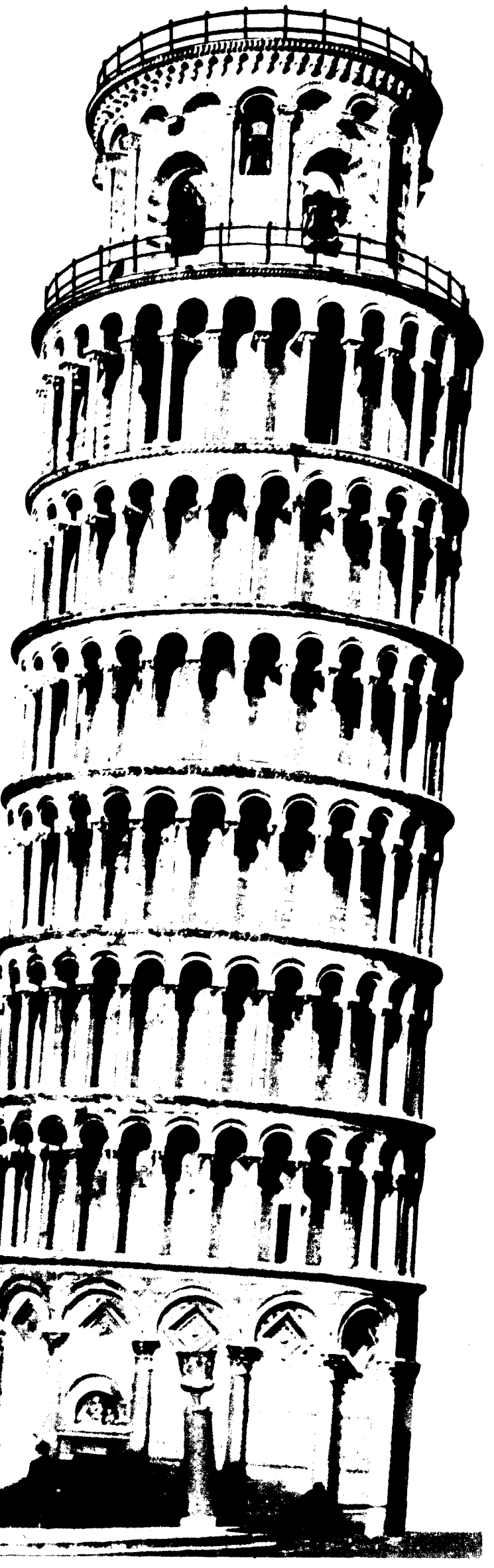

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"Less than a dollar even," the boy said, straightening up at last. His face was pleasant again; all the caution had settled in his eyes.

The total boot amounted to fifty cents, a can of smoking tobacco, and a blue celluloid comb with no teeth knocked out. Bill dismounted and handed the reins to the boy.

"You got a good hoss there far's I know," Bill said. He lifted the bicycle out of the dusty ragweeds.

The boy was in the saddle already. His back was straight as a board. "She sets him off handsome, that little hoss do," Bill admitted to himself.

"I guess you know to watch that second hill. You go downhill a piece then it level off. But the next one just keep right on going down," the boy said. "Them's good brakes, but they needs to be tightened."

The bicycle wobbled a bit at first. Bill got it straightened out; then he began pedaling as hard as he could. They were down the hill and on the level stretch in no time. He felt cool for the first time since morning.

"Roll on, sweet moments," Bill sang, "and bring me still nearer my home!"

It would dry Jule up when he saw the wheel. From now on he can't accuse me that I don't even want to own no property, Bill thought.

The air, which was getting colder, rushed past his face. His eyes were on the white line in the center of the road—but all he could see was the disgruntled look on Jule Mason's coal-black face. "We give that biggety I-got-money-in-the-bank look a few days' rest," Bill tried to say out loud. But the wind blew the words back into his mouth. He stopped pedaling when he realized suddenly that the bicycle was making about a mile a minute and pedaling itself now.

He looked down at a flat bridge, perhaps half a mile straight ahead at the bottom of the hill. A hillside cotton field shot by. It was white with cotton and needed picking. Be tempted to pick it myself, if whoever that cotton patch belongs to would come out here fast and stop this confounded runaway wheel, Bill thought.

The bridge seemed to fly up the hill to meet him, it looked bigger every second. He remembered the brake that was supposed to need tightening; and he swung his feet backward, hunting for the brake pedals. He found them and pressed down, just before the bridge got to him. Them brakes do seem slack, he was thinking as they locked. The bicycle recoiled like a shotgun and swerved sharply to the left; it jumped a shallow ditch and banged into a stone fence.

BILL rested in the dry ditch. He lay on his back and probed with his tongue for an upper jaw tooth. Then he sat up and spat out the tooth. It looked like the drying shell of some small dead bug. Bill waved good-by to the tooth. It had been aching anyhow.

Bill gave a cold look to the battered bicycle.

"Old wheel, you just save me a dollar," he said, nodding toward the tooth that had ached. "Doctor Jarvis charge a dollar to pull a jaw tooth like that. So maybe you was trying to help me out. I be confound, though, if I much like the way you went at it."

He heard somebody running, breaking the brittle weeds on the other side of the fence. He got up slowly and shook the dust from his clothes.

A couple of squat, muscular boys—maybe twelve or thirteen years old—climbed over the fence.

"You ain't hurt, then?" the biggest one said, panting a little. His voice sounded disappointed.

"Got a jaw tooth knocked out," Bill said. He noticed that he still had the witching stick in his left hand. Maybe a real witch had used it. If that was the case, you couldn't lose it if you tried. He relaxed his grip. The stick fell to the ground.

The two boys had the bicycle surrounded. "You won't never make it to Corinth on this here ruint wheel if Corinth was where you was going," the larger one told Bill.

"I got to go to Corinth. About as soon walk, though, as fool with that cranky old wheel. I'd swap her right now for a ride back to town in a good soft-cushion car," Bill said.

The boy looked narrowly at Bill with eyes that hadn't been wide to start with.

"If you'll wait about fifteen minutes and ain't joking," the boy said, "I can get you a ride to town. But I got to have the wheel. It ain't nothing but junk, but I'll take some of them nuts offen it."

"Take it. I ain't hard to swap with," Bill told him. "You live close to here?" the boy nodded.

"Well, let's go to your house and get a fresh drink of water," Bill said, stooping to pick up the willow stick. "I been wanting a good drink of water all day."

He helped them get the bicycle over the fence. The older boy pushed the bicycle and led the way down a narrow path that had the worn glazed look of an old razor strop.

"Would it make any difference in the trade if the ride was to be on a half-ton truck?" the boy asked, glancing furtively back at Bill.

"Just so I ain't got to pedal it," Bill said. "And that reminds me—you got to throw in a little boot. That's my rule when I swap."

The boy stopped short. He unnarrowed his eyes long enough to look sadly on the bicycle.

"I only got a fifty cents and a quarter. And them are at the house," he said in a low, mournful voice.

"Well, I'll take the fifty-cent piece and leave you the quarter for seed. Ain't my purpose to bankrupture nobody," Bill said.

The younger boy spoke up: "We better go on. Them well diggers knocks off from work and goes back to Corinth at half atter four."

THEY skirted a thicket of young pines and came to a small frame house that had never been painted, but had a distinctly blue color from the rough pine boards that had evidently been allowed to mildew before they were used.

The well-digging machine lay in a stubble field to the left of the house. It looked like a very long hayrack with a pulley tower built near the center; the pulley supported a long steel spike made in the shape of a round toothpick. Two white men sat on a toolbox in the field a bit to the left of the pulley. A third man sat on the running board of a pickup truck, in front of the well digger. The third man was whittling dejectedly on a piece of cedar shingle.

"Wait here a minute," the older boy told Bill. He leaned the bicycle against the side of the house, then started toward the well-digging machine. Bill followed and heard one of the men say, "Sure. We got room for him."

"How she going, Cap'm?" Bill asked. The question was meant for any of them that wanted to answer.

"No good," said one of the oily-faced men on the toolbox. The other one grunted in a noncommittal way.

The whittler said nothing at first; but suddenly he threw up his hands with a defensive, angry gesture as though he expected a blow he didn't deserve. He hit his hat and knocked it off his head.

"Dig, dig, dig! All over the place," he said. "Makes four times, four different places we tried already. We're still toting water from a blamed bullfrog spring half a mile from the house."

Then the man grabbed at the top of his head as though he would tear out his hair. He was thwarted again—for the hair on his head was as scarce as water seemed to be on his farm.

"This here last hole is done down to eighty feet. Dry as dust," he told Bill.

"Which way is that bullfrog spring, Cap'm? I'm perishing for a drink of water," Bill said. He could feel the flesh of his left hand crawling, and he gripped harder on the willow switch.

"It's back of the house," the whittler said absently.

Bill was holding the stick with both hands now. Slowly it twisted a quarter turn to the left and pointed in the general direction of the steel toothpick lashed to a heavy stake on the side of the machine.

"What's that?" the man asked. He was standing at Bill's shoulder and his voice was excited.

"She's suppose to locate water," Bill said. "She's acting now like you got that machine setting on top of the ocean. But that's just the opinion of a dry stick that ain't got brain number one."

The man snapped his knife shut and turned toward the men on the toolbox.

"Boys, let's crank up and try it a few more minutes. This fellow's a professional dowser with a real water rod," the man said. "They never fail. Been trying for months to contact one."

So they started the motor, untied the long spike and swung it down into the dry pipe. Bill waited around on the off-chance that they might strike an artesian lake and save him the trouble of walking to the bullfrog spring. When they had made four strokes, the well diggers drew up the big spike and examined its tip. It looked dusty. Nevertheless, the bald-headed man—who apparently owned the farm—put his nose against the spike and claimed it had a moist scent.

They lowered the spike and drove it down with two more strokes; then they pulled it up again. Its tip was slick and yellow with mud.

NOBODY said anything. They just set the spike again and kept driving it for another five minutes. Then the wire ropes on the pulley went slack, and a splashing, booming sound came up out of the pipe. They drew up the spike then, and one of the greasy-faced well diggers cut off the motor.

The bald-headed man looked at the willow stick, which Bill still carried in his left hand.

"They never fail," the man said solemnly. "Me and the boys had done decided to quit that hole. How much I owe you, Uncle?"

"All I want right now is a good drink of water," Bill told him.

"If I was rich I'd give you a hundred dollars. But I'm dirt-poor. Would twenty satisfy you?" the bald-headed man asked, getting out his wallet.

"More apt to ruin me," Bill said. "Liable to hurt my reputation if folks that knows me seen I had a twenty-dollar bill. Everybody be looking in his pocketbook. Before long somebody be bound to be missing twenty dollars exactly—if not more. Just give me fifty cents."

The well diggers had started the truck. The one who was driving asked Bill if he was ready to go. They made room for him in the cab. When they got to Corinth, they stopped at a parking lot and Bill got out.

He walked slowly down King William Street. He had the willow switch in his left hand, and with the right one he clutched from time to time at the brim of his hat, for the wind was getting up. Just before he got to the colored grade school, he pulled off his hat and used it to field a dirty yarn ball, which a gust of wind had carried away from the small Negro boys who were playing "round

Standard Built-in Equipment

The weather's bad. Hurrah! Hurray!
I shall not have to weed today.

Now, rack my brains I promptly must
Or I shall have to darn or dust.

It puts one in a nasty hole
To have a standard housewife's soul.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

COLLIER'S

"Pardon—would you teach me to swim —or would you rather I teach you?"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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1 jigger golden Puerto Rican rum
Juice of ½ fresh lemon
Juice of ½ fresh orange
1 tsp. sugar

Shake well and pour into tall glass with finely cracked ice. Decorate with fruit. Mellow Puerto Rican rum brings perfection to this summer favorite.

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1 jigger Puerto Rican rum
Juice of ½ fresh lemon
Add ice and fill with cola

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town" in the street. When he was near enough, Bill tossed the ball to one of the boys, who said, "How you, Uncle Bill?"

"I'm thirsty," Bill said. He held out the switch and whispered, "All right, stick, earn your daily bread."

The wind twisted the switch. It pointed now in the general direction of a door that opened into the basement of the schoolhouse.

"Everybody in town knows about that fountain in the basement," Bill remarked coldly to the willow switch.

The drinking fountain was just inside the door. Bill turned the little brass wheel and gulped hard. The fountain made a faint guzzling sound and sucked the air out of Bill's mouth. He stood up straight again; then he raised the switch so that it was almost touching his lips.

"That was a low-down joke to play on a man perishing for water," Bill told the switch. "But if you like a joke, why we give you one—because where I comes from, old stick, we plays jokes on one another!"

He broke the switch over his knee. One strand of the tough outside bark still held; and now Bill draped the switch around the brass wheel at the side of the drinking fountain and left it hanging there, a limp V turned bottom side up.

THE sun had gone down, leaving a pink afterglow in the west. The air was already crisp, and Bill knew that the first killing frost was on its way. He was walking fast. His feet were so light that he looked down to see if his shoes were still there.

They had beef stew for supper, and since the judge had gone out to dinner, they drank some of his red wine. They were sitting there at the kitchen table drinking the wine, when Jule asked how the show had been. Bill shook his head.

"Shows ain't gay no more like they use to be," Bill said. "Even them little merry-go-round hosses looks old and jaded nowadays."

"Well anyhow, you can sleep like a saw log tonight. You ain't got no money to lie awake over," Jule said.

"Fact is, I got a dollar'n a half," Bill said.

He put the three fifty-cent pieces down on the table. Then he gave each coin a separate, inscrutable glance. After a moment, he handed one of the fifty-cent pieces to Virginia and another to Jule. Bill put the last one back into his pocket.

"I presents you all a surprise gift," Bill said. "Take and spend it on some foolishness so you be sure to enjoy every penny of it."

Virginia laughed. "Thank you, Uncle Bill. I guess I'll go to the picture show twice this week."

Jule turned the coin over a couple of times.

"Cose I'll take it if you press me," he said. "But you may need this money, Bill."

"Take it. I got fifty cents left for smoking tobacco," Bill said. "You size me up exactly right, Jule. I don't want to be weighted down with no real estate, nor household furnishings, nor no other kind of property."

"How you know if property would weight you down or not, Bill?" Jule asked mildly.

BILL pulled his chair nearer the table. He stared into his glass and seemed so absorbed that both Virginia and Jule wondered what he saw there besides a finger of sour red wine.

"Time was when I had property. In a day bygone I was a moneyed man," Bill said. "Always had some kind of business deal in the fire. Swapped constantly and always made the other party throw in the boot. It was my cast-iron rule. I still recollect the time I had me a bicycle, a nice saddle hoss and a brand-new automobile coach. Well, I was equipped to ride. But all the time I keep bending down more and more low. My back got to aching on me. You know what made it ache?"

"What made it ache, Bill?" Jule asked. He was looking at Bill with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Because me and that bicycle, and that young saddle hoss and that new coach was all of us riding one another," Bill said. "Well, it was too much for my back, so I give my goods to the poor. Then I took and made me a vow against all kind of property and big business deals—that I would leave it to the white folks and such colored as ain't got no better sense." THE END

"And at the peak of the shortage they just counted the wheels and said: 'I'll take it'"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

Design for Vengeance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

nothing of this. "That's too bad," he said. "How do you feel?"

"I feel fine," said Lucas. She paused beside the table, snatched a piece of bacon from Tim's plate, popped it into her mouth.

The comings and goings in the far bedroom slowed down, and, eventually, ceased entirely. At eleven o'clock, when Tim was departing for golf, he encountered a procession working its way down the hall. Lucas came first, still in pajamas and robe; then the perambulator; and finally Mrs. Larkin, pacing slowly and with dignity upon her large feet.

Tim looked into the perambulator. He extended one forefinger, waved it in Thomas' face. Thomas' eyes wavered in a drunken, unfocused fashion. "Hi, boy," Tim said.

Mrs. Larkin sniffed. Her lips were pressed tightly together and she regarded Tim without approval.

Tim kissed Lucas' cheek, and fled.

HE RETURNED at something after four o'clock. He found Joe on the back step, sitting there, looking at the door. Joe's tail twitched in sudden, sullen jerks. Joe's expression was not happy. He looked up at Tim and spoke once, querulously. Tim said, "What's the beef?"

Joe said nothing.

Tim squatted beside him, dug his fingers into the heavy fur on Joe's neck. He rubbed hard. A purr began, rumbling deep in Joe's chest. Tim said, "That's better." He stroked Joe's back, ending with a pull on Joe's tail that lifted Joe's hind feet off the ground. The purr throbbed like jungle drums. Tim stood up and pushed at the door. It was locked. He looked down at Joe. "So," he said. He got out his keys, opened the door. Joe trotted through, tail high, chirruping. Tim followed.

He left Joe in the kitchen, beneath the stove. He mixed two highballs and carried them through the house to the bedroom. Lucas was there, on her bed. Tim handed her a drink. He said, "What gives? Are we suddenly afraid of burglars that we lock the back door?"

"No," Lucas said.

"Then maybe Cook is getting absent-minded," Tim said.

"I told Cook to lock the door," Lucas said. "And keep it locked."

He stared at her. "Why? Joe can't get in. He doesn't have a key."

"That's the point." She squirmed a little on the bed, sipped at her drink. "Cats," she said, "carry germs. And they're bad for babies."

"Who—" he began.

"Mrs. Larkin says so," Lucas said. There was no snap, no vigor in her voice, and her eyes were overlarge. "Mrs. Larkin says—"

"If I were to try," Tim said, "I could work up quite a dislike for Mrs. Larkin. I think she—"

Lucas said, "She's an experienced nurse. She knows more about babies than I'll ever know. She—" She stopped there. She said, "Oh, Tim, I don't know. I feel so, so helpless. In the hospital it all seemed easy. But here—I mean sterilizing the bottles and mixing the formula, and—she knows and I don't, and she says that cats—and Vincent, he stole the tray of nipples and scattered them all over the house, and—" She stopped. Two single tears appeared and rolled slowly down her nose.

Tim said, "Hey. Hey!" He put down his drink and went across the room and sat down on the bed beside her. He squeezed her. "I guess we can take it," he said. He took a deep breath. "I'll tell the boys."

He found Vincent on the side porch, curled up and asleep in one of the hanging flowerpots. Vincent perched upon Tim's shoulder, wrapped his tail around Tim's neck, and began to talk in a high urgent voice. It was an impassioned plea, and when it was done, he sat down and put both arms around Tim's neck and pressed himself against Tim's cheek in the manner of a man who throws himself upon the mercy of the court.

"It's possible," Tim said, "but scarcely likely. The evidence—" He reached into the flowerpot, took out a small rubber nipple. He held it up in front of Vincent's eyes.

Vincent had nothing to say.

They went around to the kitchen. Joe dozed beneath the stove. Vincent scuttled over to Joe and crouched beside him. Joe's eyes opened.

Tim got out milk, put it on to heat. He got out the bottle of dark rum. It was only half full. He grinned at it. He said, "I guess I really slugged you boys last night. This thing was almost full."

He mixed the punch, poured it in their bowl. They stood up. "Come on," he said. He carried it out onto the back porch. There he set it down. Joe and Vincent watched him in silence.

"It may just be," he said, "that before long I'll be eating out here, too." He bent down and scratched Joe's back, worked one gentle forefinger in the silky fur beneath Vincent's ear. "I'm sorry, fellows," he said. Then he went inside, closed the door and locked it, feeling, suddenly, very male and very much alone in a woman's world. . . .

In a way things did settle down, and a routine was established. The house awakened promptly at six o'clock each morning to the hammering of Mrs. Larkin's alarm clock. Tim offered—this was upon the following Wednesday—to purchase for Mrs. Larkin a quieter clock. "Then we wouldn't hear it."

"But, darling, I want to hear it. Mrs. Larkin needs help in the morning. She doesn't feel good in the morning."

"Who does?"

Lucas said, "Tim. You're just being difficult."

Tim shook his head slowly. "I think Mrs. Larkin has a good thing here," he said. "And I think she knows it."

Lucas marched out of the room and closed the door solidly behind her.

TIM got up and put on swimming trunks and went out to the pool. He swam around until Joe appeared. Then he climbed out and sat upon the edge to talk. "There are rules and regulations," he said. Joe was silent; his attitude appeared to be a mixture of mild sympathy and subtle reproach. Tim said, "Smoking. There is no smoking in the nursery. And dinner is now at six thirty, because Mrs. Larkin likes to eat early." Joe watched him, saying nothing.

Tim reached out and rubbed Joe's back, pulled Joe's tail. "You're lucky," he said. Still Joe was silent. "Or maybe you don't think so," Tim said. He got up. He said, "See you later, boy." He was gone.

The week passed, as time eventually, inevitably does. Minor crises came and went, leaving their traces, their hidden scars. On Friday, Vincent, overdue for excitement of some sort, found his way into the house through an open window, became careless and was surprised in the act of hanging by his tail from the top railing of Thomas' play pen. His discoverer was, of course, Mrs. Larkin, who, finding the crime heinous almost beyond belief, opened the nearest window and threw him halfway across the lawn.

Vincent fled to Joe and huddled up against him for a time, whimpering softly. And then, in midafternoon, he re-entered the house and set his ambush

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on the top of the Venetian blinds in the hallway. There he waited until Mrs. Larkin, moving ponderously on large feet, passed beneath him. Mrs. Larkin bore in her hands a tray loaded with infant impedimenta. Vincent sighted carefully, launched himself and landed, gibbering furiously, in the nest of Mrs. Larkin's gray hair. The results were spectacular. Vincent disappeared like a mirage, feeling somewhat better.

Dinner that night, served promptly at six thirty, was a silent, strained affair.

ON SATURDAY morning, Mrs. Larkin, feeling worse than usual, took exception to the quality of Cook's coffee. Tim was already gone to golf when the fray broke out in earnest, or the entire matter might have ended there. As it was, Lucas had to act as mediator.

"Dearie," Mrs. Larkin said, "I have worked with a lot of families, and I try to be patient. But this coffee—"

"If my coffee is good enough for the family—" Cook began.

It was Thomas, squalling from the nursery, who finally broke it up.

On Sunday, with Cook off for the day, Tim surveyed Lucas' condition and found it not good. "You're tired," he said. "You're supposed to have been resting since you came home, and you've done more work than ever."

Lucas denied it.

"We're going out," Tim said. "I don't know where, but we're going."

Mrs. Larkin, notified of the great decision, was almost enthusiastic. "It'll be good for you, dearie. Now don't you worry a bit. I know how young mothers are with their first, but don't you give it a thought."

Tim went out to the kitchen, mixed two drinks, got out milk and saucepan. He was gone for quite a time. He came back, carrying the drinks. "We're out of rum," he said. "It's finished."

Lucas, at the mirror, said, "Cook should have told me yesterday."

"They don't like whisky," Tim said, "Or gin. I put an egg in their milk. They won't like it, but I guess it won't make much difference."

"No," said Lucas, thereby proving how wrong two people can be. . . .

From the carnations, Joe watched the car pull away. Vincent perched disconsolately atop the water faucet. They had both approached the bowl on the back porch with anticipation, with spirits high. Joe, sniffing for the warm, luscious rum odor, had suspected first. Vincent, finding nothing awry, had buried his nose and come up grimacing and complaining. Joe had investigated and verified the fraud. And the dark, sullen anger of these last many days had, in this final disappointment, reached the ultimate pitch.

He sat now, amidst the carnations eying the silent house, brooding upon his insults. Vincent said nothing. And the evening faded quietly away, and the stars appeared.

In the nursery, secure in her solitude, Mrs. Larkin sat in her stocking feet. Young Thomas slept in his crib. From time to time Mrs. Larkin took another pull from the rum bottle in her hand. Mrs. Larkin was not visibly drunk; twenty years before, Mrs. Larkin had moved beyond the point where her drunkenness, as such, showed. Her color was high, and her temper was sullen, and these, actually, were the sole outward manifestations. She stirred from her chair, finding the room stuffy, and opened the window. Then she plumped herself down again.

Mrs. Larkin took another pull on the bottle. She lowered it and sighed and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. And then her eyes widened quite suddenly—and the peace of the evening was gone.

Joe stood crouched upon the window sill. For a moment he eyed her, and his whiskers twinked once, twice, as he sniffed. Then he dropped soundlessly into the room.

Mrs. Larkin said, "You!"

Joe said nothing. He was crouched and the great muscles of his shoulders bulged through the thick fur, and his whiskers were flat against his cheeks and his stub tail jerked ominously. Deep in his chest the growl began, rumbling like summer thunder high in the mountains.

Mrs. Larkin said, "You!" But the scorn was no longer in it.

Joe moved forward. The growl was full-blown now, speaking of insults, of slights, of injustices beyond suffering. The fragrance of the rum was strong and his hatred of the big woman was beyond control. He moved forward again, and there he stopped and gathered himself.

There was little cowardice in Mrs. Larkin. She faced Joe, and for a long moment she held her ground.

And then Vincent appeared with suddenness upon the window sill, and he jumped up and down on his small feet, waving his arms and chattering shrilly, and that, like the pulling of the trigger, did it, and everything happened at once.

Joe sprang. Mrs. Larkin, setting a new record for the sitting broad jump, left her chair and landed near the bathroom door. The rum bottle flew through the air. None of the three connected. Mrs. Larkin popped through into sanctuary, and the door slammed and the lock clicked. Neither Joe nor Vincent paid the slightest heed. The rum bottle lay upon its side on the bare floor against the wall, and from its open mouth a rich, warm aroma flowed copiously, spreading in a widening puddle.

Out in the hallway, the telephone rang. It jangled insistently. Joe and Vincent were busy. Thomas slept on. Mrs. Larkin, secure in the bathroom, suffered her delayed shock in trembling silence.

IT WAS Lucas who was first through the door, although she shaded Tim by a mere half pace. Three times she had phoned, without answer, with mounting panic. She flew to the crib. Thomas breathed deeply, evenly, one small fist pressed against his cheek. "He's all right!" Lucas said. "But where—?"

Tim said, "There seems to have been a party."

Lucas said, "Joe!"

Joe was sitting in the corner, behind a jumbled heap of assorted sewing articles, a mirror, a table lamp with its shade awry, and a badly tousled rug. He was erect, his forepaw raised in front of his face. His tongue, it appeared, was neither long enough nor agile enough to make contact.

Vincent came out from beneath the dresser. He extended his arms in the manner of a tightrope walker. He took a sight upon Tim's foot and wavered toward it.

The empty rum bottle lay against the wall. The stain beneath it was almost dry.

Lucas said, "Tim! I don't—"

Tim said gently, "Neither Joe nor Vincent can carry a bottle around the house. And the bottle was gone this afternoon." He looked at the bathroom door. From beyond it there came a loud sniff. He said, "It would appear that our friend is not the epitome of shining virtue. And our two characters here seem to have ferreted out the horrid secret."

Lucas said, "Leaving him, Thomas, with a drunken—" She stopped there. "Thank you, Joe. Thank you, Vincent."

She advanced towards the bathroom door, and the set of her slim shoulders and the straightness of her slim back resembled, somehow, the manner of Joe himself advancing into combat.

Tim said, "The proletariat had enough, eh, Joe?"

Joe opened one eye. He gave a small sound which could have been anything, even a hiccup. Then the eye closed again. Joe slept. THE END

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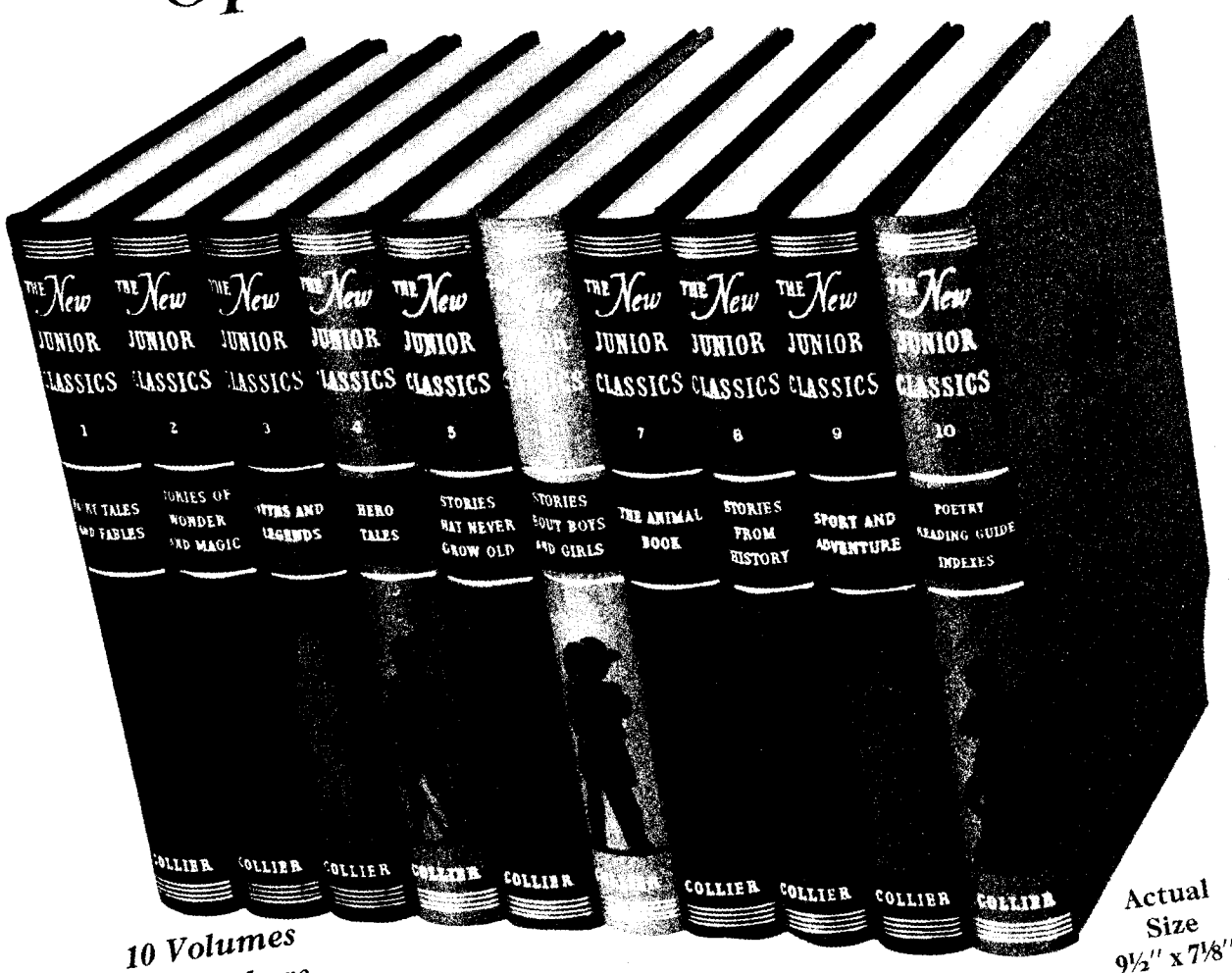

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The Merry Assassin

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

"Think he'd like to work Friday night?"

"Maybe. Depends on the opponent."

"Halpert. Know him?"

I thought quick of Halpert. Strictly a head-down, tear-in-and-get-'em boy. A little like Armstrong, except not so good, not so fast, caught too many punches from a straight hitter. If Duchel couldn't hit the kid in three rounds I didn't see how Halpert could in four.

"It's a deal," I said.

IT WAS about this time that I broke it up. Duchel gave me a nasty look, as a lot of the characters around the gym had gotten a load of the last couple of rounds and were having a laugh or so. Then the kid came up to me, still smiling the same having-fun smile.

"How'd I do?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," I said. "So he didn't hit you, so he'd have won every round on aggressiveness. Were your gloves tied to your belt?"

"Oh!" the kid said, the smile taking on a tone of faint amazement. "Was I supposed to hit *him?* I thought it was the other way around!"

I looked at him a minute, then growled, "Get your shower, get dressed then I want to talk to you.". . .

I went to the office the next morning more out of habit than because I had anything to do. At the moment, I needed an office like I needed a hole in my head. However, it's as good a place as any to look over the newspapers and glance at the dope sheet.

While engaged in this last cultural activity, there was a knock at my door. Thinking it was some stumblebum wanting to put the bite on me I sighed, and hollered, "Come in!"

Brother, what walked in was no stumblebum. It was small and cute and pretty and I found myself wishing I'd worn my Sunday suit.

"I'm Denise Mahoney," she announced. "I'm Larry Gray's fiancée, and I want you to leave him alone."

"You don't want Larry to fight?"

She snapped, "No, I don't. He wants to be a doctor. But if he ever starts fighting, he'll forget about it. He thinks he'll make a lot of money fast, then go to medical school."

"Well, look," I said. "There's one way to get this idea out of his head, and that's the hard way. After Friday night, I think you'll be able to take him right down to get his G.I. educational loan."

"Will he get hurt?" she asked, anxiously.

I shrugged. "He might get shaken up a little."

She looked relieved, thanked me and went out, leaving me to dope out the horses most likely to jump the fence, stop for lunch or fall down in the stretch.

Frankly, I thought the kid had a pretty good chance to left-hand a decision over Halpert, but I wasn't prepared for what happened, which was this:

For the first round, the kid just stayed away from Halpert, or tied him up. Beyond an occasional left flick, not a move. And always the smile just like this was a very good joke that someone was playing on someone and let the customers guess who.

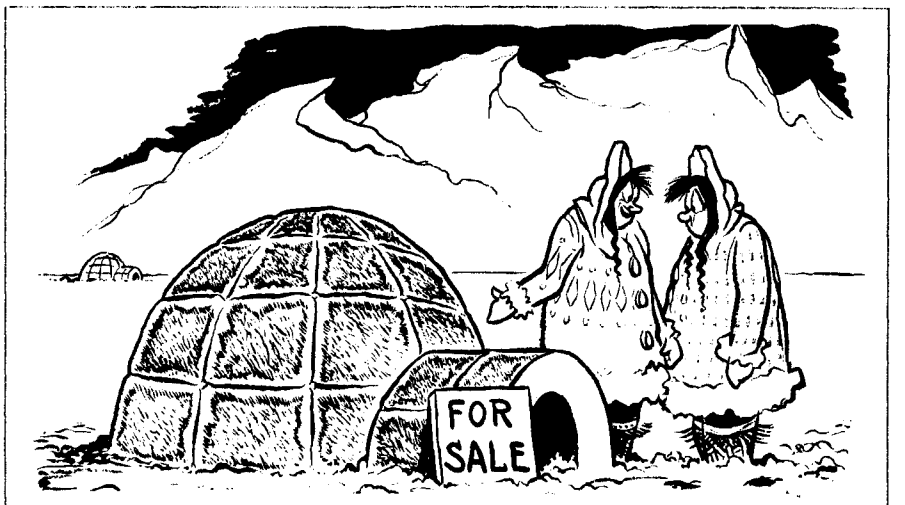
Apparently the customers thought it was on them because before the first round was over they were clapping their hands rhythmically, stamping their feet, and there were many uncouth things said such as "Wipe that smile off his puss, Halpert!"

I'll say for Halpert he was trying to. The second round started much like the first had gone. I wasn't indignant like the audience but I felt like yawning. Then right in the middle of my yawn, it happened. The kid neatly passed a looping left hook and suddenly Halpert was on the deck with a crash. Halpert scrambled up without a count, but he might as well have saved himself the trouble. The kid hooked in his left once for size, then Halpert went skidding along the ring floor, ending up with head and shoulders outside the ropes.

When the referee grabbed the smiling kid and lifted up his mitt, I went out and threw his robe over his shoulders. He grinned at me and said, "Why didn't you tell me this fellow had a glass jaw? Then I wouldn't have been so careful in the first round."

"Let's get to the dressing room," I muttered, "before they find that horseshoe in your glove.". . .

The name, "The Merry Assassin," came three fights later when I happened to work the kid into a prelim on a card where an alleged champion was defending his title. The press was out in force, including Stanley Allen, a very erudite sports writer who likes to confuse his simple readers with four-syllable words, classical allusions and various other dodges to indicate that he had managed to struggle past the sixth grade.



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COLLIER'S — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

This particular night, the kid seemed to be more amused than ever by the proceedings. The smile never left his face. The kid's opponent was pretty good—in fact, I was afraid I'd overmatched him. Then in the third round, this Gorman, the other boy, got in a couple of good clubs to the body and forced the kid into his own corner. When I opened my eyes again the referee was breaking them. They moved out toward the center of the ring. The kid didn't exactly hit on the break but it was close enough so that a biased spectator might have thought so.

A lot of the customers didn't even quite see the punch, and there were a few cries of "Phony!" However, Gorman made the mistake of getting up again, and this served to correct any such impression, because the kid larruped him clear out of the ring, right into the polysyllabic lap of this same Stanley Allen, the before-mentioned journalist. I think that this circumstance is what did so much to impress Mr. Allen.

About four fights later, I found myself in a night club one night. We were sitting at one of those little tête-à-tête tables and I was thinking how much I'd rather be tête-à-tête with one of the little cuties who had just been prancing around the floor than with my friend, who does not have a high average in the beauty league. Just as I was thinking this, it happened. That is to say, a very pretty little girl, still in her chorus costume, came up and sat down at the table.

"You don't remember me, do you?" she asked. I looked around, but she was talking to me, all right.

"The legs are familiar, but the face escapes me," I gallantly replied.

"Cut out the road show, Milton Berle," she said shortly. "I'm Denise Mahoney." As I didn't give out with any further reaction to this, she added, "I used to be Larry Gray's girl. *Used to.* Get it?"

I got it all right, and said, "Can I help it if he turned out to be good?"

"You could have told him about fighters and how they turn out in the end!"

"To begin with, young lady," I said patiently, "he was the first boy I'd seen for a long time who knew how to avoid a punch and at the same time apply the principle of delivering one, and if I hadn't managed him, someone else would have. In the second place, there's no particular pattern as to how fighters turn out, as witness Dempsey, Tunney, McLarnin and Sharkey, to name a few, all respected citizens of the community. Now, why don't you go to Larry, kiss him and tell him you're sorry? I *thought* something was worrying him."

"*Me* tell *him* I'm sorry?" she gasped, standing up. "Why, if you think I'm going to go around with a stupid pug who can't do any more in the world than kick someone around then finally get kicked around himself, you're crazy!" Then, as an afterthought, "Much less *marry* him!"

I asked her gently, "Did he ever tell you what he thought of you dancing around in your underwear in front of a lot of strange firemen?"

Her answer to this was not very logical, but it was direct. She slapped me right in the kisser. Naturally, she being a dame, it didn't hurt at all, and when I got up off the floor I was going to tell her so, but she'd gone already.

WE SKIP several months now and quite a few fights, which took us to Scranton, Hartford, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and various tank towns. The kid wasn't hit very often, and usually didn't have to go the route, so I could work him pretty often without tiring him out.

Finally, I got the kid back to New York for a semiwindup in the Garden.

Well, the fact that the main event was a championship fight may have had something to do with it, but I preferred to think the kid had something to do with the full house and the long lines turned away at the box office. At any rate, the cauliflower of New York society was out for this one and the kid did himself proud, dumping a hefty Greek named Haritos on his haunches in exactly one minute of the fourth round, after some very fast, exciting going.

So now it wasn't hard to bring the kid into the main events. In his first major effort at the Garden, the kid had to go the distance, but he didn't get hurt himself and had his opponent groggy at the last bell. The customers found a powerful fascination in watching the kid Fancy Dan around the ring for a while, then suddenly drop the roof on the other fellow's head.

We had one more in the Garden, then one in Detroit and one in Chicago at the Stadium, both adequately publicized in the New York press. The kid had caught on and the name, The Merry Assassin, didn't hurt a bit. We were in, with a shot at the title coming in a year, maybe less, providing there weren't any nasty accidents along the way. This *I* was trying to take care of, in my way, by being as careful as possible about who I matched the kid with, although as we started to get up there, this got harder. When you're pitching to the Red Sox or the Yankees, there *aren't* any soft spots.

It was five days before the next Garden match, when, one fine evening, I saw something that really flipped my lid. I walked into the Blue Duck, a hash house much patronized by the fight fraternity and people from show business.

"If the kid has to talk with Eddie Higgins," I asked myself, "why does he have to do it in the Blue Duck?"

EDDIE HIGGINS is one of those gambling sports who will gladly bet on a five-horse race, providing he can arrange to shoot the other four nags in the stretch.

The sight of my boy and Eddie Higgins in close conclave was, as might be expected, causing eyes to pop and tongues to snap and necks to crane all over the place. As for me, I was suddenly sick at my stomach and didn't feel like eating.

I waited for the kid to come back to the hotel.

"Nice company you keep," I said tartly.

He grinned broadly. "We sure had the spotlight."

"If that's the kind of buddies you want, there's some old friends of Al Capone I can fix you up with."

"No, thanks," the kid smiled. "I think this Eddie Higgins will do, nicely."

I was too sore and upset to talk any more about it, so I slammed the door and went off to my own room. The next afternoon, sure enough, a couple of the columns had nasty little innuendoes about the fight, and by the following day, the odds had dropped from three to one on the kid to even money, and not much action there.

There seemed only one thing to do, so, that night, I headed to the upholstered rattrap where Denise Mahoney did her stuff. I sat down at a table alone, gave a waiter an ace to bring her a note, and after the show she came up to my table, dressed in street clothes.

"If you don't swing at me," I said, "I'll keep *my* hands down."

She didn't even ignore this, merely asking, "What do you want, Mr. Doyle?"

"It's this way," I told her. "The fight racket is just like any other game. There's a right way and a wrong way to do it. Larry has decided to do it the wrong way. In other words, he's decided to go in the tank Friday night. Meaning, in plain English, that someone is paying him to blow the duke."

She got up from the table, looked down at me as if I had just crawled from under a rock, and said, "I don't believe it. Larry would never do anything dis-

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honest. Your trouble is, you've been around your filthy rings and gymnasiums so long you don't know anything about a fine, decent boy like Larry."

"All I know," I said grimly, "is that your fine, decent boy is going to take a dive Friday night unless someone can talk him out of it."

"Well," she said, her eyes flashing, "I'll tell you what. I have fifteen hundred dollars saved up and just to show you what I think of your suspicions, I'm going to bet it on Larry."

"Unless you talk to him first," I said, "you'd better give it to the Red Cross."

"I'm *not* going to talk to him. I wouldn't insult him by even *thinking* he'd do anything like that."

"Well," I said, "when the referee is fanning your boy with that ten-count Friday night, remember what I told you."

"If Larry gets counted out," she said, "it'll be because he *can't* get up."

I arose, left a bill for the waiter, and told her, "The only reason he won't be able to get up will be on account of certain citizens will be waiting outside for him with loaded roscoes if he does." . . .

In the dressing room, the kid was lying resting on the table, his hands already bandaged. Suddenly the door opened, and Eddie Higgins walked in, flanked by a couple of gunsels, each with one hand in a coat pocket.

"Get out!" Higgins said to me. "I want to talk to the kid."

"Now, wait a minute!" I answered angrily. "I'm his manager. Whatever you have to say, *I* hear too!"

Higgins just looked at me and repeated, "Get out!"

Now, I had found out years ago that all bullies aren't necessarily cowards. Aside from his prowess with the equalizer, Eddie Higgins had been known, without any assistance or backing, to take large men apart with his bare hands. So I got out.

WHEN they left, I couldn't tell anything from his face. He's the guy who taught the original dead-pan artist. I went back into the dressing room where the kid was lying, very relaxed, while Scotty, the second, lipped his way through a comic book.

I said to the kid, "The way you're going now carries a one-way ticket to the marble orchard. Someday you'll forget exactly what they tell you to do, and you'll never get a chance to explain."

He smiled and said, "Relax."

"Furthermore," I went on, bitterly, "you'll be interested to know that your little quail bet her whole sock—fifteen hundred rugs. On *you!*"

"She did?" The smile stayed, but he looked very interested.

"Yeah," I said, "that ought to make you feel *real* good!"

"It does," he grinned. "I didn't know she cared." I gave him a look of sheer disgust, and he said again, "Relax, Pat. There's still time to get in a bet."

"I'm not betting on this fight," I said stiffly. Then, I added bitterly, "And seeing how you operate, I'd never go to you if I had the sixty-four-dollar ailment and you were the best doctor in the world."

The kid smiled vaguely and said, in a disinterested voice, "I won't be." . . .

I watched Rosenthal flexing himself on the ropes. He looked nervous and I got the idea that he didn't know he was in. He was a good, fast, well-built boy, with a pair of arms like a heavyweight, small, inadequate-looking legs, and a big right-hand punch.

Then the bell rang, and the fight was on, and right away it wasn't much of a fight. Rosenthal apparently had been reading the papers and he was keeping a sharp eye on the kid's right hand. The kid always let the opponent do the leading, so this started out like a waltz.

It wasn't until the fourth round that anything happened at all, when Rosenthal suddenly pinned the kid in a corner and got in a few good ones to the ribs before Larry could tie him up.

They came out for the eighth and Rosenthal, confident now, was evidently out for the kid. He started throwing everything he had, and it was quite a bit. Then Rosenthal got in a *real* good one—the first time I had ever seen the kid really tagged by a good puncher. It set him back on his heels and Rosenthal was all over him like a swarm of flies. Rosenthal left-hooked him and at almost the same second his right hit the kid on the other side of the chin. It looked like someone had batted the kid's feet out from under him with a clothes pole. He landed hard on his knees and stayed down on all fours while the referee started counting over him. At seven the kid straightened up on both knees; at eight he was on one knee; and at nine, he lurched to his feet.

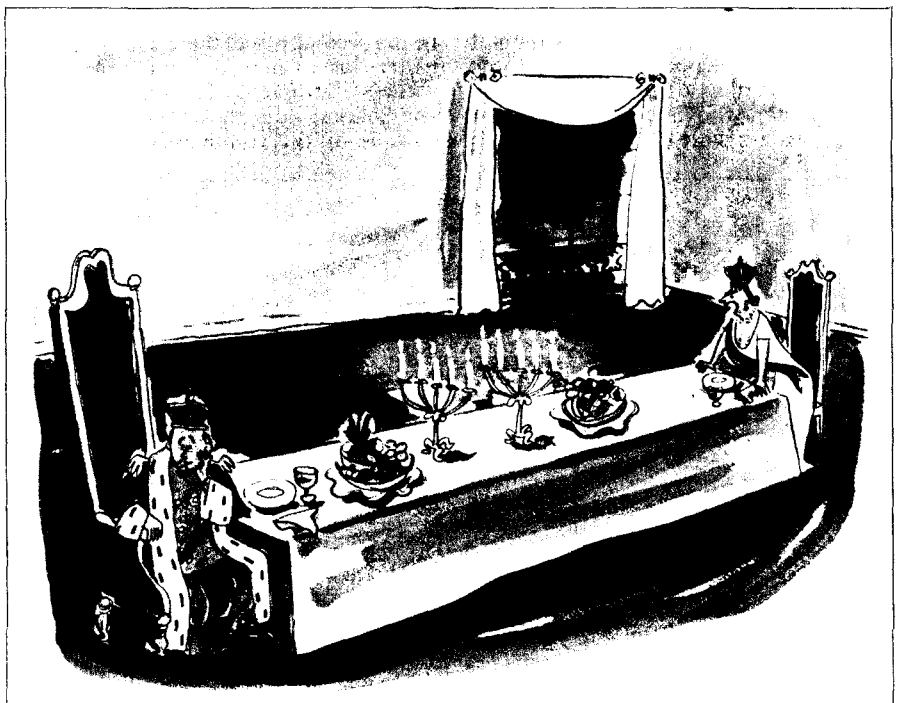
The referee brushed the resin off the kid's gloves. Then began one of the most beautiful pieces of bicycle work other bull's-eye. Rosenthal's knees started to buckle, very slowly, like a slow-motion picture, and this was unlucky for him because it gave the kid time to bring down the boom once more. Rosenthal pitched forward on his face and didn't even twitch as the referee counted him out, while the kid stood in a neutral corner, the smile still on his lips.

While the referee was holding up the kid's hand, I hollered over the crowd noise to Scotty, "Get him to the dressing room quick—and I mean right away!"

Scotty threw the kid's robe over his shoulders while I jumped out of the ring and buttonholed Riley, a plain-clothes man on duty at the Garden. I had done a few favors for Riley in my time.

"Riley," I said quickly, in as low a voice as I could use with the crowd noise, "I want you to do me a favor. I want you to pinch Eddie Higgins and those two kids with him and hold them in your little room. Just for fifteen minutes."

Riley looked justifiably hesitant. It is



COLLIER'S "You're not having anyone in for a command performance next week, and that's final!" KATE OSANN

I've ever seen, not forgetting Tunney at Chicago. Scenting the kill, Rosenthal came in with the works, but the kid parried, ducked, clinched and slipped, all the time backpedaling, with Rosenthal frantically trying to get him cornered. This went on for almost two minutes before the bell rang.

Except for a little slowness in getting back to the corner, the kid seemed all right until I looked into his eyes, which were as blank as a Hollywood ingénue's. Scotty and I went to work with the towel, the water bottle and the massage routine but I didn't have much hope. You can't do much for a severe case of coma in fifty seconds.

Rosenthal, recovered from the arm-weariness that had slowed him up toward the end of the last round, now came charging in a blizzard of gloves. The crowd, sensing the kill, was on its feet, screaming and hollering. By now, Rosenthal had forgotten all about defense, concentrating on only one thing, namely, knocking the kid out into Forty-ninth Street.

Consequently, he wasn't any more ready than the crowd was when the kid suddenly uncoiled that long, snaky, whip-like right and dusted him right on the whiskers. A circle of flying perspiration from Rosenthal's head made a rainbow under the glaring lights and a look of gentle amazement came to his face. For the space of a second, the crowd stood in stunned silence, and even before they could start giving cry again, but this time in reverse, the kid had flagged him anno little pitch for a cop to pick up Eddie Higgins and hold him for any time whatsoever without having anything on him.

"Please, Riley." Desperately, I added, "They're heeled, Riley. You'll find roscoes on 'em. That ought to be good for at least fifteen minutes, shouldn't it?"

"Okay, but if I find myself in uniform out in Canarsie, I'll know why."

"Riley," I cried gratefully, "if that happens to you, I'll come out and walk the beat with you!"

I pointed Higgins and his two mugs out to Riley, who shrugged, then stepped over and intercepted them. I could see Higgins arguing furiously, but Riley started herding them up the aisle after stripping all three of their rods. With this, I hightailed for the dressing room.

Scotty had pulled the kid's trunks off and was starting to shove him under the shower as I banged in.

"Never mind that!" I said to Scotty. "No shower, no rubdown, no nothin'. Just get his clothes on and get him out of here." I turned to the kid, who looked all right by now. "Do you know where that Denise Mahoney lives?"

"Yes."

"Go there with Scotty. If she's not at home, wait outside the door until she comes. Then don't budge until *I* come."

The kid nodded, and started to climb into his clothes.

"And," I added, "when you see the girl, don't tell her how it happened. Let her think you did it all with your little baby conscience. *I'll* be the chump."

"Let her think that I did what?" the kid asked. "And why am I rushing out of here without a shower and a rub, and why should I go to Denise's place when she's not even speaking to me?"

"Look, buckethead!" I cried in exasperation. "You absent-mindedly knocked Rosenthal out in the ninth round, and Eddie Higgins ain't going to like it. Never mind your tie! Get out of here!"

I CALLED Denise at her night club and she got to her flat at about the same time I did. Scotty and the kid were waiting, sitting on the steps, and we all went in.

"Look," I said to the girl, "you may have to hide this lug here for several days until I can get him out of town."

"Wait a minute!" the kid said. "I don't mind having to scram out of my dressing room without a shower and a rub, as long as it brings me to Denise. But now that I'm here, why should I leave town?"

"Because," I yelled, "Eddie Higgins will blow your brains out if you don't!"

"Now," the kid said, "it's about time you listen to me. I never had a meeting with Eddie Higgins. I was sitting in the Blue Duck, and he just came up and sat down with me. He never said anything definite, but he did hint around a little. I played dumb."

"But—" I sputtered.

"Let me finish. The next day I noticed what happened to the odds, so I just didn't do anything about it. Except when I went down to four to five, I bet a chunk. In fact, all I had."

"But what about the visit just before the fight?" I asked.

"He just came around to make sure I hadn't changed my mind. I hadn't." The kid's grin got wider, and he squeezed my shoulder. "But don't worry, Pat. I couldn't let you in on it—you can't let *anyone* in on a thing that people are just *thinking*—so I borrowed an extra two thousand and put up a bet for you."

"What about the eighth?" I asked.

"Well," he admitted, "he hit me pretty hard then." He smiled that big smile. "I guess I got careless. If I hadn't got up, you'd never have believed the way it really was, would you?"

"No," I admitted.

"I would," Denise cried loyally.

"Well," I told her, "I don't think he's as pretty as you do. Let's go, Scotty!"

Well, everything worked out more than all right. To begin with, Riley figures that as long as Higgins and the two geezarks actually did have cannons on them, they couldn't do him much more for fifteen hours than fifteen minutes, so he took them over to the station and booked them. To follow this through, I am glad to say that something went wrong and the Higgins mouthpiece couldn't keep it away from court. So Higgins and his two rhinos came up before a judge who takes a very severe view of citizens walking around the streets with roscoes on their person, and he sent them up to Sing Sing, surprising Eddie Higgins quite a bit; particularly as he hadn't been able to put in the fix on the fight.

The kid, loaded with his purse and his winning bet, found that the aggregate sum made up exactly what he wanted written in his bankbook, and that's why everyone was so puzzled when The Merry Assassin, having knocked his way up into contention, calmly retired from the ring without ever bothering to meet the champion.

Denise Mahoney felt so good about this that she married the kid. They now live in style in Chicago, where he goes to medical school. She does not dance around in her underwear any more, but stays home and cooks broccoli, carrots and other disgusting dishes while the kid toils over his cadavers.

Sometimes I wonder if he keeps smiling even while he's doing this, and when I think of him standing over some guy he had just mayhemed in the ring, I guess he does. THE END

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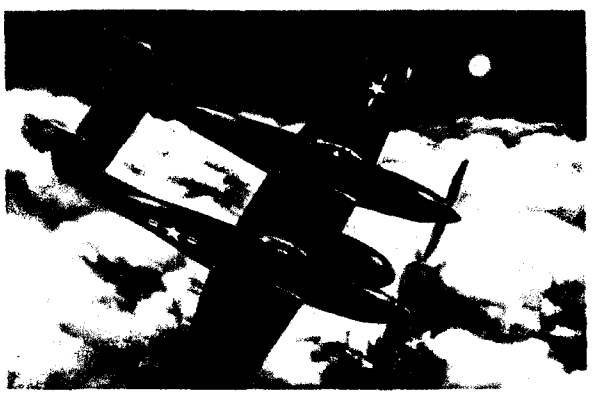

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"Hurry" Cain Out of the West

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

recent election had been the most amazing political victory of the generation. Even under adverse political conditions, a President has all but unlimited freedom in choosing his own official family. Advice and consent by the Senate is traditionally a formality, especially when the President selects, as in this case, one of his closest personal friends.

In addition to all this, Wallgren himself, as Democratic governor of Washington State, had on December 26, 1946, appointed Republican Cain to serve out about 10 days of an unexpired senatorial term. So, when Cain began the full term in January, 1947, to which he had been elected on his own, he had seniority over the other Republican freshmen. (Cain says he did not ask for the interim appointment and does not know why the governor made it.)

Against such a setup as this, Cain, a minority senator serving his first term and one who already had stepped on several senatorial toes, did not have a visible chance of blocking the appointment. Experienced political friends urged him to lay off. A senior Republican senator estimated his chances for succeeding at one in 2,000.

But something inside Harry Cain told him it was time to go crusading again. To the surprise of everyone but himself —anyway, Cain says, *he* was not surprised—he smothered the Wallgren nomination under the weight of a six-and-a-half-hour speech. As filibusters go, Cain stuck unusally close to a single theme, which was that Wallgren did not have the right qualifications for the job. On March 15th the Senate Armed Services Committee tabled the nomination.

Others Who Opposed Wallgren

Of course Cain had help in this fight. Senator Byrd of Virginia, the Democrat who cast the "deciding" vote in the tabling count, reached his decision independently. (Cain is not a member of the Armed Services Committee which held the hearing on the nomination.) Nonetheless, if Cain had remained silent, Wallgren would today be chairman of the National Security Resources Board, potentially the heart of our national defense arrangements. Senator Vandenberg, sending his young colleague a letter of congratulation, said, "If I ever saw anybody run a shoestring into a shoe store you certainly did."

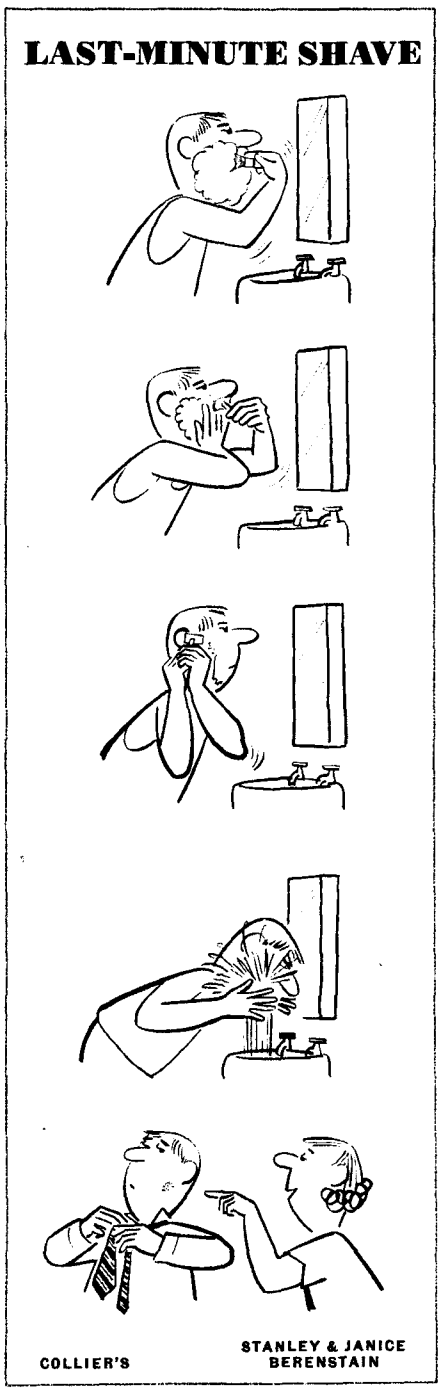
While making his long and climactic speech against his fellow Washingtonian, Cain changed his shoes three times, as if to indicate that speaking is somehow hard on his feet.

Also in the course of that speech he told his colleagues something about his occasional and invisible companion. "Only three persons were responsible for beginning this case against the President's nominee," he said. "I am one. A dead man is the second. And a 'Man in the Sky' is first. . . ."

That Man in the Sky expression is a favorite with Harry Cain. He uses it frequently in letters and in conversation, except that sometimes it is "the Guy in the Sky." A religious tendency seems to be strong in him. In his college days he considered the ministry and today his evangelical talents are obvious.

Harry Pulliam Cain—his Grandfather Pulliam was at one time president of the National Baseball League—was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on January 10, 1906. His father was from Alabama, his mother from Kentucky. Both were Democrats. Harry himself was once a leader of the Young Democrats of Washington, but later became, so far as he knows, "the only member of the Republican party my family has ever produced." In 1911 the family moved to Tacoma, where his father became the moderately prosperous publisher of the West Coast Lumberman.

When he was 11 years old, the death of his mother shocked Harry profoundly. She was, he remembers, a talented, imaginative and lovely woman, a writer of stories for children, and an entertainer. Harry was her boy. His twin brother was more like their father. For years Harry did not accept the reality of her death. "I went out walking alone looking for her," he says, "and at times expected to see her come smiling toward me. She was that close and real to me, even after she had gone. . . . I still have her picture here on my desk. And I still hope that maybe, somehow, she gets a kick out of some of the things I do."



A short time after his mother's death Harry had ear and tonsil trouble, resulting in facial paralysis from which he never has recovered fully. One side of his face still is almost immobile. His inability to speak at all for several months, and a much longer period during which he could not speak plainly, pulled the sensitive boy away from association and play with others of his age. There were moody moments, but after a time they were dispelled by a great determination to make good.

"To offset my handicap in speech," he explains, "I drove myself relentlessly. I practiced speaking with pebbles in my mouth. I practiced in front of mirrors, watching and trying to control the movement of my facial muscles. I went off by myself where I could talk loudly and shout in an attempt to regain full power of speech. I did every exercise I had heard of and made up some of my own."

The boy succeeded so well that at Hill Military Academy in Portland, Oregon, he won many scholastic and oratorical honors, and more athletic letters than any other student of his time. At Sewanee (University of the South), in his native Tennessee, he continued his remarkable career as an honor student and became a four-letter man in sports. Also, he engaged in one of his first crusades. Until then, he had fought and conquered difficulties within himself.

When he enrolled at Sewanee, he found that physical hazing of new students was severe. He wrote to his father that he wanted to come home. But that phase passed quickly and Harry Cain decided to fight. He led freshman resistance to painful indignities, at times hiding from the upperclassmen, at other times slugging it out with them. He won some of these fist fights, and lost some. But the big battle was won—physical hazing at the school was brought within the bounds of decency and sense. After this first big scrap, Harry Cain showed no further signs of diffidence. He had become the aggressive extrovert he still is, always eager for a contest, always throwing everything he has into whatever he does. A broken knee in his second year at Sewanee stopped his football career, but not his love of sports. Today he plays a good game of golf and attends as many boxing bouts, baseball and football games as his crowded schedule will allow.

In 1929, Harry Cain returned to Tacoma, got a job with the Bank of California, rose rapidly as such things go in banks, and when he resigned 10 years later to become mayor, he was head of the new business department and active in numerous outside organizations. Cain is still quite a joiner. The list of his memberships today includes: Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Amvets, Elks, Eagles, Kiwanis and Phi Delta Theta fraternity.

One of the organizations he worked with diligently in his young manhood was the Little Theatre movement. He enjoyed acting and it was through this avocation that he met Marjorie Dils of Seattle who was also actively engaged in amateur theatricals. Ten days after they met they were married. Or maybe it was twelve. Anyway, it was not a slow-paced, mild romance. Today they have a son, eleven, and a daughter, five years old.

Early in 1949 the romance appeared to be headed for an unfortunate ending. Senator Cain told reporters at an unusual press conference held in his office that he and Mrs. Cain would be divorced, but that it would be a friendly parting. It was after this announcement that the senator put on his great fight against Wallgren. Mrs. Cain sat in the Senate gallery listening to his long speech with evident interest and approval. Several months later, at the start of summer, the divorce papers were withdrawn and friends of the couple breathed sighs of relief.

Not long after his marriage Harry Cain decided he needed more financial experience and a wider viewpoint, so he got a leave of absence from the bank and with his wife went to England to study banking methods there. Although he did study banking, he became at least as much interested in the free-for-all oratory traditionally spouted in Hyde Park, London. He spent many evenings there listening to men and women talk about what was happening to the world. Then, in the listeners' gallery of the House of Commons, he heard debates of a more conservative kind. The Hyde Park speakers said war was coming; but the Members of Parliament did not seem to be similarly alarmed.

Who was right? Harry Cain decided he would go to Germany and find out for himself. In that country he attended the huge gatherings addressed by Hitler and his lieutenants. He became convinced the Nazis were planning on war. When Hitler declared he would change the course of history for a thousand years, Harry Cain itched to return home and go crusading.

Exposes Nazi Plans for War

Back in the state of Washington he began telling his story of the Nazis to any audience that would listen. "This is a fight to the finish," he said on street corners, at luncheon clubs, everywhere, "and we can't shut our eyes and stay clear of it." At first he concentrated on the Tacoma area. Then, as his reputation as an exciting orator spread, he covered the state, warning of the conflict already in the making.

The reaction to his crusading was mixed. Some shook him off as a sensationalist. Some said he was a warmonger. Others wondered if he could be right. But all listened and he gained confidence in his ability to hold and to sway audiences. He looks back on this unofficial, unsponsored campaign to awaken the people of his state as his training ground for public life.

When Harry left banking for public office in 1940, he became such an active mayor that he was regarded in some quarters as an overenergized nuisance. But, following his first short term, he was re-elected by a whopping majority and continued his restless drive for change and improvement. Tacoma had a governing commission, a form of municipal rule which gave the mayor little legal power, but Cain established his own authority because of his ability to work and lead.

When war drew near and military authorities wanted vice areas cleaned up, the mayor went out and saw for himself what curbs were required. Then he acted. Also during this period he foresaw the great growth of the Pacific Northwest and became a vocal and leading figure in making plans for the immediate future. He wanted the cities in the region to wake up before they would be forced to expand in unordered growth, not afterward when it would be too late to lay out new streets and parks. At this stage of his career he was considered definitely a liberal.

What would have been the end result if he had served his full four-year term, no one knows. But he did not complete it. War came and of course Harry Cain had to take part in that. He got in with a commission, was trained for military government, served in North Africa, Sicily, Salerno and Naples. Later he was a staff officer at Supreme Headquarters, then with the 18th Corps of Airborne Infantry. He became a qualified glider-ist, saw combat service in the Ardennes campaign, and returned home a colonel with decorations and glory.

Jack Bell, now a columnist with the Miami Herald, tells this story of his contact with Colonel Cain in Belgium while the Battle of the Bulge was on. The opposing armies were surging back and forth, he says, and refugee Belgians were on the snow-clogged roads night and

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day. American troops were specifically ordered not to pick them up because every vehicle was needed for combat troops.

One night, Bell continues, it was five below zero and he was out riding in a jeep with an American officer. They came to a barn jammed with people. Twenty-four children were huddled under a single blanket. All around stood men and women, some of them old and sick, shivering in the icy air. One Belgian Red Cross nurse was on duty. An ambulance took two old men away. Another died on the floor. There could be no fire because the barn was filled with straw. Bell returned to town horrified, wishing he could do something.

"It took courage to call a colonel out of bed in that freezing cold at one in the morning," he relates, "but I called Colonel Cain who was with the military government at the time and told him about the barn. And he thanked me!"

By next morning those 147 Belgians had been removed from the barn and transferred to a theater lobby which was enclosed and heated. They had been fed and given dry clothing. An Army doctor had delivered a baby and all was well.

"At noon mess I was telling the officers about Colonel Cain," Bell continues. " 'Oh, he's just a politician,' they said. 'He wanted a story.' But I defended Colonel Cain as a guy who did a hell of a good job in a large hurry, no matter what his motives. He was a right good officer."

While he was still serving abroad, Colonel Cain's friends in his home state ran him *in absentia* as the Republican candidate for the United States Senate. He made a good run but fell short. After he returned from service, citizen Cain did his own running in 1946, putting on a fast, driving campaign full of fighting speeches and climaxed by a radio address at Wenatchee.

His associates urged him not to make that speech. They told him he was in, if he would only stay quiet. But the candidate was all het up about Communism. His state was a sort of center for leftist agitators at that time. So he went on the air and denounced by name three Democratic members of Congress from Washington. He described them as members of Communist-front outfits, or worse. It was the hottest and most controversial speech of the campaign. His critics were driven to frenzied efforts to beat him. But the stormy colonel won.

Always a Man of Action

Whatever else he is, Harry Cain is a man of action, and he will try to do something about practically anything. These days he is so uninhibited that he worries not at all if one of his actions does not fit snugly with another. One year he voted for federal aid to education. This year he was against it, but announced he would support the plan if the subsidies were confined to states of greatest need.

On international issues generally, he votes with the nonpartisan foreign policy senators. He has voted for the Truman policy in Greece and Turkey, and for the Marshall Plan.

"But I am frightened by the Marshall Plan. I have no conviction regarding it except on the basis of hope," he said when the issue was up. He is for the North Atlantic Pact and the arming of western Europe. He seems to like the military and leans toward giving that branch greater say in our atomic program.

His stand against the Administration on continued rent control and public housing and slum clearance has perhaps done more damage to the esteem in which he was held by liberals than any other of his recent votes. In 1948 he voted with the majority to allow 200,000 instead of 100,000 displaced persons to enter the United States. He also voted for Taft-Hartley. A study of his voting record discloses no straight-line consistency. Observers accustomed to more arbitrary political perspectives find it difficult to make conventional political sense from his legislative history.

Comments on Senator Cain are as varied as his record. "Whether you like Cain's aims or not, you've got to credit him with persistence," says a fellow senator. "He is much younger than most of us (Cain is forty-three, average age of senators is about fifty-eight) and it is harder for him to be patient and deliberate." Capitol Hill reporters are more vivid in their estimate of him. Consensus among them has it that "one Cain may be good for the Senate, but two would be a crowd."

Senator Cain shows no sign of worrying deeply about the opinions people have of him. "Too busy with what's happening," he says.

But to some who observe him closely, Harry Cain appears to be something of a Jeffersonian in his present political philosophy. He insists that centralization of powers and functions in Washington, D.C., is dangerous; that the people of the areas directly concerned should decide by referendum whether they want valley authorities such as TVA. He would have the localities concerned decide by vote whether they want federal rent control and federally supported public housing. He wants the Columbia River Valley developed, but not by a CVA unless the people of the affected states say so directly with votes.

Those who are critical of the senator says this is a clever political out, that almost anything can be delayed or stopped by insisting on a referendum.

In a speech he delivered in mid-June Senator Cain declared, "We Republicans are the conservative branch of the two-party system. I do not shy away from that word. . . . I am a conservative and proud as heck of it. It is a good word with an honorable lineage. . . . We have been timid about our virtues, hesitant about proclaiming our beliefs. . . . It is my conviction that if we had been forthright in support of our own party convictions and about the record of the Eightieth Congress, we would have won the election last year. . . ."

Of his personal political perspective, Cain says, "I decided to listen only to my conscience and my instinct and do what seemed to me right at the time. . . . Why not? . . . A man in public office might as well play it the way he thinks he should. There is no sure way to stay in public office. Anyone may get licked, no matter what he does. So why not do what he wants to?"

This same "Hurry" Cain, when he became mayor of Tacoma, puzzled his colleagues by urging enthusiastically, "Let's do our jobs so well that we shall fail of re-election."

Cain is not partisan where patronage is concerned. One of the girls hired for his office was a Democrat. He did not know this. But the girl worried about it and decided to tell him her terrible secret. She seemed on the point of promising him she would switch affiliation if he wished, but Cain cut her off.

"Listen," he said, "I don't want anybody around me who will change political faith just to hold a job. You can stay here if you do *not* change."

Again, when the Republicans were enjoying their brief tenure as the majority party in Congress, Senator Cain, a member of the patronage committee, personally took care of a young Democrat who was working during the day and studying law at night. The boy had lost his job until somebody told Cain about him. Then he was rehired.

The details of ordinary living have little reality for this preoccupied man. He is a total loss as a help in small matters about the home. Once, while mayor of Tacoma, he and Mrs. Cain were entertaining a Norwegian prince and princess at a party. After a while the mayor was missed. When they found him, he was asleep on a window seat upstairs.

The primitive urge most men feel in the spring to go out and do a little digging in the earth passes him by completely. Unless you count occasional digging in the earth with a golf club. He is indifferent about his clothes. He pays no attention to what he is eating, but does have a kind of hope it will not be mashed potatoes. When he comes home in the afternoon he lies down on a sofa, turns to the sporting page of a newspaper and may be asleep before dinner. Almost every night he reads himself to sleep. Often someone else must go in and turn off his light. Occasionally he even forgets or fails to undress.

The Office's Problem Child

To his ardently devoted office force he is always fascinating, often a problem child, sometimes a pain. They have to think of everything. If he is starting a trip, somebody must ask if he has any money in his pockets. Has he packed his bag? No, but the back seat of the car is full of shirts and he will pack on the way to the airport. Has he the scripts for his speeches? Yes.

But that last answer gives little comfort to his assistants. He may have the prepared speech with him, but will he deliver it? Or, once on the platform, will his mind take off in another direction after he gets past the introduction? They never know.

Last year he was in great demand as a campaign speaker. He did perhaps more traveling and speaking than any other Republican senator, urging his party to get out and fight. On one occasion he went to West Virginia to deliver a keynote speech. His office force had prepared the address carefully, putting in nice references to West Virginia personalities and institutions—the usual job of localizing. Instead the senator delivered a rousing off-the-cuff speech while his press secretary ate aspirin.

Later he was to deliver another keynote speech in Connecticut. His office assistants decided to use the undelivered West Virginia oration again. They rewrote it, but they failed to redo every page. And what do you know! This time Cain decided to read the address as written. When he got into it, he found himself speaking of mountains, coal mines and of that great institution the University of West Virginia.

He guessed what had happened, broke into a big laugh, let the audience in on the error, and a good time was had by all. By all except his press secretary to whom the senator telephoned later asking, "What the—? Why the—? Who the—?" But no heads rolled.

What's ahead for a crusader like this who seems to ignore ordinary political procedures, but who also seems to have a dependable sense of timing? Some of his intimates say he is a man of destiny, free from conventional limitations. Just wait, some of his opponents say, until next election in 1952 and he will be an *ex*-man of destiny. One of his fellow senators declares, "Cain has more energy than a carload of firecrackers. No one can say where his drive will carry him."

Cain himself shows no evidence of worry about his own political future. He has planned a leisurely trip across the country this summer, in the course of which he wants to talk with as many people as possible along the way. Once back in his own state of Washington, he hopes to visit a great many people, learn what's on their minds and tell them what's on his. He has faith in his friend —that "Guy in the Sky"—in popular government and in himself. THE END

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Farewell to Benzedrine Benders

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

frequently used to *combat* addiction. In the case of alcoholism, a doctor may give his patient ten milligrams of Benzedrine first thing in the morning and again after lunch. The early-morning dose is the most important; the patient wakes up feeling terrible and wants a drink so that he can face the world. Benzedrine makes him feel capable of carrying on without a drink, and often fills him with such confidence and energy that he can manage without one all day.

How It Works on Alcoholics

One doctor gave Benzedrine to 56 patients who had been alcoholics for an average of 16 years. Twenty-one became total abstainers and nearly all the others improved to a point of leading normal lives. A purist might say this was just substituting one addiction for another, but there are very few cases of wife beating or furniture smashing under the influence of Benzedrine. It is important to realize that Benzedrine can't cure alcoholism, which is essentially a psychiatric condition, but in conjunction with psychotherapy it can be a very potent crutch.

Aside from preventing an alcoholic from slipping off the wagon, Benzedrine may come to his aid during an even more serious crisis; if he passes into a dangerous alcoholic stupor, a doctor may inject Benzedrine to bring him to. The drug will also rouse people who have passed out from an overdose of barbiturate.

When Benzedrine was discovered to be such a potent stimulant it seemed the answer to a rare but highly inconvenient disease called narcolepsy. Narcolepsy causes its victim to drop off to sleep five or six times a day, no matter where he is, or what he's doing. Ephedrine and thyroid had been used, but Benzedrine was found to keep the patient awake on much smaller doses.

It was through this treatment for narcolepsy that doctors discovered yet another use for Benzedrine—weight reducing. Some narcoleptics complain that Benzedrine took their appetites away. Looking into this, physiologists discovered that Benzedrine delayed the emptying time of the stomach.

Doctors began giving Benzedrine to their obese patients before each meal in conjunction with a rigid diet. There were some excellent results. One doctor reported that 300 patients who took the drug under his cure lost an average of two pounds a week.

Not only does it allay physical hunger pangs, but Benzedrine also is an aid in attacking the psychological problem which surrounds some cases of obesity. Some people overeat in order to get the satisfaction and comfort they cannot find in work or in their relations with other people. Benzedrine makes them feel so pleased with life they temporarily forget their distress and stick to their diets.

It shouldn't be hard to guess by now that Benzedrine, or other forms of amphetamine, is widely used in treating mental depression. A typical reaction of a patient who started the drug after being sunk in depression for weeks was: "Today I feel almost like my old self." No cure, but again a crutch to help unhappy, disturbed people out of the deepest ditch.

But here again doctors must use caution in prescribing the drug. A potentially psychotic or violent person must not take it unless the doctor knows what is going on in his subconscious. Making such a patient feel "strong," "vital" and "confident" may dangerously stir up his repressed violence.

Wild, intractable problem children, however, are a different case—they generally react satisfactorily to Benzedrine. Their bad behavior is due largely to feelings of anxiety or inferiority. Filling these children with a sense of well-being, Benzedrine temporarily overcomes their depression, and allows a psychiatrist to make his approach.

Old and middle-aged people, who get tired and depressed, can benefit from Benzedrine. If the doctor finds the drug induces a little too much energy and is keeping an elderly person awake at nights, he may simply add a sedative.

Every day doctors are finding new situations in which Benzedrine can be helpful. Some doctors are using it successfully for menstrual cramps. Others report that it helps children overcome bed wetting.

Over 1,500 scientific papers have been published as a result of experiments with the drug. Controlled tests indicate that five or ten milligrams of Benzedrine will delay the average person's need for sleep for from six to eight hours and heighten his capacity for attention so that he can do about 10 per cent better on a psychological test than he could do normally. It won't increase his reasoning powers or open to him sudden vistas of knowledge. It will simply heighten his alertness and therefore his confidence.

Small doses, experiments have proved, will increase the average person's speed at any given job without affecting his accuracy. Larger doses may increase his speed still more, but may also cut down on his accuracy. Students taking Benzedrine can memorize words in a foreign language faster than students who have not had the drug, but they can't retain the words as long. All this, of course, accounts for the rushing bootleg business in Benzedrine tablets in colleges.

Although too few students are impressed by the fact, Benzedrine is not a substitute for sleep. It simply puts off that need for six to eight hours. Then a person must catch up.

Danger in Taking Too Many

A college student who has taken a couple of Benzedrine tablets in order to cram all night will begin to feel tired by morning. So he may take another tablet to get through the exam, then one more to study all night for the next exam. When he collapses, it is more likely to be the result of simple exhaustion than the toxic effect of the drug.

Many students might pass their exams with higher grades and no ill effects if they used Benzedrine strictly according to regulations set up by the Army. The Army, Navy and Air Force had a pretty thorough knowledge of Benzedrine's capacity. It was used in battle, but with due regard to its limitations.

A War Department circular letter issued by the Surgeon General in 1943 stated: "The large-scale use of Benzedrine is essentially a command decision . . . It is the responsibility of commanding officers that personnel are instructed in the use of the drug and that it is administered under the supervision of medical officers."

Men were being pushed beyond their endurance. Often their lives depended on their making an effort after they had reached the point of exhaustion. To quote from the War Department letter again, Benzedrine was used "in task problems continuing from 18 to 36 hours without opportunity for sleep . . . (and in) missions carried on by isolated parachute troops or soldiers over a period of 48 hours." For these emergencies, Benzedrine was issued in waterproof packets of six tablets of five milligrams each.

On each package was printed: "Take one tablet if sleepy, or two if extremely fatigued . . . Do not take more than six tablets in any one week . . . Caution: Since these tablets keep you awake, do not take when relief is expected within six hours unless excessively exhausted. They should not be given to hysterical or severely wounded men."

A Boon for Exhausted Pilots

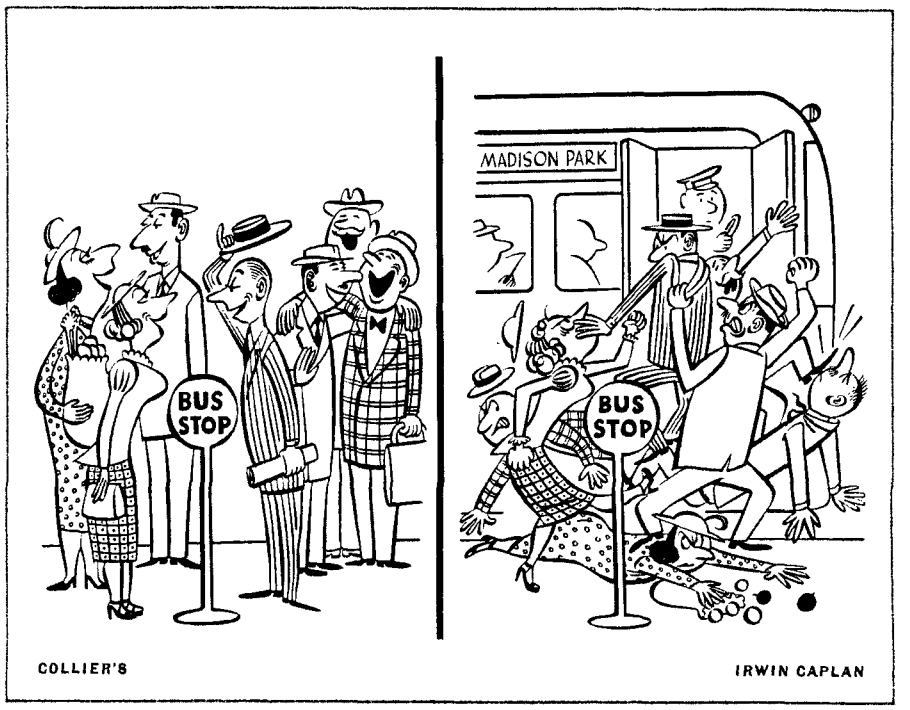
It is doubtful that our aviators used Benzedrine while they were actually in combat, although German dive-bomber pilots were said to use Pervitin, which is a similar drug. But Benzedrine was certainly used to keep our men awake on their long flights back to bases. An official communication from the Air Surgeon's Office says: "When the point of exhaustion is reached in the midst of a military mission, medicinal interference with the desire to sleep loses its objectionable qualities. Rather, the use of Benzedrine fortification in such an emergency becomes a great boon. One pill may be worth a B-17 and a crew of ten, when the man who is flying can no longer stay awake."

What all this adds up to is that Benzedrine is an extremely valuable drug which the puritan in us quite rightly fears, knowing that the pleasure-loving instinct in us may make us go overboard for it. Small doses, however, can give you a lift without hindering your judgment.

And a time may come when people take Benzedrine in a suitably flavored drink for breakfast instead of coffee or tea, and before luncheon conferences instead of a cocktail. One day, maybe, we'll have to test students for Benzedrine before exams, the way we test race horses. It is doubtful that Benzedrine will ever be considered good form on the race track or in athletic events, but a time may come when, like liquor, it will be quite all right socially if you carry it like a gentleman.

But until that time comes, remember that it requires a prescription and with good reason. If you feel depressed and exhausted or are approaching some terrific mental ordeal, go see your doctor. Maybe he will prescribe Benzedrine or some other form of amphetamine. But if he doesn't you'll be smart not to take it, even if you can get it some other way.

THE END



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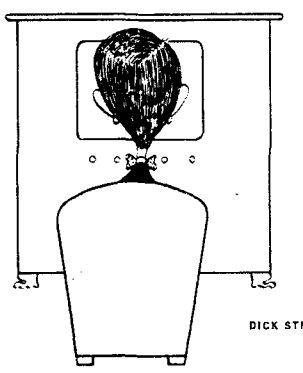

SCREEN HOG

• This fellow is either nearsighted or magnetized to television. No matter where he is sitting, sooner or later his head winds up in the screen. If one hints that his noggin is hard to see through, he says, "Oh, sorry! Why didn't you say something?" Then he will lean back—for two minutes. Gradually, his head comes forward until it blots out the picture again. If one tries to peer over his left shoulder, his head slowly leans to port. A shift to the right—same thing.

If anybody ever needed a hole in his head, he is it.

—PAUL RITTS

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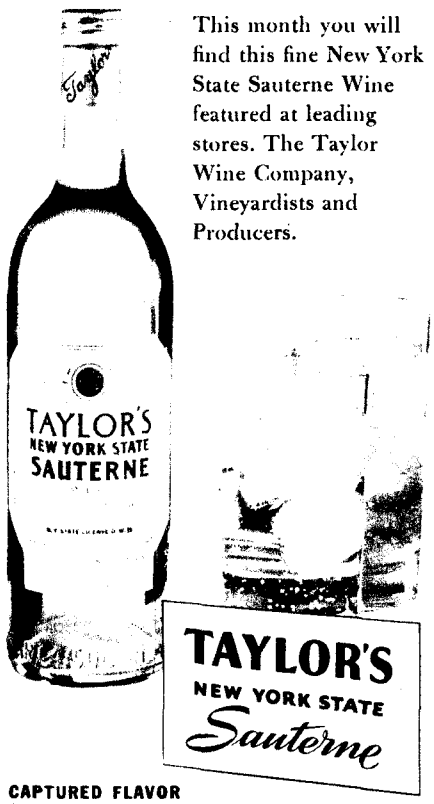

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Yankee Yogi: "I'm Human, Ain't I?"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

What a daffy Dodger Yogi would have made! As a matter of fact, he missed going to Brooklyn by only a few days.

The story of that near miss takes us back to Berra's salad days, but it should be stated now that Yogi is perfectly happy playing for the Yankees.

"Brooklyn," he says with obvious distaste, "what a place! Any time we play at Ebbets Field in a spring exhibition game or somethin', I always gotta leave the house two hours early. I know I'm gonna take the wrong subway, so I gotta allow time for gettin' lost."

Yogi was born in St. Louis on "The Hill," the center of the town's Italian-American population. Referring to this, Berra recently told Bill Slater, on a radio show, that he hailed from "Dago Hill." "Four network vice-presidents nearly dropped dead when that uncomplimentary nationality reference went out over the air," Slater said later, "but that didn't faze Yogi."

The Berras live directly across the street from the Garagiola family and Yogi, youngest of four sons, grew up with Joe Garagiola, currently a catcher with the St. Louis Cardinals.

Handsome Joe and homely Yogi played ball with the Stag A.C., a neighborhood club. "We pitched and caught," says Berra. "When Joe pitched, I caught; when I pitched, he caught."

Garagiola likes to recall those days. "That's when we gave him the nickname 'Yogi,'" he says. "He walked like a Yogi we once saw in the movies and after that we called him nothing else.

"Yog' is a devout Catholic—and because of that, we had trouble with our shortstop every Friday. On the abstinence day Berra always brought the same lunch—a loaf of Italian bread cut in half, spread with two ripe bananas and smeared with mustard. The shortstop had a queasy stomach and could never play after watching Yogi work on that sandwich."

Real Hot Stove Leaguers

Pietro Berra and Giovanni Garagiola, the Italian-born fathers of the two big-league backstops, worked together for many years at a brick company. Last year poor health forced Mr. Berra to retire, but baseball talk between the families continues, especially at Ruggeri's restaurant, where Yogi's brother John and Joe's brother Mickey are waiters.

Yogi quit school after completing the ninth grade and held a couple of odd jobs before deciding to make baseball his career. He and Garagiola played American Legion Junior baseball and, in 1942, both received tryouts with the St. Louis Cardinals, then bossed by Branch Rickey.

Rickey offered Joe a $500 bonus to sign, but refused Berra any money. Those were the days when Rickey was going around with a pious puss denying rumors that he was going to Brooklyn. Then, in late September, he called Berra and said he would contact him in a few days. But Yogi, confused by the Great Man's double-talk, signed with the Yanks, after scout Johnny Schulte had duplicated Joe's bonus on a tip from Leo Browne, the boys' Legion coach.

A few days later, Rickey replaced Larry MacPhail in Brooklyn and wired Yogi that the Dodgers would meet the bonus. El Brancho, of course, had liked the looks of the stocky little gnome and wanted him in Flatbush.

In 1943, the eighteen-year-old Berra had his first taste of pro ball, with Norfolk, a Yankee farm team. That year he caught 111 games and batted .253. The high point of the season, however, was his remarkable two-day hitting spree against Roanoke—he batted in a total of 23 runs in two successive games.

For the next two years Yogi squeezed his rugged frame into a sailor suit, serving on a Navy rocket ship that participated in the Normandy invasion. "I could have been an officer," Berra often cracks around the Yankee clubhouse, "but I wanted to stay with the boys."

While still in the Navy the Yanks' ugly duckling played a little semipro ball around New London, Connecticut, his base after returning from overseas. It was there that a Giants' scout got a look at him and passed the word on to Mel Ott, then managing the Polo Grounders. What the scout reported sent Ott scurrying over to the Yankees' Fifth Avenue headquarters to beard Larry MacPhail, then club president.

"I'd like to buy one of your catchers, Larry," said Mel. "In fact, we're willing to pay $50,000 for one of them."

"Which one?" asked MacPhail.

"I'd like a guy you probably don't even know you've got. A kid named Berra."

MacPhail thought for a while, then shook his head. "Not Berra," he said. "That's *one* player who's not for sale."

As soon as Ott left, MacPhail picked up a phone and bellowed, "Who the hell is this guy Berra we've got? I've never heard of him, but if he's worth 50 grand to Ottie, he must be worth that to us."

A few days later the switchboard operator announced, "Mr. Berra to see Mr. MacPhail," and the rambunctious redhead rushed out to extend personal greetings to his $50,000 prize.

"When I saw that awkward sailor standing there," MacPhail later admitted, "my heart sank. Why hadn't I sold him? But I was stuck, so I sent him off to Newark for the 1946 season."

Although hampered by a series of injuries, Yogi burned up the International League with a hefty .314 batting average for 77 games—57 as a catcher and 20 as an outfielder. When the Yanks called him up at the tag end of the season, he introduced himself to Yankee Stadium with a home run the first time up.

The next spring, when Berra showed up at the Yankees' training camp, he was still a green, almost inarticulate busher. Naturally the regulars immediately made him the butt of their jibes—and he fell for every one of them. They sent him after base-line stretchers, put soap and sand in his mitt and lined his athletic supporters with skin-burning powder.

After that, it was no wonder the sports writers covering the team were surprised one day when new manager Bucky Harris offered to bet money that Berra would someday be one of baseball's best catchers and a .300-plus hitter.

"But he doesn't even look like a Yankee, Bucky," protested one of the scribes. But Harris wouldn't budge.

Told about Bucky's faith in him, Yogi answered with an embarrassed grin:

"Aw, he's snowin' ya. He don't like me much. Last year when Bucky wuz at Buffalo and I wuz playin' at Newark, he once told me he wanted to kill me."

"That's true," confirmed Harris afterward, "if I had had a gun I would have shot him. Every time Yogi came to bat he murdered us."

A Long, Lonesome Summer

Because it takes a long time before he makes friends, Yogi was the lonesomest man in the majors the summer of 1947. He spent most of his free time seeing his old pals in Newark or hanging around hotel lobbies talking to bellboys.

Sports writer Jimmy Cannon bumped into Berra one night in the Hotel Edison and asked him how he liked New York. "It's okay, I guess," answered Yogi, sitting just an infield throw from some of the nation's best theaters, restaurants, sports arenas and night clubs, "but what does a guy do for fun in this town?"

When the Yanks made their first trip north, Boston sports writer Austin Lake knocked out a scholarly piece about Yogi, delving into anthropology and a few of the other sciences in order to do justice to the new rookie. It was a well-written tribute and one of the Yankees showed it to the kid. Yogi struggled through the first few sentences, hit a five-syllable word and handed it back, "Aw, I'll bet this guy's takin' a rap at me."

After the club had made a complete swing around the league cities, Berra fell into a batting slump, which Harris attributed to his sampling of bad balls. Bucky stopped him one day on the way to the plate, "Now remember, when you're up there, *think* before you swing!"

Yogi proceeded to strike out and came back to the bench, muttering, "How can a guy hit and think at the same time?"

Berra did get his name into the record book, though, during the 1947 campaign. In a game against the St. Louis Browns he made an unassisted double play and joined a select group of major-league catchers who have done same. It was one of those rare twin killings at home plate. On an attempted squeeze play, Yogi

COLLIER'S "Well, that's a good start. I'll finish it next week end" DON TOBIN

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grabbed the bunt in front of the dish, swung to the right to tag the batter and then to the left to nail the runner trying to score. Asked how he did it, he replied with characteristic candor, "I just tagged everybody in sight—includin' the ump."

The record book also lists his name for a even more outstanding achievement in 1947. He became the first player ever to hit a pinch homer in World Series play.

Despite the pinch homer, Berra's performance in the 1947 series, which the Yanks won, was disappointing. In the three and one-third games he caught, the daring Dodgers stole five bases on him. Harris was forced to move him to the outfield, but, even at that, his six-game series batting average was a feeble .158.

Not many fans knew, however, that most of that week Yogi was suffering from a recurrence of a strep throat infection which he had picked up while sleeping raw in a Pullman berth. It naturally impaired his efficiency, but because the Bombers needed his heavy bat, each day he was shot full of penicillin so that he could make the line-up.

Another amusing side light on Berra came about when Yogi was huddled in a hotel lobby one night with Dr. Jules Gordon, then the club physician. Frank Shea jerked a thumb in their direction and said, "I'll bet that's a weighty conversation going on over there."

Just then Dr. Gordon, who had been listening patiently to Berra, exploded, "I don't care what you say, Yogi, you've got to learn to wear pajamas."

Yogi's regular season statistics for the 1947 season were more than respectable for a rookie. In 83 games he batted .280, drove in 54 runs and blasted 11 homers. He struck out only 12 times.

Most Yankees, however, when they think of the 1947 campaign, recall "Yogi Berra Night" in Sportsman's Park, St. Louis. Here's the way sports announcer Mel Allen remembers it: "After the home-town folk had showered Yogi with gifts, including a new car, he approached the mike to express his thanks. We thought it would be a good idea to pick him up for our broadcast back to New York, so we tied in. Berra blurted just one sentence: 'I want to thank you fans for makin' this night necessary.'"

He wrecked the gift car the following winter when he smashed into a hydrant, causing a 30-foot geyser to erupt in downtown St. Louis. Yogi nonchalantly drove off and, when irate police caught up with him, offered this defense: "That fire plug was only tricklin' when I left."

Working Out on Skates

News of the accident didn't reach the Yankee office until spring, but Berra nevertheless succeeded in breaking the winter calm of the Yankee office. One morning publicity chief Arthur (Red) Patterson picked up the papers and saw a picture of Yogi on skates scrimmaging with the St. Louis Flyers' hockey team.

"Holy smokes!" says Red, recalling the incident. "There was a piece of our valuable bric-a-brac down on the ice where he might lose an eye by getting hit with a flying puck. We wired him to lay off hockey. Yogi's reply was typical: 'A guy has to stay in shape, don't he?' "

When the 1948 season rolled around, Yogi was in love. The previous winter he had met petite, pretty Carmen Short of St. Louis and Cupid scored at once. He was indignant when the writers joked that a mug like him shouldn't get married. "Why not?" bristled Berra, "after all, I'm human, ain't I?"

But romance didn't stop the flow of "Berraisms." Pitcher Joe Page was talking to a bunch of players, including Berra, about a game-bird hunting trip he had taken with Enos Slaughter of the Cardinals during the winter. "The brush was so thick and the going so rough," Page said, "that Slaughter got a cyst on his back during the trip—"

"Oh, yeah?" interrupted Yogi, with a doubtful look in his eye. "What the hell kind of a bird is a cyst?"

Although his catching and throwing left much to be desired in 1948, Yogi batted .305. His 98 runs-batted-in total was topped in the club only by Joe DiMaggio and Tommy Henrich. Yogi cracked 14 homers and fanned only 24 times in 125 games, playing both as a catcher and outfielder.

One day after that season closed Yogi bumped into Pete Reiser of the Boston Braves on a downtown street in St. Louis. "Ya comin' to my weddin'?" Berra growled. Pistol Pete grinned and nodded affirmatively. "Here, then," said Yogi, extending an engraved card, "I wanted to know first, 'cause I ain't wastin' invitations."

Yogi and Carmen were married at St. Ambrose Church in January. At a sports banquet later in the winter, Harry Caray, the baseball broadcaster, was kidding Yogi about his marriage to Miss Short. "That's not an Italian name," he said. "How do the girls on The Hill feel about your marrying an outsider?"

That didn't stop Yogi. "They had their chance," he quipped.

The newlyweds honeymooned down in Florida. From St. Petersburg, Berra bounced back the first contract the Yanks offered him for the 1949 season. "I think I had a pretty good season in 1948," he announced, "but from the contract George Weiss sent me you'd take me for the flop of the year."

During the holdout, sports cartoonist Willard Mullin of the New York World-Telegram drew a panel of the hulking Berra advancing menacingly with bat in hand. The balloon caption from the apish figure read: "I am unable to reconcile the triviality of the tendered lagniappe to the quality of services rendered . . . nor is it pursuant to the munificent reward of some of my contemporaries."

Whether this sketch frightened Weiss into boosting Berra's pay is doubtful, but a short time later the raise was granted and Yogi signed his contract.

When Berra reported at St. Pete for spring training this year, he was slated to be the third-string catcher. However, when Joe DiMaggio and Charley Keller went on the doubtful list, new manager Casey Stengel and the Bronx brain trust realized they needed Yogi's hitting power in the varsity line-up.

Coach Bill Dickey, one of baseball's all-time great backstops, was given the job of making a first-class catcher out of a man who customarily threw curve balls from home plate to second base in an attempt to nab base stealers. Dickey also learned that Berra once hit his pitcher on the chest trying to peg to second base and, on another afternoon, had beaned the second-base umpire who was standing ten feet from where the ball should have gone.

Making a catcher is no one-day job. He's the club's key player. He's the man who must handle every pitch that gets by the batter. He must be able to throw to the bases, handle bunts, trap pop fouls and—most important of all—know every opposition batter cold. The constant jumping up and down is wearying. It's a job for which few men are fitted and which few men want.

But Bill tackled his job with vigor and worked out with Yogi every day. "Dickey's learnin' me his experiences," Berra told a teammate.

Bill noted that despite Yogi's clumsy-looking body he was fast and agile back of the plate—a good starter, a good fly catcher and a good hand with the ball.

"Yogi's got baseball instinct," Bill drawled. "And if you have that, there's nothing to do but practice. It took me six years in the majors before I was a qualified catcher and when Yogi has been around that long he'll be one of the best."

Although he taught Berra all the fine points of backstopping, one of the greatest contributions Dickey made was in awakening Yogi's pride. Bill never made fun of him and praised every good move. Manager Stengel and the rest of the staff also helped in the effort to convince Yogi that he was Dickey, Cochrane and Bresnahan all rolled up into one super-catcher.

And that snow job goes on. If you ask Casey Stengel what he thinks of Yogi's work, he'll say, so that Berra can hear him, "There's the best catcher in the American League. The most improved ballplayer in the business."

Yogi eats it up and has actually improved to a point where he now has few betters among those who don the 12 pounds of pads and mask to play the game's toughest position.

What? No Superstitions?

But in the clubhouse, Berra is still the berries. One day last month while he was having a stiff neck muscle rubbed by trainer Gus Mauch, Yogi was asked if he had any baseball superstitions. "Naw, not a one," he croaked.

"No?" countered Gus. "How about during that 17-game hitting streak you had in June? Every day you wanted the same treatment you got the day you started to hit. You always used the right-hand shower. And you nearly tore the joint apart when you couldn't find the same rubber bands you had been using on your stockings."

"Well, they weren't superstitions exactly," was Yogi's rebuttal.

Shortstop Phil Rizzuto is Berra's special pal on the club. They rule together as the team's gin rummy champs.

"People think of Yogi as just a comical guy," says Rizzuto seriously. "On the contrary, he's plenty savvy. There's not another player on this club who can add and subtract card scores as fast as he can. And don't forget, too, that Yogi has been handling our pitchers most of the way this season and—knock wood—we haven't been doing too badly."

During the ball season Yogi and Carmen live in a small apartment a few blocks from the Stadium. After day games Yogi trudges up the hill to the house, surrounded by a pack of worshipful kids who beg for autographs and baseball instruction. Even after he gets home his doorbell is rung at all hours by small fry trying to see their hero. And Yogi's a worthy object for their adoration. He doesn't drink or carouse and, in the words of Red Patterson, is "one of the cleanest athletes we've ever had on the Yankees."

Carmen has been involved in "Berraisms" too. One day while she was sitting with the other wives in their reserved box, she sent an usher for Frank Scott; she said she had "an emergency message" for Yogi. Scotty arrived breathless to hear these vital words for Berra: "Please ask him if he wants lamb chops or veal chops for supper tonight."

The Berras expect a baby in December. "If it's a girl, we're going to call her Becky Ann," says Carmen. "And if it's a boy, he'll be Larry, Jr.—*not* Yogi!"

Success in the majors has not spoiled Yogi, and probably never will. He loves to play baseball, and the way he cavorts around on the field, even at batting and fielding practice, you know he's completely happy when he climbs into that monkey suit with the big 8 (Dickey's old number) on the shirt.

Baseball is his every thought. When he was asked recently what he'd like to do more than anything else in the world, his eyes brightened and he said:

"Imagine the Yanks and Cards in a World Series. Howie Pollet is pitchin' and Joe Garagiola is catchin'. I'm at bat and Garagiola gives Pollet the sign for that fast ball, inside. And that's when I pull it over the roof of the right-field pavilion in Sportsman's Park for a home run."

THE END

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The Secret Boss of California

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Artie once was instrumental in changing the state's banking laws.

To get a bill through under normal procedure usually takes hearings, arguments, public debates, sponsors who are out in the open. Artie openly sponsors nothing. His is the power, *not* the glory.

"Samish never fronts for anything or anyone," says Samish.

Unlike a Hague or a Crump, against whom voters can occasionally rebel, Artie provides no visible target. How can you beat a man when you don't even know that he's there?

Mastermind in the Shadows

Operating in the shadows, he is so well hidden that it is only by patient and diligent sleuthing that an investigator can find that Samish is the man behind a candidate, the man who is masterminding a drive in the legislature, the man who's backing a referendum that means millions to some private interest, or boosting a spate of laws that will work against a former employer.

Only by cloak-and-dagger detective work, involving the careful tracing of printers' identity marks on campaign literature, could the San Francisco News identify Samish recently as the chief backer of an Assembly candidate. Artie, who had spent thousands secretly in the campaign, was indignant at this invasion of his privacy. Besides, it brought about one of those rare events: a Samish defeat—by a hairbreadth 134 votes.

Only the motor bus companies that hire him knew that Artie was the genius who got behind a successful referendum that saves them millions of dollars in taxes yearly. In California—thanks to reforms by the revered Hiram Johnson—the people can vote their own laws directly by approving them at a referendum in a general election. Here's how Artie turned this reform to the uses of his clients:

He plastered the state's billboards with pictures of a giant hog. With the hog went a slogan:

"*Drive the hog from the road. Vote Yes, on proposition No. 2 (the busses' tax proposal).*

"Neither the hog nor the slogan had nothin' to do with the tax measure," Artie told this writer. "But nobody likes a road hog. So, of course, the people voted *yes* to drive him off the road. Yes, for my tax proposition.

"Who but an S.O.B. like Art Samish would think of a thing like that?" he chuckled, his nose puckering happily in the center of his expressive round face.

Who would? Not the people who read the billboards and thought they were voting to drive a road hog off the road but were really voting low taxes for the bus companies.

Samish rarely makes a political speech (although he can "stimulate 'em, bring 'em to white heat" when he tries). Even more rarely does he get into the papers.

And yet here is what three lifelong friends of Artie's, men whom I saw on Samish's own, earnest request, said of him:

One, a distinguished corporation lawyer—"Artie is a one-man Tammany Hall."

Another, a great California political strategist—"Is Artie a political boss? Absolutely—he's more. More than any man in California, he can deliver the legislature."

A third, a successful corporation lawyer and the author of a best-seller—"Artie's the real governor of California. The governor's only the Mikado. But Artie is the Great Shogun."

The man who is all these things will only describe himself as:

"Who, me? I represent industry. I'm a lobbyist, a public relations man."

This lobbyist label, like the stripe on a zebra, gives Artie protective coloration. It is the secret as to why he remains California's secret boss. The zebra blends and disappears into a jungle backdrop. Artie blends into and loses his true identity as a political boss against a similarly lush growth—the lobbying at California's state capital at Sacramento.

So numerous are the lobbyists that they outnumber California's 120 state senators and assemblymen four to one. So influential are they that they are known as the Third House. The name Third House is no exaggeration. In actual power it could be called the *First* House.

Under the dominance of the Third House, California's legislature has become the grab bag of pressure groups. Two governors, Culbert L. Olson, Democrat, and Earl Warren, Republican, told this writer that the Third House had made a shambles of their administrations. (Olson preceded Warren as California's chief executive.)

Socially, the lobbyists are the elite of Sacramento, ranking with state senators. When Assembly speakers leave public office they graduate into the Third House. Three have already done so, one of them, Walter Little, resigning his speakership to become the lobbyist for the railroads.

In the Third House are many lobbies. They range from oil, railroads, utilities, liquor to cemeteries (there are four cemetery lobbyists), dog defender leagues, race tracks and slot machines. The slot-machine gambling lobby is clandestine but well heeled and powerful.

Against this lobbying background Samish has flourished for more than two decades. The public outcries that were raised against Tweed and Murphy for delivering the legislatures of their day to special interests have remained unuttered in Samish's case.

Modestly, the man who delivers the California legislature, who has helped name every Assembly Speaker save one in the last dozen years—who elects mayors, judges, attorney generals—registers himself simply as the "legislative representative of the California State Brewers' Institute." Even the informed San Francisco Chronicle, in a recent profile, was satisfied to describe Samish as "the kingpin California lobbyist," and let it go at that.

But when Artie is in the mood, he can give you a better picture of himself than that. A Collier's photographer was taking routine shots of him to illustrate this article. Patiently, Artie posed this way and that.

Then he burst out:

"You want the real picture? I'll give you something that tells the whole story."

The big man disappeared into his bedroom and soon emerged with a dummy, togged out as a bum, its wooden toes poking from tattered hobo's shoes.

Artie Samish then lowered his round bulk into a chair and fought to control the great good humor that rolled in waves over his billowing belly and up over his jolly, convulsed face. In an elephantine imitation of Edgar Bergen, he plunked the dummy on his lap.

"That's the way I lobby," he said, pointing to the dummy. "That's my legislature. That's Mr. Legislature. How are you today, Mr. Legislature?" he inquired of the dummy.

Artie had another idea.

"If you get a long enough ladder and put it up against the Capitol dome, you can take a picture of me unscrewing the gold cupola!"

Artie was clowning. But the picture he gave of himself and "Mr. Legislature" is a true one. Ten years before, legislative investigators and a grand jury painted the same picture. Only they weren't so happy over the whole thing.

The investigators described Samish as "California's arch-lobbyist" and quoted him as saying, "I'm the governor of the legislature. To hell with the governor of the state!"

What is he like, this "governor of the legislature," whom nobody elected?

He is an outsized 300-pounder (Artie, as bashful about his bulk as a spinster about her age, admits to being "over 250"). He has a warm engaging face which, reminiscent of Victor McLaglen or Wallace Beery, reveals its owner's great gifts for making friends.

"I'm not a bad kid," Artie will say. Or: "You've just got to love me for this," he will declare as he tells of one of his exploits. Or: "We never stop doing nice things for people."

Artie has a filing system for remembering birthdays, anniversaries, a clipping system for learning of illnesses and accidents. This makes him a more redoubtable dispenser of remembrances than Jim Farley at his political zenith.

In one of his warm, outgoing moods, Artie will utter your first name with a rumbling caress. From a grand jury witness stand he almost drove the prosecutor frantic by addressing him continually as, "My dear man!" Over old friends, particularly objects of his benefactions like Tony the Newsboy in downtown Sacramento, Artie will purr:

"How are you, doll, how are you, baby?"

In Artie, "the not bad kid," there is a vein of sentiment as broad as he is.

"If you were nice to me when I was a kid, or were nice to my mother, I love you and will do things for you," he says.

Mothers Come First

At fifty-two, the father of a family with two grown daughters, and in the full tide of his powers, Artie says:

"All the incentive is gone since my mother died a year ago. You're not dealing with the same Art Samish."

This classic devotion to mother is echoed by other intimate members of Artie's entourage.

Artie's chief lieutenant, companion and servitor, Frank X. (Porky) Flynn, now in his late forties, did not get married until several years ago. Why?

"My mother was everything to me. How could I marry while she was alive?" says Porky.

Artie chided his liquor-law expert, Emile Hoerchner, a man in his early fifties:

"What'll your mother say about your staying out so late last night, Emile?"

Emile, a self-effacing man, blushed.

"Very devoted to his mother," said Artie. "Never got married."

Artie's chief feminine aide, shrewd Dorothy Ready, didn't marry either.

"She loves her mother," Artie says of his middle-aged office manager. "At her side all the time."

Bill Jasper, another Samish aide, in his forties, is the happy bridegroom of less than a year.

"I had two nieces. Were all the world to me. Couldn't marry until they were provided for," said Jasper.

Artie took me one night to meet Tony the Newsboy a few blocks from the Senator Hotel. Artie had given the newsboy, who was about thirty-five, a share of a liquor store during the war.

"Tell us about the time you were the president of a bottle shop, doll," Artie said.

"Used to get a check every two weeks," Tony said proudly. He paused. "And it would go right to my mother, Mr. Samish. I loved my mother, Mr. Samish."

"There," said Artie, "what more do you need to know about a man?"

Artie, the man of sentiment, is also a

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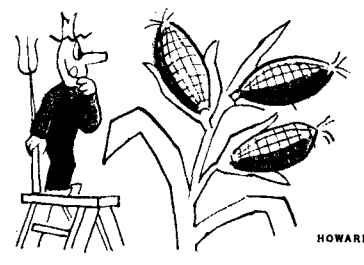

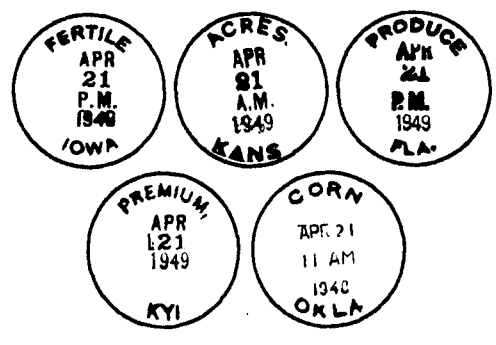

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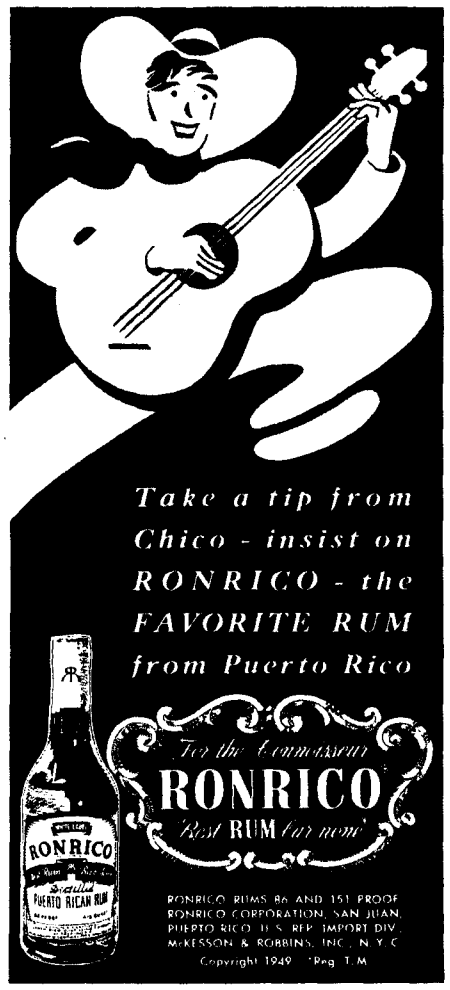
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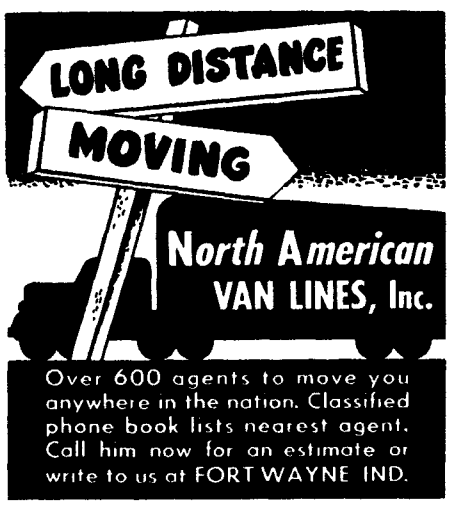
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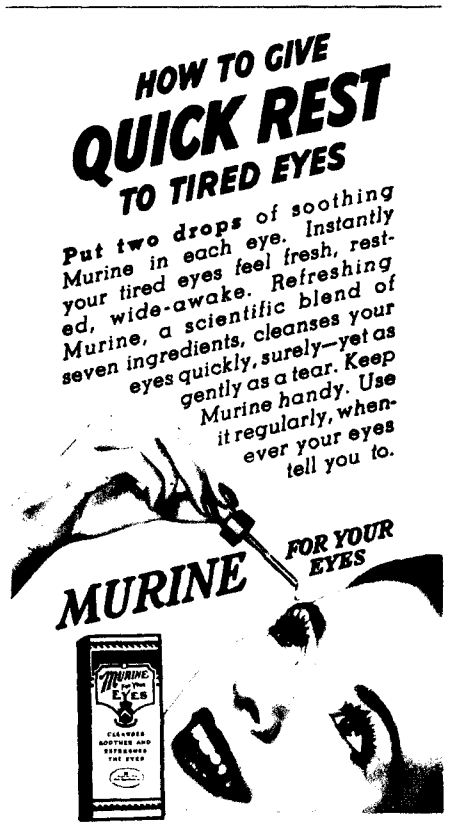
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figure of Falstaffian fun—a lumbering Puck with an agile brain whose barbs reveal the unfettered inner man.

He sometimes reserves his merriest pranks for the voters. When California's Drys succeeded in getting a local option proposal on the ballot last year, Samish countered with a confusing, Wet amendment. Voters could vote for both. The trick was that, if they did, one would cancel out the other.

"Never in the history of American politics did two propositions on the same ballot cancel themselves out," chuckled Artie.

Then he told how he turned to his billboards and decorated them with a mother wielding a broom—"the most wonderful mother God ever made."

"Oh, what a mother we had!" Artie relates, mimicking with elephantine grace a mother sweeping out the kitchen. The slogan read:

"Mother says, 'Let's clean them out. Vote Yes, No. 2.'"

"The slogan had nothing to do with the amendment—but who won't vote for Mother?" Artie said.

"That's my mob psychology, my mass element," Samish explains.

Fun With a Grand Jury

When a Sacramento grand jury investigated Samish, looking for evidence of legislative corruption, the proceedings became an occasion for more of Artie's fun.

First, he had the law of the state changed so that his grand jury hearings should be open to the public. Then, arraigned on a contempt charge arising out of the public proceedings, Artie reached into his pocket and posted bail—with a $1,000 bill.

On the stand, he noticed something was missing.

"I'm on the witness stand," Artie relates. "The investigators got all sorts of books and records and lawyers. I got nothing. No records. All I got is Art Samish, that's all. I decide I got to have records. Everybody has records, so I got to have records too."

Back in his hotel rooms Artie dug out two big suitcases, filled them with newspapers and a brick or two and locked them with giant padlocks.

"Now, I've got records," he said.

"I had a piano player carry the two suitcases into the grand jury room every day. Now we all had records.

"I put the suitcases in front of me, one on top of the other and drew doodles on a piece of paper. Just like the lawyers taking notes," said Artie, aping with his pudgy fingers elegant Spencerian scrolls. He laughed so hard at this happy reminiscence that tears came to his eyes.

In the middle of the grand jury probe, the district attorney had to run for reelection.

As a final gesture, Artie found a young man just out of law school and backed him for the prosecutor's job—as usual, secretly.

The young man, Alan McDougal by name, walked out of his home one morning and was startled to see the town's billboards placarded with posters urging:

"Honest McDougal for District Attorney!"

Asked on the grand jury witness stand later whether he had backed young McDougal, Artie told the district attorney (who had beaten McDougal by a fistful of votes):

"If I had had 24 more hours to devote to you personally, you wouldn't be sitting there now as district attorney."

"Now, stop worrying. Just tell the jury exactly what happened . . . in your own cheesecake"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

As political autocrat and connoisseur of human frailties, Artie Samish has been accused of doing more to destroy human dignity than any other man in the state.

When a group of tobacco distributors called on him recently to seek his help in passing a law, Samish pointed to one delegate and said:

"I'll have nothing to do with this, unless *you* get out of here."

"Why, Artie, what have I done?" asked the embarrassed delegate.

"Listen, you," boomed Samish, "I heard what you said about me in Chicago. Now you get out."

The delegate got out. Alone. The rest, impressed by the long arm of Artie's Gestapo and his contempt for human feelings, stayed meekly and made their deal.

They Take What He Dishes Out

Sometimes, as an unsparing debunker, Artie dishes it out with fierce zest. State senators, assemblymen, officials and industry leaders take it.

Doesn't anyone fight back? No, not openly. But for years anonymous letters, circulated furtively, have accused Artie of such things as using one public official as "his valet and bodyguard," and of seeking to become the national czar of the liquor industry.

Typical of the letters (addressed chiefly to the liquor trade):

"The Octopus still claims you have no guts—and that you are all afraid of his tremendous power. . . . Smash the Octopus!"

Some of the inflammable information in the letters hits so close to home that Samish has confided to friends he fears it comes from his own organization. He spends huge sums on detective agencies seeking to track down the "Octopus" letters.

Sometimes Artie takes the evening air on the piazza outside the Senator Hotel or holds court in the lobby—after midnight. On these occasions Artie meets no criticism. Clad informally in sleeveless shirt, collar open on a copious breadth of perspiring neck, his round poll topped by a hard straw sat—Artie receives. A stream of Sacramento figures flows by, some to chat affectionately with the big man, others to seek favors, but all to pay diffident respect. To all Artie is forthright.

To the lieutenant governor, an honest public servant who is wondering about the wisdom of running again, Artie says:

"What do you want that lousy job for?"

And to a knot of legislators Artie gives his opinion of the caliber of the present crop of lawmakers:

Next Week

Are We Going Broke? Beardsley Ruml Says NO

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"So if you dropped two bucks in the rotunda of the Capitol, you'd start a riot," he says.

His scorn for the men who do his bidding is near the surface. At dinner with this writer, Artie, in a gust of humor, motioned to a waiter:

"Hey, Senator!" he called.

But his scorn for the men whose bidding *he* does, the men he calls his bosses, is even fiercer.

"I hate bosses," Artie says. "Put that down. Love those lovin' bosses," he repeats for emphasis.

Not Wanted at Swanky Clubs

A middleman in the business of selling privilege, Artie has enriched important interests in California. But the very men who hire him and accept his favors, who make millions from his labors at Sacramento, do not invite Samish to join their exclusive San Francisco clubs. Although Artie's protective intervention at Sacramento has meant millions to the Santa Anita Race Track, Artie could gain admittance to the track's exclusive boxes only through the use of a friend's tickets. Artie, operating in the political shadows, is socially unacceptable.

But he has become as rich as he is powerful. His wealth is estimated by friends to "run into many millions"—some of it acquired, as Artie says, "by people doing things for me, because they like me." His lucrative oil wells in Indiana, according to Artie, were acquired in this friendly fashion. Mostly, in the money way, Artie can do things very well on his own. He made his first million by age thirty-two.

"When I was still a baby," says Artie.

He got off to this start by shrewdly buying up a bus route which turned out to be the needed link in a subsequent merger. With his native business sense he might well have become an industrial giant had he set his cap in that direction.

During the war Artie struck a blow for the servicemen, and made a buck besides. Noting that servicemen had to pay black market prices for scarce wartime liquor, he conceived a chain of "military bottle shops" which sold to the military only.

The special allocations of liquor that Artie was able to obtain on patriotic grounds netted a tidy penny and raised anguished cries from competing, short-rationed liquor merchants. Artie explained the stores weren't his anyway. He had given one to "Frances the maid," who cares for his rooms at the Senator Hotel, another to "a piano player," another to Tony the Newsboy.

Artie's lieutenants said he gave away only "5 to 10 per cent" pieces of the stores.

Besides Artie's business interests, there are his lobbying fees.

The market value of the lobbying services Artie sells? The Santa Anita Race Track paid him $50,000 a year until he quit three years ago. To get him back the race track offered $200,000 yearly, but Artie said no.

Artie owns some palatial establishments in San Francisco and at Los Gatos in southern California. He says:

"I can't spend all I've made."

But for all that, he lives, as he himself says, "A Jekyll and Hyde existence."

"More than anything else, Artie hungers for respectability," two close friends of his told this writer.

This hunger may cause Artie Samish someday to forswear the scene of his triumphs, as he has been hinting the last several years he'd like to do.

A Mecca for Favor Seekers

Meanwhile he doesn't act like a man about to retire. To his hotel rooms, the open-sesame to power in Sacramento, flow the favor seekers, the lawgivers, the law enforcers. Along with their wants and needs each brings to Artie bits of information. For Samish must know in intimate detail what goes on.

"I want to know everything. I want to know what the sons of guns are doing," Artie says.

And so with a professional's devoted regard for detail, he has woven a net of espionage about Sacramento, and California, and beyond, which he describes as "my Gestapo."

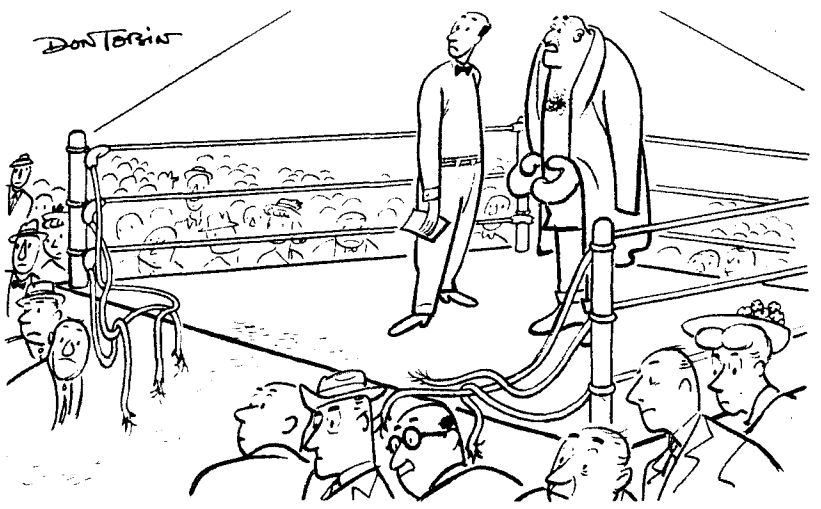
In New York City this writer experienced how far the Samish eyes can see and how far the Samish ears can hear—all the way from California.

Next week: In Part II, the intelligence system of California's Secret Boss—the inner workings of his unique political machine.

BUTCH

"Wha'd'ja buy it for? You knew I wouldn't be long in the bank"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



"Now, who told him I eat Wheaties?"

Bound to get around—the word on Wheaties. America's favorite whole wheat flakes! Famous training dish, with milk, fruit. Enjoyed by many top-notch athletes and coaches. Nourishing 100% whole wheat flakes. Had *your* Wheaties today? "Breakfast of Champions!"

Turn Your Wishing Into Having!

YOUR money perhaps goes for everyday expenses—and in these days of high prices you probably have to "penny-pinch."

You wish—what wishes you make to yourself a dozen times a day! You say, "If I had the money I'd buy new shoes, hat or something else. Junior needs a new suit—Daddy would look less worried if he had some bright new neckties."

On and on you go—secretly wishing for this or for that. Wouldn't you like to turn your wishing into having? Of course you would and there is such a pleasant way for you to do so—right here in the Pin Money Club which gives girls and women the chance to turn their spare moments into money.

A California member writes—

"It is hard to put into words what the dollars I've earned in the Club means to me. It helps pay everyday expenses which, like everybody's, seem to get out of hand nowadays."

A New Jersey member says—

"Any woman can feel independent these days with the high cost of living when she can make money on the side. Again I want to thank you for this privilege."

These letters surely make you curious to know what our friendly money-making Club has for you. Don't delay finding out. Send a card or letter today for our free folder, "*There's Money For You.*"

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's C-50
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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MAC SHEPARD

Let's KEEP the Door Open

WORLD WAR II HAS BEEN OVER for four years, but this country is still gripped by an epidemic of jumpy nerves. People are uneasy and unhappy about the prospects of peace. They tend to hark back to the good old days and to conclude that the outlook was never so dismal as now.

Well, let's look back at some good old days and see how things were going four years after the first World War. The year 1922 was a happy time of bobbed-haired flappers, bathtub gin and Harding normalcy. The high cost of living had subsided, farm prices were coming back and industry was booming.

Nobody dreamed that America would ever get mixed up in Europe's quarrels again. The country had stayed out of the League of Nations and its entangling commitments. It hoped and believed that the Washington disarmament conference of the year before had removed the threat of future big-scale wars.

Everything looked rosy on the surface. But underneath, the same old plots and deals and fights were going on among the heads of the world's governments. Already the jealous, suspicious statesmen of Europe were by-passing the League and sowing the seeds of another great conflict. And in Japan a military clique, humiliated at getting the short end of the 5-5-3 naval construction ratio at the disarmament conference, was planning the revenge that exploded at Pearl Harbor. Meanwhile the new generation that would fight those wars lived in blissful ignorance until it was time for the shooting to start.

Today things are different. People may be uneasy and unhappy, but they are not uninformed. For the first time they are being allowed to look and listen in on the domestic squabbles of the world's family of governments. And because it's all new to them, many may think that it never happened before. That's what has them worried.

We don't say there is no cause for worry. The issues are grave and the situation is tense. But cold wars aren't new. Neither are hot words between governments. Neither is the obstacle of the veto, which is only the diplomat's final and undiplomatic "No."

The great difference is that the locked door of secret diplomacy has finally been opened because the world's people have grown strong enough to begin enforcing their desire for peace. They have made Woodrow Wilson's ideal of the open covenant a reality. They have made the dictator governments conduct their international business according to democratic rules.

The forces behind this victory are free governments and a free press. But the chief instrument of victory is the United Nations. Some have already written it off as a failure. But it seems to us that the U.N., whatever its weaknesses, deserves stronger faith and stronger support rather than cynical dismissal. For it is the only alternative to a return of the "good old days." And nobody wants that.

Happy Birthday, Well Deserved

IN THE 75TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE of the Woman's Home Companion, published last fall, Herbert Hoover wrote: "During the last score of years our American form of civilization has been deluged with criticism. . . . Criticism is no doubt good for our national soul [but] perhaps the time has come for Americans to take a little stock and think something good about themselves."

On the 75th anniversary of Mr. Hoover's birth, which falls on August 10th, we think it is appropriate to recall those words. They are not only typical of the former President's hopeful, abiding faith in the United States and its people, they also might be applied to Mr. Hoover himself.

He too has been deluged with criticism. Like all Presidents, Mr. Hoover made his mistakes. But for years his political opponents unjustly held him responsible for the depression of the thirties. His distinguished career of public service was forgotten in a storm of insult and criticism. A lesser man of lesser faith might well have grown bitter. He might have retired to a life of prosperous idleness which Mr. Hoover could always have had and which he always scorned.

Instead, Mr. Hoover patiently endured his role of scapegoat. Rather than become embittered he seemed to grow in warmth and understanding. He began to display some of the wit that he had so carefully concealed during his years in the White House. And in the last few years Americans have begun to take a little stock and think something good about Herbert Hoover.

His crowning achievement of those years, of course, is the program for reorganizing the government's executive department—an exhausting as well as exhaustive labor that has won him the gratitude and respect of the entire country.

We are happy that Mr. Hoover's deserved reward of public esteem has come to him in his lifetime. We salute him on his birthday as a wise statesman, a steadfast guardian of America's great traditions, and a cheerful believer in a future based on those traditions.

Strictly on the Square

AGRICULTURAL SCIENTISTS, after a long and careful process of crossbreeding, have brought forth a new watermelon about the size and shape of a basketball.

This is one of those feats that leave us amazed at the wizardry which can bend the ways of nature to its will and give us ever tastier and more abundant victuals. And there is no lack of admiration in our hope that the next time science starts a watermelon project it will try to come up with one that is better tailored to the needs of modern man. We'll even offer a few specifications.

It should be a melon that can be carried home easily from the store. It ought to pack nicely into the corner of the luggage compartment on picnic days. And, when served, it should stay put for those aesthetes who insist upon addressing it with knife and fork.

In other words, a square watermelon with a grown-in handle.

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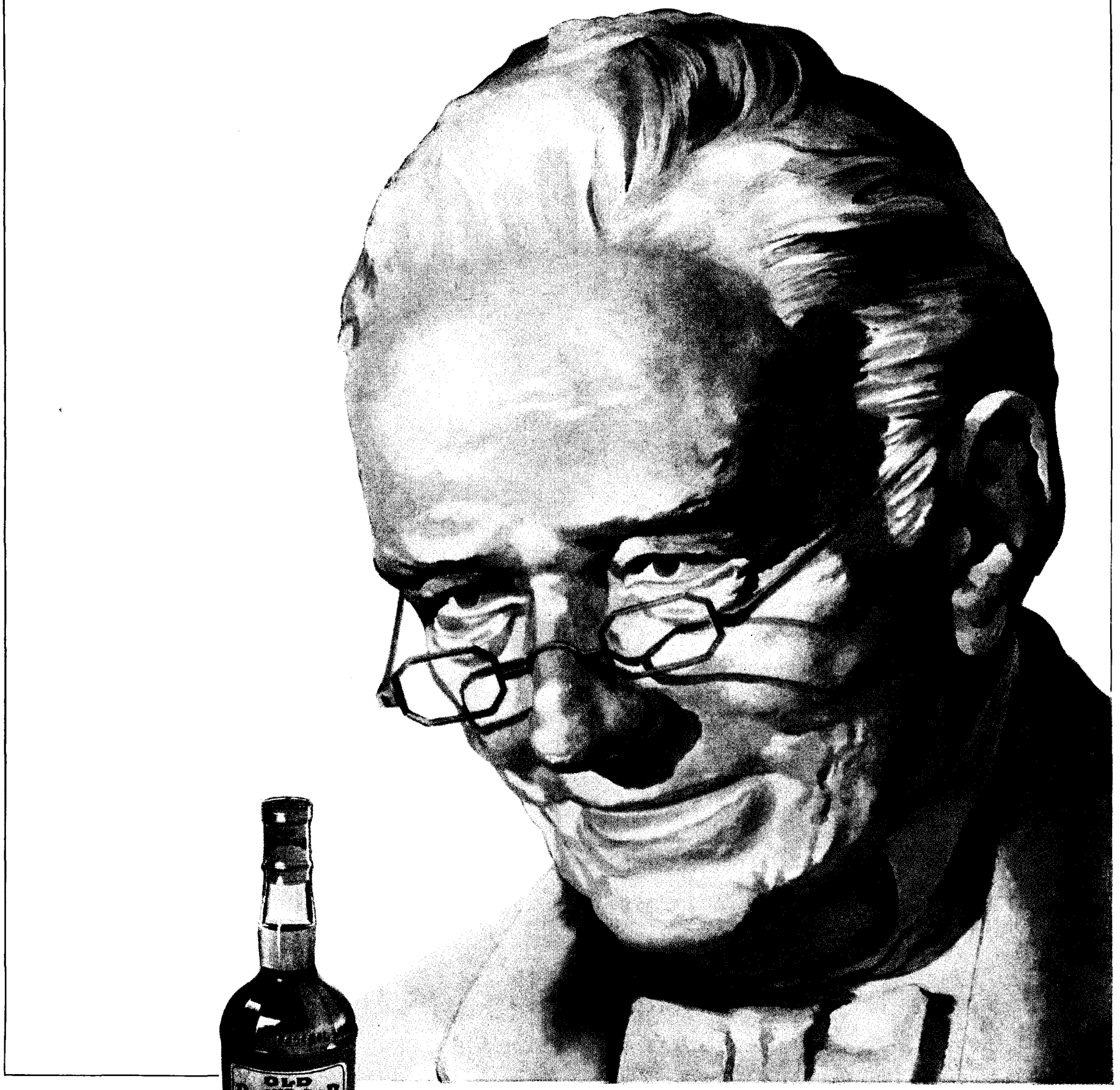

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

Head of the Bourbon Family

It isn't what we say about Old Grand-Dad that makes it one of the really fine bourbons of the world. It's what you discover when you take your first sip of this heart-warming bourbon!

OLD GRAND-DAD

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

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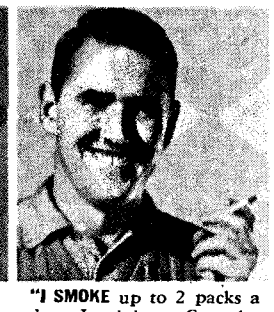
30-Day Mildness Test wins thousands of smokers to Camels!

PATRICIA MORISON, musical comedy star: "Yes, I made *the test. I smoked only* Camels for 30 days. From now on, Camels for *me!*"

INSURANCE BROKER Warren Ostrom: "Camels? I tested *them years ago. Camel* mildness is always mighty welcome to my throat."

SALESWOMAN Mrs. Mary L. Walsh: "I like to prove *things for myself. The test* was all the proof I needed that Camels are mild!"



"I SMOKE up to 2 packs a day. I stick to Camels. They're mild and they don't tire my taste" – says Lew Worsham, pro golfer.

OPERA'S BRILLIANT coloratura, Virginia MacWatters: "I'm so glad I made the test! I found the answer to mildness – Camels!"

RAILROAD FOREMAN Merritt C. Humeston: "30 days? I've given Camels a 10-year test. I *know* how mild they are and they taste great!"

PROMINENT SOCIALITE Mrs. Orson Munn, Jr.: "I had no favorite cigarette until I made the 30-day test. Now I'm a Camel fan for good!"

JOHNNY VANDER MEER, "double no-hit" pitcher: "I've smoked Camels since I was a rookie. Camel flavor bats 1.000 with me!"

"THE 30-DAY TEST was fun – every puff of it! I learned how truly mild a cigarette can be."– Cecelia Garland, bank teller.

VETERAN OLYMPIC diving great, Pete Desjardins: "I'd *swim* a mile for a Camel! They're mild–and their full flavor doesn't tire my taste!"

"I PUT CAMELS to the test and they passed 100%. They're mild, all right, and what flavor!"– radio singing star, Michael Douglas.

HOUSEWIFE, Mrs. Doris Reilly: "I've tried and tested many brands. There's nothing quite like Camels for taste and mildness!"

"I ENJOYED the test so much! It led me to the mildest, best-tasting cigarette I've *ever smoked"*—Marylee Hahn, college student.

RICHARD M. ELLIOT, merchandiser: "Camels are a year 'round hit with me. *That rich Camel flavor* always suits me to a 'T'."

"I CHANGED to Camels for 30 days and they've been my brand ever since!"—Eleanor Shakeshaft, outboard racing star.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S assistant, Michael Pop: "It's great to find a mild cigarette with *so much flavor. The test* won me to Camels!"

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 Days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking CAMELS!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Make the Camel 30-day test in your "T-Zone"
TASTE
THROAT
The doctors' findings (left) speak for themselves. But test Camels in your own "T-Zone." See if you, too, don't agree . . . Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette you've ever smoked.

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